

Inklings:

CONTAINING




SKETCHES OF LIFE,

COMPOSITIONS, ESSAYS,

DISPUTATIONS, POEMS, ETC.

BY SEABRED DODGE PRATT, ESQ.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. A. C. LATHROP.

There is a story, which you may have seen,
About a duck which was a little green,
That floated on a pond one pleasant night,
Saw there a star upon the water bright,
Plunged deeply for it through the liquid flood,
And run its head some inches in the mud.
The moral of this tale you well may ken,
Its application both to books and men ;
The question now before you, seems to be,
Will this apply to Inklings and to me ?
The book was written, little at a time,
Some parts of it in boyhood's sunny clime,
Before I well had learned to scan a rhyme ;
The verse was chiefly written since the chime
Of English bards fell sweetly on the ear,
And sense and sound combined the heart to cheer.

To please, instruct, has been the only aim
Which honest efforts for the work may claim—
To throw a moral sunshine round the hearth,
The dear-loved place where virtues have their birth.

You, who have been a friendless orphan boy—

You, who have wept upon an orphan's grave,
And learned the fleeting moments to employ

In teaching men their moral worth to save—
Whose heart, once touched with the Promethean fire
Sent from above to light the dark within,
Now scathed, not blighted, soars aloft still higher,
As burn the ligaments of earthly sin—

You, who so well and truly learn to blend

Two things so rarely to be found in man,
The unbribed critic with the sincere friend—

You, who would teach the moral worth to scan,
Shall be my patron friend. The star of hope
Still cheer you onward to that better land,
Where you with adverse winds no more may cope,
Where all is sinless, beautiful and grand !

THE AUTHOR.

POMPEY, N. Y., September, 1852.

TO THE READER.

Friends, Patrons, all ! I make my bow in rhyme,
And ask a leisure moment of your time,
From care and labor, which all may attend,
To listen to me only as a friend.
And if, one aching heart, these lines could soothe,
Life's rugged pathway for a day could smooth,
How sweet the task, to cheer a lonely one,
Who walks in shadows 'neath a shining sun !
No metaphysics, to perplex the mind,
And leave man groping for truth left behind,
May here be found ; so gently onward pass,
And learn of nature from the mingling mass.
Truth may be in a well, but seems to me,
In field and meadow it may likewise be ;
In singing bird, in rivulet, and man,
Where spicy breezes fevered brows may fan,
Where tempest howls around the lonely form
Which seeks for shelter from the pelting storm,
And where the petals of the spring unfold,
Mix with the air their fragrant wealth untold.

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INTRODUCTION.

How much depends upon an introduction ! The time, place, and circumstances of the parties, the appearance, the feelings and thoughts, all enter into the affair, and often give it an impress which time can never efface. A single glance of the eye, or a tone of voice, may be remembered for years.

But in an introduction like the present, when one steps forth to introduce himself to the world of readers, if embarrassed in making his presentation, it is not seen ; if too much has been said here, and too little there, he can not excuse or explain. He can only hope that fortune may favor his attempt to please or instruct, and the dear readers, his patrons, will, out of their abundant goodness, write at the bottom of each page, a full explanation of everything obscure, for the good of the rising generation ! Some, who have toiled, and thought, and vexed the troubled

brain for thought wherewith to write their names in a large building, on a high hill, generally known as the Temple of Fame, have been doomed to see their offspring, after a short and sickly existence, walking the streets like common servants, with as much tea and sugar as they could hold. Alas, for the ingratitude of mankind ! But then there are others, who begin so kindly and affectionately, that at the end of the first chapter, we are on the best of terms, and seem to pass through the whole work with the author's arm around our neck, while he whispers in our ear words as refreshing as the evening zephyr of a sultry day. The world to them is bright and smiling, and they can discourse right eloquently of our glorious country, free institutions, and enlightened, happy people.

In this age of books, it must be confessed, there is nothing more needed by an author, than what is called tact ; for there is no subject which has not produced its books, and no two men can be expected to write much upon the same subject, without having many ideas the same ; for even in controversy, there must be a common ground, over which they may discharge an artillery of words, otherwise, they can not approach sufficiently near for a contest. Another

idea of importance to authors, is to keep their productions out of yellow covers ; for some have such an incurable prejudice against them, (the covers,) that they would probably consider the Bible of doubtful authority, were it placed within such a covering.

Dear reader, as long introductions are sometimes considered odious, you may, perhaps, by this time, be waiting for some confidential communication of the plan and object of this work. In this particular, you may be disappointed, for it will only be limited now, by a diameter of about eight thousand miles, and a circumference of twenty-five thousand. In fact, it may go beyond these bounds, to the pale-orbed queen of night, whose borrowed light is so often invoked in the deep stillness of nature's repose ; and those subduing, melting, little twinklers, who seem to open their eyelids just far enough to take a peep into the dark. It will be read by many, as it will be written, (supposing it to be published and popular,) a few pages at a time, the thoughts and feelings varying with the times and circumstances. By the way, as the earth appears several times larger to human bipeds, than the moon does to us, it must furnish a large field for speculation to its philosophers and poets. I wonder if they do not some-

times invoke us, poor, miserable mortals, to lend a listening ear to tales of ruined hopes, broken fortunes, and man's inhumanity to man ! If they do, some one should inform them, it is positively of no use ; for we have so many things of that kind, at home, we can not possibly assist them.

And now we will make a short excursion on the subject of reading, and close this first interview. In the midst of this nineteenth century, an age of inventions and discoveries, and emphatically an age of books, in which all views are promulgated on all subjects, the universal reader may perhaps be considered safe.. He can compare conflicting opinions, weigh well the arguments in favor of, and against every theory ; and his conclusions, based upon deliberations, with such assistance, will not be easily moved. Some books are worth reading, for the style alone,—there is such a nice selection of words to convey precisely the idea ; they are so free from vulgarisms and coarse allusions, that we may uncheck fancy, after reading them, without the least danger of coming in contact with any thing contaminating or improper. And argumentative works do not contain all the reasoning in the world, for a conclusion from a supposed case may be as correct as from a real one,

provided the supposed case be a supposable one. Romance may instruct, while it amuses ; and who would not wish, sometimes, to be placed in the center of a hundred acres of roses, or to luxuriate in the glowing fancy of poetry and song ?

Teachers should be the best advisers of school books ; religious teachers, of religious books ; lawyers, of law ; medical men, of medical works ; and they can assign their reasons for particular preferences ; but when they step from their particular department to condemn a work, we should do well to ask them for a reason ; and if they have never read it, and know nothing of it, as a general rule, their opinion is not worth the time of telling it ; and why should we deprive ourselves of the advantages which may be derived from perusing a new work, through the prejudice or bigotry of a professional adviser ? The same work may suggest different ideas to different individuals, and a thing merely hinted by the author, might start a train of ideas in the mind of some reader, which would be the foundation for a whole volume. A work, written in a slovenly style, and without regard to taste in its arrangement, may be of service by testing our critical powers in making alterations for its improvement. His intellect must

be either obtuse or precocious, who can read any work without deriving some advantage from it. So much has been said and written upon reading, that, with this little *tete-a-tete* upon the subject, we will separate for a short time, and then renew our rambles, wherever time, circumstances and inclination may direct.

INKLINGS.

CHAPTER I.

WHO has not seen the shadows of summer clouds pursue each other down the hill, and over the fields, and disappear forever ; or bubbles rise in quick succession to the surface of a fountain, and dance a moment on its tiny waves ? These are emblems of life, and the mutability of human affairs ; but we are so often reminded of them, that like courteous visitors, we will enjoy, as well as we can, our host's hospitality, without annoying by perpetually telling him that we can stay but a few minutes. Joy and sorrow, hope and fear, are large items in the sum total of human existence ; and as we may be compared to mirrors, which reflect not only the faces, but the feelings of others, how important that those mirrors be clean and true, that they may reflect no distorted images !

But enough of this. And now, before making any lengthy excursion, it may be well to survey our position, and take a birds-eye view of things around us.

A man going out into the road and looking around, said he was about in the center of the world ; and when we speak of our free institutions in comparison with the monarchies of the old world, we indulge in the same feelings, and often as little disguise them. That we are highly favored in political freedom, there can, perhaps, be no doubt ; but fate may cut the web that fancy weaves of the future with such glowing colors. Brother Jonathan is a pet. He has been told so often that he is a smart boy and a genius, there is danger of his being ruined by the flattery. When he begins to cry for the sugar plums in his neighbor's shop windows, and throw stones at them if they refuse to shell out, there is some danger of his becoming a little headstrong ; and being a large, strong lad, should he manifest a willful disposition, it would be a difficult task to restrain him.

But old mother England whips her children and sends them away from home, very small, and then gives them an occasional cuff, after they leave her, to remind them of parental authority ; and these early flagellations may do them good, when they raise the rod to strike.

Well, really, this is a great country, and contains within itself, all the elements of greatness, in extent of territory, in variety of climate and productions, and in the proverbial enterprise of its inhabitants.

Two hundred years have rolled away since it was almost one unbroken wilderness ; and if we transport ourselves to the period of its first settlement, and view, in imagination, the magic changes, there is, perhaps, no subject to an American, more absorbing in interest, or sublime in contemplation.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Cold autumn winds had swept the leaves
 Off from the forest trees,
And winter's signal note was heard
 In every passing breeze,
When from the May-Flower landed,
 That little hero band ;
Then meekly bowed and thanked their God,
 Upon the cold, wet sand.

The dangers of an unknown sea,
 By them were safely passed ;
On Plymouth Rock they could not say,
 Those perils were the last ;
While round them in the forest prowled,
 The savage beasts of prey,
And Nature's rude, unlettered sons,
 As wild and fierce as they.

Behind, they left their native skies,
And ivy-trellised walls ;
Deep murmuring brooks, and verdant lawns,
And gushing water-falls ;
Where the heart still loves to linger,—
While round in sad array,
Come doleful thoughts beyond the main,
Of loved ones far away.

And here, thine altar, Liberty,
Amid afflictions reared,
And sanctified by holy vows
Made to the God they feared ;
Long may its incense grateful rise,
To Him who rules the skies,—
The Father of the Puritans,—
The Holy, Good and Wise !

Possunt quia posse videntur,—they *can*, because they *think* they can,—seems to have been the controlling maxim of these early pioneers,—a firm reliance upon their own capabilities, with corresponding exertions. A world of books has been written upon the subject of our early history, commemorating not only Plymouth and Jamestown, but all of the first settlements. In fact, there is not a county or town in the Union, without its history and legends, written or unwritten. From romance we get some very good pictures of those early times ; and authentic his-

tory informs us of characters, whose virtues should be transmitted as a legacy to posterity. Every week some paper contains an account of an individual or place, the name of which has been familiar to us since the lisping days of childhood ; and yet we read it with a pleasure ever new, those accounts of Indian massacres and brutal murders, always excepted, for me. Some interlopers who came over to the colonies may have given the natives just cause for resenting their conduct, but the untutored savage has notions of things differing from enlightened ideas.

Perhaps you ask by this time, if that position has been surveyed. You must remember, that to know where we are, we must know where we are not.

The farmer, when he removes to a new place, inquires his distance from tide-water, rail-road or canal, market, village, post-office, etc., and then he knows where he is. The present condition of things in Europe may affect this country ; and nations are composed of individuals. Sometimes causes which appear to be of little consequence, produce most astonishing results ; and when the arrow has left the bow of the archer, he can not turn its course. So many Bunkerhill speeches have been made on education, freedom, patriotism, et id genus omne, that Demosthenes and Cicero would have been delighted in hearing some of them, especially the latter, in listening to those classical allusions to the Cæsars. Cataline's conspiracy sinks into insignificance, when compared with the results which sometimes depend upon the

election of a supervisor. This must always be the case, where all are sovereigns without crowns; the successful aspirant will wear his blushing honors—proscribe proscription, and in his turn, be proscribed; the mass of the people, little interested, unless some Vandal undertake to peck a corner-stone out of the temple of Liberty, or their individual interests be directly touched. Political doctors have used their philosophic eye-water, for the purpose of improving the vision of their patients on the eve of an important election, until many have lost all confidence in their prescriptions. Could we look into the future and see the consequences of an action, it would sometimes make us more careful. The past can be our only guide, and if we stick stakes into the future to range with the past, some wind may blow a tree across our way.

And now, dear reader, a few thoughts on the subject of forming opinions, shall close this interview. You may not be told to form no belief upon a subject of which you are entirely ignorant, for that would be, as the lawyers say, *prima facie* evidence to stultify yourself. But against the prejudices of early education and habits of thought, it may be well for us all to guard. All our ideas of the world are associated with what we do, see and hear. All our opinions and thoughts are most intimately blended with our own occupations. Nothing can be further from the right, than always to judge others by ourselves. There may have been peculiar circumstances, un-

seen by us, or peculiar impressions to us unknown, which may make an action, apparently wrong, harmless to the perpetrator; and therefore should we ever cultivate that charity which forgives, as it hopes to be forgiven. And now till we meet again, —au revoir.

CHAPTER II.

HE who has lost the glorious boon of freedom and performs his servile tasks in obedience to the commands of a master, is not the only one who is in bondage, or has claims upon human sympathy. He may have lost his birth-right through no fault of his own, and a kind master may relieve him from many anxieties which destroy the enjoyment of his free neighbor. His food and clothing may be more than sufficient for his necessities, medical skill may relieve his pains, and provision may be made for his support after age and labor have exhausted his physical energies. He may not know he is a slave, in that sense in which an enlightened freeman would know it, were he placed in bondage. The line which bounds his vision, may be to him the world's extreme; with none to please but a kind master, and no wants to satisfy but those in common with the brute creation, he may be happy, as far as he is capable of enjoyment. He who can not govern his appetites, must be governed by them, and passions unrestrained are re-

lentless masters. The ignorant man is in danger of violating nature's laws and paying the fearful penalty, in whatever he performs. But for the present, adieu to this subject, which might lead to a long digression.

Who has not sometimes seen clouds obscure the sky of his prospects, or been disgusted with the real or supposed vanity, fickleness or treachery of those around him? Then, with a few chosen friends, he would gladly embark for some lovely green isle of the ocean, where storms never come, where perpetual sunshine gladdens the heart, while he listens to the soft music of birds mingled with the ceaseless chorus of the gentle waves that break upon his island home, and where in green bowers by sparkling fountains, breathing an air fragrant with a thousand odors, he can pluck the spontaneous productions which nature profusely lavishes in his way, and enjoy without molestation the society of those he loves. But he must endure the storms, submit to annoyances and grievances, despise fancied inflictions, and bear patiently the real ones. He who can not do this, is no philosopher. The path of life now conducts us through fertile vales and flowery meads, then, over sterile mountains where nothing grows except thorns and brambles, and he is the greatest hero, who can tread its winding, varying course, with the greatest equanimity. All objects appear green to him who wears green glasses; and equally true is it, that feeling and fancy give their coloring to every thing around us.

But action and re-action are equal. Who has not felt the truth of this, when clouds and storms oppress the feelings, and the drooping spirits drop from thought to thought like the drizzling sky ; and when the vast expanse of ocean with its pealing anthem, a mountain towering to the sky, or the thundering cataract has awakened sublime sensations ? All must feel the power of these external causes, these appeals to man's better, nobler nature. While standing upon the banks of the Niagara and viewing that stupendous cataract, the feeling of the sublime is almost oppressive.

Here Nature speaks, and in a voice whose tones
Must thrill the nerves.

And here permit me to relate a personal anecdote. In one of the Western States, in a small village, there is a tavern inviting with its substantial comforts the weary traveler to repose. Calling there soon after a visit to the Falls, and being invited to the Register, I walked up to the desk, wrote my name, and seeing a large, blank place for remarks, made a memorandum of the cataract in a dozen lines of verse. A few hours after this, turning to the Register for the new names, I was very much surprised to see the words prodigious, sublime, awful, written against my memorandum with a row of exclamation points as long as my finger. Whether written as a joke, or compliment, this deponent saith not, but he verily believes, it has been the foundation for many a speech of West-

ern eloquence, without being thoroughly committed to memory. It is a consoling reflection to the lover of nature, that those who are so degraded they can not enjoy sublime scenery, deserve pity rather than contempt; and under no circumstances, would I recommend any one to bait a hook with dry jokes to catch flattery from a loafer; even success must be ruin to self-respect.

So many subjects present themselves for the contemplation of the general reader, that in his moments of relaxation from the business or duties of life, he may, without entering into any long, metaphysical disquisitions, or scientific researches, find sufficient to relieve a dull monotony; mental food, which, while it refreshes and invigorates, prepares the mind to enter with alacrity into all the business concerns of life. We do not live in the present alone, the past and future are curiously interwoven with it; hope and memory unite the two extremes, and blend them in harmony with the present. The one, recalls the incidents in the history of life, from the more important events which seem to have a controlling influence over our destiny, to the minute particulars of childhood, when the world was one great novel, exciting in every feature to the juvenile mind, which seemed organized expressly for its contemplation and enjoyment; the other, with the golden tissue which fancy weaves from the present and the past, throws her bright mantle over the future, which, if it conceal the gathering storm, may make the present moment

happy. If we take an occasional fancy flight, there is no danger that the stern realities of life will not bring us back again to earth; and who would not like to speculate where the principal yields such usurious interest? There may be a few instances in which life is passed in dreams and reveries, and thereby much usefulness is destroyed; but far greater damage is done by not giving healthful play to the feelings and fancy.

A clear sky and pleasant dreams to all the world! It will be more pleasant to live where contentment and happiness abound, and we may perhaps inhale from the balmy air around us, those odors from paradise, which we certainly could not from an atmosphere of malignant passions. But, if the world reject our proffered sympathy, return civility and kind solicitude with rudeness, ridicule and insult, we will turn from it without reproach, thankful that no vile weeds grow around the fountain of our happiness, to imbitter and poison the delicious draught. Think not a passive, base submission is here advised to whatever course may be pursued. We should know our rights, and knowing, dare protect them. It is as much man's duty to protect his inherent, inalienable rights, as it is to relieve the distress of his brother man. Why not? Has he no duties to perform for himself, no moral obligation to account for those gifts intrusted to *his* care, and *his alone*? They may not be trampled in the dust with impunity. Man's crimson cheek will tell the tale of his violated rights, if he

needs the power or moral courage to assert and protect them. But frequently strife and contention originate from fancy inflictions, or from trifles beneath the notice of the man of liberal and comprehensive views. Against these annoyances to which all may be subjected, it may be well to guard. A little story, with its own impressive moral, may illustrate my views on this point. On a summer evening, two men were reclining upon the grass, and reposing from the day's labor. Time passed pleasantly in conversing upon the various things around, when one of them looking up, remarked; "I wish I had as much land as the sky would cover;" to which the other replied; "and I wish I had as many cattle as there are stars in the sky." "And what would you do with your cattle?" "I would place them on your land." Then there was a dispute about the cattle and land, and then a contention, and finally a fight, and they may be fighting now; nothing known to the contrary by my informant. This may be an example for a thousand misunderstandings in the world. We should never forget general truths and first principles; the great index which points the best way for all men; and we should apply those principles, if we can, with a full knowledge of ourselves. Do you ask how this is to be done? Study human nature; view it as it develops itself under ten thousand different circumstances. It is true we do not all do precisely the same things in similar situations; yet we have many things in common; invigorated by the same air, nourished

by the same food, inflicted with the same pains, with common appetites and passions, with common sentiments and feelings on many subjects, with heaven's free sky above, and nature's scenery around, free for all to contemplate and enjoy,—who can say, that with the education and examples of others, he might not have done the same things which now cause him to despise, rather than pity his offending brother man?

CHAPTER III.

SPRING is the most delightful season of the year. The temperature is the most favorable for health, which prepares man the better to enjoy its exquisite loveliness. The odor of flowers and shrubbery is borne upon the gentle breeze, and then the music of the feathered songsters which greets the ear, is of the most delightful kind. But spring may be better appreciated by contrasting it with the other seasons of the year. Winter, with its dull monotony of snow and storms, has passed away ; summer, with its oppressive heat, is approaching ; and spring, mild and playful, like the lamb which sports in the green pasture, stays a short time, and then glides into sultry summer.

How much like spring is the season of youth, when the budding intellect and fancy seem to revel in their own sweet profusion. Human existence is frequently compared to a wilderness or desert, and the actors in life's drama are likened unto the traveler of some

barren waste, whose present enjoyment is derived from anticipation of future good, or from pleasing reflections upon the past. Whatever happiness we may occasionally experience from the present hour, there are many, *many* times, when the vacuum which we feel, if not the positive pain, compels us to acknowledge the truth of this representation. Man seldom or never rests satisfied with his present condition, however prosperous: and whatever may be his efforts to bring his rebellious passions into subjection to the will of Heaven, they will sometimes escape through some unguarded avenue of the heart, and travel in search of riches, pleasure or power. But experience teaches us to restrain the ardor, and moderate the expectations of youth. The airy castles of childhood vanish, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." Not a wreck! Yes, they do leave wrecks of bright hopes, fair prospects, ardent affections, and all which once made an Eden upon earth. But if the cold and cheerless realities of the world teach us to chastise the juvenile fancy, and ruined hopes and blighted prospects say to us, *beware*, when anticipating future success, and the playmates of our childhood, gone to the bourn whence no traveler returns, admonish us of the flight of time, and the frailty of life—we have one source of pleasure, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive us. As the eye of the traveler on the vast Sahara views the beautiful oasis surrounded by scorching plains of sand, as the mariner upon the briny deep views the

green isle which gems the bosom of the ocean, so view we the innocent days of childhood. Ascend the summit of the Andes, stand upon the glaciers of the Alps, the crater of *Ætna*, or wander among the ruins of classic Greece and Italy—the season of youth is still the bright and sunny spot in memory, when all was joy, and gladness, and hope. Issue the mandate for memory to forget the oasis of the desert, that green isle of the ocean, that sunny spot, and will it obey you? No! “You may as well forbid the mountain pines to wave their high tops and to wail the blast, when they are fretted by the gusts of heaven.” But we must travel on, though we would gladly linger around our childhood’s home. Each day brings its own cares and duties, and if we undertake to embalm in memory and carry with us too much of the past, it may prove an incumbrance to the present.

In a republican government, every individual is under obligations, both to himself and society, of no small consideration. To obey the laws of the land, is not his only duty. He has an influence in making those laws, and without an extensive knowledge of subjects of general interest, he may do harm where he intended good. No one idea will prepare him to act wisely. He should cultivate extensive and liberal views upon subjects of a national interest, and forget not, that when the great charter of our freedom is destroyed, it may never be replaced, except through the convulsive struggles of another revolution. In look-

ing at the history of the past, as great changes may be seen in the rise, progress and overthrow of nations, as great changes in the arts and sciences, as those which follow in regular order the changing seasons. A glance at the history of the past, will prove that the greatest intellectual improvements have been followed by mental darkness, and that nations once capable of the most splendid achievements, have sunk into almost hopeless degradation. Egypt was once the cradle of the sciences. The Egyptians, living under a sky that was always cloudless, seemed invited by the twinkling luminaries above them, to examine their situation and motion. The invitation was not disregarded, and they laid the foundation upon which future ages have built a superstructure that surpasses in grandeur the loftiest conceptions of the mind. The soil of Egypt is fertilized by the overflowing of the Nile, but the cause of its fruitfulness swept away the land-marks of the cultivators of the soil, and obliged them to have recourse to their own ingenuity to ascertain the limits of their plantations. In their fruitful expedients to ascertain the limits of their plantations, they invented the science of geometry. They likewise made considerable advancement in literature, and at one time they had so far surpassed their neighbors, that it was thought necessary for a young man of aspiring hopes, to travel through Egypt for the purpose of completing his education. Its present condition, when compared with its former eminence in the scale of nations, is truly deplorable. Once the busy

scene where thousands were engaged in the construction of public works, and those vast piles which for centuries have escaped the corroding touch of time; at present, it presents none of those enterprising projects, none of that intellectual character which once made it the admiration of the world. It is inhabited by a semi-barbarous race, the deluded followers of Mohammedan imposture, and its former greatness is known by its splendid ruins. In perusing the pages which chronicle past events, it seems like traveling over a vast, sandy desert, with here and there a few fertile spots interspersed amid an ocean of sand. Those bright spots in history, like the fertile ones in a barren waste, are delightful to the eye of the traveler, and he lingers with pleasure among their verdant lawns, leafy forests, and murmuring water-falls. But he must be an unobservant traveler, who cannot gather something even from a desert journey; and he must have been an unprofitable student of history, who has not learned important truths in tracing the decay and ruin of nations. It is more pleasant, perhaps, to contemplate brilliant achievements, great philosophical and scientific discoveries; but its usefulness will amply repay us for turning our attention to the causes, frequently unseen and unknown, which operate so effectually in the collapse and ruin of nations of the greatest celebrity. I do not wish to be understood that the philosophers, the orators, the statesmen and the generals who have flourished during a nation's prosperity, and their deeds of benevo-

lence and philanthropy, which may have had an influence long after their names have ceased to be remembered, should not receive all merited admiration, and be made the models of those who aspire after superior excellence. But while we attend to the means by which nations and individuals have attained an enviable eminence, we should turn an inquiring eye to the causes of national decline, and the frailties and vices which have paralyzed individual exertion. This is the more necessary, as there is committed to us a hallowed trust, which we are bound faithfully to discharge by the most weighty considerations. This sacred trust is the boon of freedom. We live in a country which is emphatically called the land of liberty. That all men are created free and equal, is an axiom in its political faith; and governed by this and kindred principles, it has arisen from the condition of British colonies, to the most prosperous and happy nation in the world; and as the principles which govern us as a free people, are not the production of a summer sunshine, we trust they will not wither under the influence of a winter storm. Judging the future by its past success, we should expect that even more auspicious days are yet to dawn upon our national career. But is this certain? There are common dangers, rocks and whirlpools that have wrecked the fondest hopes of nations which have gone before us. Egypt once enjoyed as proud an eminence as any nation whose history is recorded; and now we can only lament its

departed greatness, and exclaim—*sic transit gloria mundi!* This may be considered too sad a picture to present for young America, while her presiding genius with dilating eye watches over her future destiny, directing her onward course with a strong arm, and a helm obedient to the directing hand. It is true it presents many dark shades, but it may be contemplated with some profitable reflections.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now, upon the winding way of time,
With thoughts we gather from a distant clime,
While young pastimes may in memory bloom,
And thus relieve us from a present gloom,
We travel on. May no disasters stay us,
No fond hopes of future good betray us,
No evil genius on the road delay us,
No dark clouds in somber hue array us,
While from green bank or gayly scented field,
The wild flower may by its sweetness yield
A trace to its retreat; or on the bough above,
We see those messengers of nature's love,
And listen for a moment to their song,
Or things more useful may our stay prolong.

We pause, as did a celebrated hero of antiquity,
upon the banks of the Rubicon; not that our reflections are of as much importance to the world, as the

cogitations which disturbed the mental caliber of that celebrated individual; but then, we are all of us sometimes in as great a quandary. We pause, not for a reply to anything which has been said, for if it is not unanswerable, we expect to hear from it without a pause; nor for the want of materials wherewith to proceed,—but for the plain reason, that there is doubt about the best course to pursue. However, we will try to make a pleasant trip somewhere, and speculate a little on the way. Suppose we examine private correspondence, and see if there is not something which may be introduced with propriety. Here is a rhyming epistle to my sister, which you shall have and judge for yourself, of its propriety, and the state of feeling which at that time prevailed.

This, Sister, is designed to be
A few, brief lines from S. D. P.,
In which, one part will be for song,
To make the numbers move along,
And keep all parts in a good rhyme,
To measure well with poet's time;
The other part shall well unfold,
Few of the thousand things untold,
Both important and non-essentials,
Which you will take without credentials;
And which have happened to your brother,
While in the world without a mother,

And traveling o'er it, far and near,
To find one sympathizing tear.
And now, to execute my plan :
I am yet what they call a man,
Some six feet and a trifle over,
And have been fat as pigs in clover ;
But now, for three or four weeks past,
(And how much longer it will last,
Ye gods propitious only know,
Who from above your bolts do throw !)
To tell you all the honest truth,
Have felt but little like a youth.
But when the clouds, which seem to lie
Above us in an open sky,
And from above, on us look down,
With gloom and threat'ning in their frown,
Have passed away, and left no trace
To mark the very spot or place,
How bright the sunshine which succeeds,
And from the same dark place proceeds !
Could I but see once more thine eye,
And hear that voice, and press that hand,
And know indeed that thou wert nigh—
That I was not in stranger land—
Then I should feel as blithe and gay
As wild-wood bird in month of May.
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the 'ventures bold,
Of beetling cliff and mountain rill—
The thousand things unseen, untold,

Which yet the imagination fill—
Would only add to length of song,
And now a weary note prolong.
So now farewell, may blessings greet you,
And fortune kind forever treat you !

There is more of this private correspondence, sufficient, perhaps, to make a volume ; but some of it is too private to be of general interest, and some, too full of private interest to be of general notoriety. Well, let that pass, and we will proceed to the examination, investigation, or elucidation of something without these formidable objections. The progressive spirit of the age, is an interesting subject for contemplation, and cannot have escaped the notice, even of a careless observer of things around him. It is opposed to that conservative principle, which adheres tenaciously to established usages and customs, and adopts with the greatest facility those innovations and improvements, which recommend themselves to be of practical importance.

This progressive spirit may sometimes conduct its possessor through schemes of doubtful utility, but we should hesitate to condemn that which has advanced the present so far beyond preceding ages, in useful inventions and improvements. There are immutable principles and truths which time, place, and circumstance can never change ; and while the conservative principle adheres to these, the progressive spirit rejects

not a new thing, because it is new, if not inconsistent with these general truths.

A large development of the organ hope, seems to be a leading characteristic of the present age, and it is difficult to conceive a state of society in which it is not one of the most interesting features. Few have at any time so far obtained their wishes, as to be satisfied with present attainments. A very few, favored by surrounding circumstances, may have conferred so great benefits upon communities, and may have been so highly esteemed by others, that, in the enjoyment of glory arising from the past, they have forgotten the hopes and fears of the future, which form the most interesting feature in the minds of most men. But if this be true with respect to a few, it is very different with a large majority. In their pursuit of the future, they forget the present, and only recall the past, for the assistance which its experience can give them in their eager pursuit of that which is before them. It may be said, that the desire of some object, is the cause of the action and anxiety which disturb the repose of so many ; and it may be replied, that the desire of any object, however strong, would not be a sufficient incentive to action, unless that desire were attended with the hope of finally attaining the object. This hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," is not confined to republican governments, or limited to monarchical ones ; neither is its influence confined to the most refined state of society. The sage and the savage may both act under

its influence for the attainment of widely different objects. The one, may labor with the hope of deducing some new principle in theory, or making an important practical discovery, which shall benefit future ages and add imperishable luster to his name; the other, may labor with the hope of excelling in the dexterity of his movements, of surpassing his competitors in the chase, or the ambition of his warlike neighbors in the glory of daring exploits. The stimulating power of hope is not confined to schemes of exalted ambition, nor to the noble efforts of distinguished philanthropy.

All classes and conditions of men are influenced by this element, which pervades universal society, and seems to be an inherent principle in man himself. Its power might, perhaps, be better appreciated by supposing a community entirely destitute of its influence. We can not tell precisely what its effect would be, yet we may presume, it would not be intelligent, enterprising, or useful. But it is not necessary to suppose a society deprived of its influence, to know, that the influence which it exerts is powerful, and that the stimulus of hope often rouses the dormant energies of individuals to action, which results in individual distinction, and the benefit of whole communities. Fulton never would have improved the steam engine, however ardent his desire might have been to confer a favor upon the community, had he not been encouraged during his efforts, with the hope of finally accomplishing his purpose. Numerous other instances

of a similar kind, might be mentioned. Washington, with all his philanthropy, would never have undertaken the contest with British power for the rescue of his country's inalienable rights, if he had not cherished in his bosom the fond hope, that his hardships and sufferings would result in the emancipation of his country from British tyranny. Its influence is not confined to those who are toiling in pursuit of fame, or for the accomplishment of objects resulting in the greatest consequences. It visits the sick bed, and administers its reviving cordial to the invalid weakened with suffering and pain. It cheers the tempest-tossed mariner with the anticipation of reaching his destined haven, freighted with all his wishes. Nature, impartial in her operations, bestows her pleasing hopes on all men ; writes as with a sunbeam her immutable laws on all around, and by their regularity, variety and beauty, invites all to study and admire them. Her laws are not like the fancy sketches of a novelist, which please when they are first read, but lose their pleasure upon a second perusal. They are facts, which, from their intimate connection with man's existence and welfare, as well as from their natural greatness and beauty, are always sources of the purest pleasure to every mind capable of appreciating their usefulness and beauty. Nor is their extent or number so limited as to furnish a subject for contemplation without variety ; at one time, conducting the mind through regions vast as the creation which they sustain, and at another, inviting it to observe the in-

stinctive faculties of an ephemeral insect. Yet this subject, so extensive, pure and noble, it must be acknowledged, presents few allurements to many, who prefer seeking pleasure in trifling vanities or artificial amusements. But to the lover of nature, her immutable laws present an ample field, where, if he cannot gather the warrior's laurels or the statesman's wreath, he can revel among more prolific sources of enjoyment. Nature's laws are immutable, and herself rejuvenated yearly, presents no symptoms of decay; but time writes its wrinkles on man's smooth brow, dims the luster of his eye, and renders dull the acute perception of his ear.

CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE has become an important characteristic in the literature of the age, and may, perhaps, be classed with those refinements of sculpture, painting and poetry, which accompany an advanced state of civilization. Some condemn every thing which is fiction, and others devour it with the utmost rapacity. The course between extremes is generally the best, and that is the one which we will pursue. Without undertaking to advocate the cause of those foolish and corrupting stories which prove the imbecility of the writers, and the depraved taste which demands them, we shall advocate the general principle, that fiction may convey important instruction upon all the great subjects connected with man's welfare, as a sentient, social and moral being. I have heard the coarse and vulgar remark, it's a lie, all a lie, applied to many works of fiction, by those who were entirely ignorant of their contents. But what is a lie? It is an untruth told for the purpose of deceiving; as when a man

in disposing of a horse, says, he is kind and true, which is not a fact, or neglects to disclose some secret fault or defect, and thereby obtains more than his real value. The suppression of a truth may be as much a lie, as the suggestion of a falsehood. According to the definition which they give to the term, a man would have no right to suppose a case for the purpose of illustrating a point in argument; *Æsop's Fables*, *Paradise Lost*, those interesting moral tales in Sunday School libraries, and even the parables of the Scripture must be condemned.

With these few remarks on this much abused subject, we will turn our attention to a little romance, to relieve the monotony of the way, in which one may discover a moral truth, another may see an acquaintance, and a third may observe some one, or some thing, not seen by either of the others. Let me see where the scene shall be; not before the deluge, that would be too far off; Persia in the days of Alexander might do, but their language, habits and customs are so different from ours, that we should feel rather awkward with Persian gear on. Shall it be in Greece or Rome? No, shades of departed orators forbid! It might be among the French peasantry in some delightful valley, with fair cottages and vineyards, but I fear making bad work talking French; and then I might make them say or do something that would shame them, if they should ever hear of it. The olden time of England might do, if the pen of Scott had not recalled from their slumber the mighty spir-

its of the past, till few are left to answer a modern invocation, and they might refuse to obey any but the mighty Wizard of the North. A western orator says, "the largest rivers, the highest mountains, the loudest thunder, the handsomest girls, and the greatest turnups in all creation, grow in our own splendid country." Here too are mounds and ancient fortifications, notched by passing centuries, where the lover of antiquity can find sufficient mystery around the footsteps of time for curiosity to feed on busy conjecture ; here, in our own country, are the remnants of a former race, with their interesting peculiarities, and here are the homes, hopes and wishes of those who would gladden their fire-sides with an old acquaintance, in preference to a stranger. Here, then, the scene shall be. We will enter one of the school-houses of Western New-York, situated on four corners in the midst of a farming neighborhood, and selecting our characters from its inmates, will see what can be made of them. For the sake of distinction, the little village in the center of the community where the school house is located, shall be called Greenville ; the school teacher, Master Birch. The other characters will develop themselves as we progress. He was a specimen of the genus homo, with his own peculiarities, as, in fact, every one has something to distinguish him from every other, and yet his appearance would not attract particular attention in a crowd of strangers. He was about the usual size, wore no clothing extraordinary for its neatness

or otherwise, and might have been passed by a stranger with the single reflection, that he was one of the race to which himself belonged. When addressed, there was an expression of frankness and benevolence upon his countenance, and in his tone and manner, which might make you feel contented and dignified, without exalting him a penny-worth in your estimation ; but in his mild, hazel eye, which seemed to kindle a little as its depths were explored, a searching observer might have read, or thought he read, like one of those ancient inscriptions half obliterated by time ; “I have rights which you will of course respect.” His favorite motto was, *fiat justitia ruat cœlum* ; and with an extensive, scientific, literary and general knowledge, and an ambition which is the natural result of that knowledge, it seems as if he must have been designed to play a conspicuous part in the great drama of human affairs ; but fate clipped the thread of his destiny, and left him, not to teach listening senates to hang with rapture on his accents, but to teach the young and tender idea how to vegetate. He understood all this perfectly well, and with a resignation which might have been an ornament to primitive martyrs, he fulfilled his destiny. On that eventful morning so full of interest and curiosity to the juvenile mind, when Master Birch commenced his task, he did not make any of those unusual, oratorical displays and demonstrations, to which some may have listened on similar occasions ; as for instance, that twenty-five or thirty boys in the

same neighborhood might rise up and each become governor of the State in the course of a very few years, say ten or fifteen, because tall oaks do grow from little acorns. Nothing of this kind happened. At the usual hour, he requested them to take their accustomed places, and when all was still, began to talk with them in a quiet, familiar way. He told them, he supposed they had some correct ideas about a school; that they came there for the purpose of learning what they could, that they should come every day, and be there early, and remain till school closed. To this they readily assented. They also acknowledged, that it would be of no consequence for them to come, unless some rules and regulations were adopted for the purpose of preserving order. But for the present, he left them to manage for themselves, telling them, he should adopt such rules from time to time, as circumstances might make necessary. For a few days, time passed away without any unusual occurrence, and Master Birch began to congratulate himself that in his obscurity he should escape many annoyances and vexations, which might have attended a course of more exalted usefulness. There was in the school, about the usual amount of loquacity, fun and frolic, love, pride, envy and hatred; but these little nestlings of human evil, yet unfledged, were restrained by their respect for the master, and their fear of future rules and regulations. It is impossible to give full length portraits of each individual in this little community; even the few which

may be attempted, will be only sketches to be filled up by the reader to suit his own taste. It has been said that human nature is the same, the world over ; but if it is, it makes very different developments, under the varying circumstances of different individuals. This remark, in substance, has escaped the lips of many teachers ; if all the boys were like little Johnny, or all the girls like little Lizzy, how much pleasanter it would be. Were it not for these differences in taste, sentiment, feeling, inclination, the leading motives of action, the history of one individual would be the history of the whole world, under the same circumstances.

But to return to the school room. Among the group of little girls which assembles there daily, and may be seen at certain times, on any pleasant day, playing upon the green near by, there is one who claims particular attention, for she now receives it from her playmates, being the universal favorite. Let us approach carefully, and examine the little group upon the green. They have been very busy rolling the hoop, skipping the rope, and doing other things which children will do for relaxation and amusement ; and the intensives, fine, nice, grand, O how pretty, which escaped them, show how deep is the interest which they feel in their little pastimes. Now their former sports are left, and they seat themselves in a circle upon the green grass, in the shade of a tree which seems to them to be wonderful, on account of its size, form, and at least a dozen other particu-

lars. In the center of this ring is one whom we will name Grace, not Grace Greenwood, for fear she might be offended with the familiarity ; we will take half the name and put a garland on it, and then of course she will be too modest to show any resentment. Grace Garland was a lovely girl, for nature had bestowed a pleasing exterior, which was a true index to the more ennobling qualities of the mind and heart. Her whole appearance was interesting in the combination of form, motion and general expression, not so much in giving you distinct and rigid ideas upon any particular subject, as in that pleasing impression which it made upon you, without entering into a minute examination. Into the depths of her clear, blue eye, as into the cloudless sky of a summer evening, you might gaze and see those stars of smaller magnitude, at first unobserved, emerge from obscurity, one by one, as you lingered in its depths ; and they would amply repay you for the investigation which it seemed to invite. Her glossy locks might not rival the plumage of a raven's wing, for a softening shade had been thrown over their otherwise too strong a contrast with her neck of snowy whiteness, where they seemed to recline in reposing luxury, unequaled by the magnificence of oriental monarchs. Her teeth seemed formed of Parian marble, and her lips, two rose buds first unfolding their petals to the light, and around her mouth played a smile, at certain times, which might remind you of young dreams of Elysian fields in the spirit land. The group are

now busy in relating the various little incidents and accidents of the day, each one relating an item or two in her own history, and instinctively turning to the center of the ring, for a kind ear and unaffected sympathy.

Julia Brown met a large dog, in the morning, on her way to school, which frightened her very much ; Ellen Vernon saw a strange looking man with a bundle under his arm, and ran into a house and remained while he was passing ; and Edith Green saw two fierce looking men on horseback ;—but the bell rings, and they run like a flock of lambs to the school room. In its vicinity, was a brook or rivulet, its dimensions varying with the season, pursuing its winding course through meadow, field and wood, and terminating in a pond which turned the wheel, that ground the wheat, that made the bread for the village, and all the nice little cakes for the juveniles. They seemed to owe this stream a debt of gratitude, which they were anxious to pay by frequent visitations ; and on many a pleasant Saturday afternoon, the music of the babbling brook was the chorus to the passing music on its banks, which were revealed, far in advance, by the green willows and tall grass, which fringed the margin of the stream. Here, Peter Brown, William Johnson, John Vernon, and others too numerous to mention, with their fishing tackle, and the little girls, their sisters and playmates, passed, occasionally an afternoon, which, if it did not rival Cleopatra's reception of Marc Anthony, was equal-

ly well for them, as they did not know the difference. A little fish which would furnish bait for a real fisherman, was a matter of extravagant surprise and gesticulation ; and at least a dozen pages might be written, without describing the passage, by the assistance of some fallen tree, over this Arno of the young literati. One afternoon they had gone further than usual, and arrived all safe at the extremity of the pond, where the stream extends its dimensions over an area of several acres, and here the boys prepared for pulling ashore some of those monsters of the deep, which they asserted should grow in proportion to the size of the water. The girls, in the interim, were busy in plucking the wild flowers around them, or examining the pebbles upon the shore. At one time, they were all seated in a row upon the bank, each viewing the other's image traced upon the smooth surface of the stream, and suggesting various reflections, as true, without doubt, as those before them. Thus passed the afternoon, and as the declining sun reminded them of home and its comforts, they prepared to retrace their steps, with a sufficient quantity of the scaly tribe to furnish an epicurean repast for a distinguished dignitary of Barnum's museum, known by the familiar appellation of Tom Thumb. A few rods above their starting place, in crossing the stream, Peter accidentally brought a fish suddenly in contact with Ellen's hand, which caused her to spring forward, and precipitate Grace into the stream below. It would seem to be Peter's duty, under the circum-

stances, to rescue the sufferer ; and he would have undertaken the business, as soon as he could cross the stream and safely deposit the innocent cause of the catastrophe ; but William Johnson was not the one to pause and make calculations, when Grace was in danger, and leaping into the stream, which was not very deep, though a timid girl might have been drowned there, and encircling her in his arms, conveyed her dripping to the shore. This little accident caused some delay, the sober countenance of the boys, testifying their respect, and the tear starting to the eye of her more intimate companions. pure as the dew-drop on the rose, speaking their tender solicitude for her welfare. She soon recovered her composure, and telling William, with artless simplicity, she hoped he would not forget the kindness, for she was sure she never should, they proceeded to their homes, where they arrived with appetite and weariness sufficient to give a keen relish to their frugal suppers, and make their slumbers of that dreamy kind which mingles real events with the unrestrained wanderings of fancy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE shades of Night withdraw, and the gray east
Dispels her gloomy specters. She held her sway
While weary man refreshed him with balmy
Slumbers; this accomplished, she retires with
Quickened pace, before the genial influence
Of morn's bright herald. The feathered songsters
Chant their artless strains, the listening fields, decked
With the richest green, and moistened by the
Dews of night, mingle their incense with sweet
Melodies, in honor of their Author.

All Nature wakes, as if first touched by the
Potent hand of its Creator; the blooming
Earth, so nicely blended with the gay, the
Gaudy, and the beautiful, mocks the power
Of art. Who has not felt words powerless to
Describe the enchantment of that placid
Smile which nature wears, in sweet mornings of
The Spring?

We left our little fishermen in quiet slumbers, from which it is time to awake them, that they may not lose the enjoyment of such a morning as the above description may recall to memory. They are soon awake and laughing; and such clear, silver-toned music! None of your regrets, disappointments and remorse, mingle with the sounds. No! It is joy, all joy and nothing else; and sometimes its piercing depths are startling from their delirious wildness. It seems a pity that man's feelings should ever violate the harmony of the visible creation, but the clouded brow and restless eye tell too plainly, that birds and sunshine lose their power to please. Dream on, ye dreamers, while ye may, and revel in fancy's gay offerings; for perchance the future may tinge your sky with a leaden hue, and make the now delicious music grate harsher on the ear, than the croaking of ten thousand bullfrogs! The juveniles had almost forgotten they had ever seen such a man as Master Birch; but the school room and lessons, as well as his personal appearance, soon recalled the images of departed days. To some, the school room seemed a prison, the lessons a hard task, and while the teacher was wearying himself to explain some dark point and make it clear to their comprehension, they would wonder how much longer he was going to talk, and how long before they would go out to play; and as he became absorbed in the elucidation of mysteries, one would watch a fly in its course from his desk to the plastering over head, and then from desk to desk

around the school room, and wonder, why the master should make any invidious distinctions, and permit it to buzz about without restraint, while he was bound to remain without locomotion: and another would watch the down of a thistle, as it sailed in through the open window, about the room, and wish himself divested of size and weight, so that he could recline upon it and unperceived glide round the room, take a survey of all things therein, and then outward bound, float away, he cared not where, provided it were away from the school room. Others were there who could appreciate his labors, and by the interest which they manifested in his explanations, even when they did not fully understand them, applied a soothing balm to his feelings when they were lacerated by this barbarous inattention to his scientific explanations; and when his eye rested full and fair upon delinquents, they were instantly reminded of some proverb of Solomon, or sage reflection of his own, which made them feel, as if it would take a strong floor to keep them from sinking through it: and when he, as he sometimes would, relaxed into a mild expression, and told them he feared they had forgotten the story of the mouse and cable, which he told them the other day, or in some other, gentle way, reminded them of their culpability, the long breath which followed the announcement, showed how great had been their anxiety, and how much they were relieved by the happy termination of their expected difficulties. Thus time passed away, marked by the

incidents which vary its usual course, more than by the return of those regular, daily events, which make all days seem so much alike, that we can scarcely distinguish them. If Master Birch had not become Sir Oracle, he had become a school master, whom, even mischievous and turbulent boys had found a matter of policy for themselves to respect; and the villagers generally gave him credit for learning and ability, mental, moral and physical, to instruct a common school.

The village of Greenville was a very quiet, little place, nearly destitute of an article which fills the market, and disquiets the slumbers of many a little neighborhood: we refer to scandal and the love of it; that propensity to say things derogatory to the character of others, whether true or not; that appetite which can be satisfied only with the vices, frailties and imperfections of others, like those worms that revel in putrefaction. It is true, that one afternoon at a tea party, a certain lady ventured to suggest an improvement in the parson's mode of life; but the withering frown which met her on all sides, forever silenced that subject, unless she wished to stand alone and unassisted. It was afterwards suspected that it was a mere feint, made for the purpose of ascertaining positions, reckoning latitude and longitude, or as is sometimes said, finding out which way the wind blows. It was evident she had some ulterior object in view, for she changed the position of her chair several times, seemed very uneasy, cast furtive glances

around her, and at last made the remark, she did not believe that all teachers knew more than every body else. To this remark there was no reply, but it was more than suspected that her son, who had been detained one afternoon after the close of school, had made some complaint at home, to which his dear mother had listened with becoming interest. It is not certainly known, that this was a fact; but if it were not, it is difficult to account for her remark, and the manner in which it was made. Be that as it may, the subject, by common consent, was never renewed.

The arrival of the stage was an occurrence of daily interest, and the village inn was a favorite resort, especially in the evening, for discussing the news of the day and various important matters connected with the welfare of the little community; and if, as happened now and then, "like angels' visits, few and far between," a stranger made his residence there for a few days, for fresh air, retirement and observation of men, manners and scenery around him, the sensation which was created, was astonishing to themselves, if not to a stranger. The merry twinkle of the landlord's eye upon such occasions, might make one a little suspicious of his temperance principles, and it was astonishing to hear the squire, as every body called him, launch out fearlessly into the sea of politics and political economy, proving beyond an ordinary demonstration, the precise results of certain measures, even those remote, future and contingent results which can only be discovered by a philoso-

phic mind. The only objection to his speeches was, there were so many ifs and provisoes, that he never committed himself to any men or measures; and he evidently was proud of this course, which, as he sometimes said, left others to make the personal application. Some of the villagers had even requested his advice relative to voting, but with a modesty and patriotism which exalted him very high in their estimation, he declined, saying, that the men to whose care was intrusted the preservation of our glorious freedom, should discharge their duties with a full, free, deliberate investigation, without the assistance of the personal prejudice and interested motives of others, which would generally do more harm than good; and for his own part, he did not wish to assume the fearful responsibility of directing their choice among the men and measures of the day.

Deacon Brown was always a respectful listener to the general conversation at the inn, and by participating in the more serious subjects, as well as by the respectful seriousness of his countenance, restrained the mirthful propensity of the juveniles, who were so overawed by the grand solemnity of the man, that they sometimes dreamed of seeing him with his finger pointed at them, after doing something they considered wrong, and the vision was sure to haunt them for a long time. There are other characters, equally worthy of remembrance in the chronicles of Greenville; the merchant, so amiable at the counter, that it was really a pleasure to give him your money in

exchange for articles you might need ; the industrious blacksmith, whose ringing anvil was the morning bell that roused many a sleeper ; and others, whose names and deeds will long be remembered by the inhabitants, although they may escape the pages of veritable history ; may, indeed, whip round the corner of forgetfulness, and live fresh in memory, after those embalmed in books shall have become rusty and musty on an upper shelf, and the rightful property of some itinerant vender of tin ware. But there is one more character which must not be forgotten in these hasty pencilings ; the village parson. Mild, modest and amiable in his deportment, with that agreeable suavity of manners, which, without the least appearance of cringing sycophancy, presents a resistless recommendation to the good opinion of others ; he was not only the idol of his flock, but extended a salutary influence over those who did not acknowledge his guardian care, and yet felt the influence of that living example of Christian character. His peculiar style of oratory, must be witnessed to be fully appreciated ; words can give you but a faint outline. His appearance in the desk was plain and simple ; so severe was his simplicity, so free from ostentatious display and affectation of every kind, that the listener might look for some display of the man, some peculiar characteristics, as a relief to this single, predominating impression, which his first appearance indelibly impressed upon the memory. He commenced his subject in that low, musical tone

which at once attracted attention by the melody of the intonations. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with his theme, and too much interested in it himself, to stoop to ridicule or low invective ; not so much because they might not be used, as for the reason, that they would impair the dignity of the cause which he advocated. As he advanced and placed before his listener the historical events of nations and individuals, for the purpose of recommending those mild precepts of Christianity as an effectual remedy for the evils which have afflicted society, his own deep impression of their truth, could not fail to find a responsive echo in those feelings which had been won to his interest, by his simple and persuasive power. His style was the result of much care and attention, which he willingly bestowed upon it, that he might accomplish his noble purposes. With this hasty outline of Greenville and its inhabitants, you can, perhaps, with the assistance of the imagination in the details, give yourself a satisfactory view of this little community. There were, in this, as in most other societies, some whose imperfections, if they would not bear a harsher name, would cast a dark shade over the picture ; but we will throw the mantle of charity over them, instead of lifting the veil for the purpose of seeing men and actions, the contemplation of which would make a melancholy contrast with the designed dignity of human nature, and with those nobler characteristics which we may contemplate and admire, with the pleasing reflection, that if their exam-

ple should influence our conduct, it will be an influence which we may never regret. It may be necessary to know the existence of vice, that we may be prepared to shun it ; but its lessons are not so few and unknown, that it is necessary to suppose any intelligent reader, entirely unacquainted with them.

CHAPTER VII.

It is the month of September, and great interest and anxiety are manifested in Greenville, not only by the juveniles and Master Birch, but by their parents and acquaintances, in that important day which closes the term of school. On the morning of that eventful day, the boys wash their hands and faces, and comb their hair with particular regard to neatness, and the girls put on their very nicest, new dresses. It is a public day at the school, and in the afternoon the teacher expects many of his patrons to be present, and the first half of the day is employed in making preparations; in fact, for a week or more, everything has had a tendency that way—has been done with reference to an honorable display before the public. At last, the long-expected, half-wished, half-dreaded afternoon arrives, and with it as many visitors as can be conveniently accommodated. Master Birch is on the best terms with the whole school, and each one seems anxious to escape even a reprov-

ing glance from that eye which has been watched by some through the long summer days, with an anxiety known only to juvenile delinquents. The school had been informed, that the afternoon would be employed in a general review and examination, which would be closed by reading a few compositions from the more advanced ; and particular instructions had been given, that if any one were not sure of a correct answer to any question proposed, he should remain silent, and not expose himself to ridicule and the school to disrespect, by any incorrect or improper answers. Notwithstanding these precautions, some of the answers were more amusing than instructive, but the general promptness and intelligence displayed, elicited the highest commendation from parents and friends. We will pass over a more particular description of the other exercises, for the purpose of giving place to a few compositions which had been prepared for the occasion, and which were read by one who had been selected to perform the duty, for various reasons not necessary to enumerate. When the proper time came, he advanced to the teacher's desk and placed upon it a small bundle of literature, from which he made his first selection and commenced reading, while an almost breathless stillness prevailed.

A COMPOSITION.

To be able to describe correctly, occurrences and scenes, and whatever we see and hear, is very desirable, but not often attainable. Some, however, possess this power in a much greater degree than others, and although we claim no superiority in this particular, yet, as it is a very desirable trait, we feel disposed to attempt its cultivation by an inadequate description of a Composition. A Composition is one of those rare things, which, from their very nature, are difficult to describe, varying with its author from the sublime to the ridiculous; and hence, the only way in which it can be done, is to be governed by general rules, and call extreme cases their exceptions. With this explanation of our task, we approach the dreaded point; but before we proceed directly to it, it may not be improper to speak of the sensations produced by the recurrence of the fatal day which calls for a production from the contents of our cranium, speaking after the manner of phrenology. We said, we would speak of them, for we can not describe them; they beggar all description. We can not compare them with the toothache, for with that, we may feel calm and quiet with the exception of *one* tormenting nerve; nor with the ague and fever, inasmuch as the mind is capable of enduring more intense suffering than the body. Perhaps those who have never written a composition, might be able to conceive some

faint idea of the task, if they have rode on horseback with speed beyond their control, or leaped from a coach in the act of upsetting. But we will not wander further from the point. A Composition is a sheet of paper, written and folded so as to give it the appearance, before closely inspected, of a deed or bond, or something of equal importance. It consists of an introduction, proof negative, proof positive, and a conclusion; and the writer thinks, that all this is arranged in the most systematic order, or at least, that it has cost sufficient trouble to have it so. It is the scholar's dread, the teacher's delight, and the perplexity of all. It is handed to the instructor with much self-assurance; but alas! it returns from him "full of wounds and bruises."

TYRO.

This was read with satisfaction, and after a little whispering among the spectators, relating to the authorship of the production, he proceeded to make a second selection, which was read as follows:

NIAGARA FALLS.

It is a singular and incomprehensible fact, that the sight of particular objects produces sensations, and the sight of different objects produces different sensations. The vision is connected with the mind in

some way, but in a manner which we can not fully comprehend. Many of the productions of art produce sensations of a very agreeable nature, but they are generally admitted to be inferior to the works of nature. The mind enjoys with peculiar gratification the scenery of a beautiful landscape. The sight of a majestic river or lofty mountain is far from producing disagreeable sensations. To behold extensive fields on every side, or the blue vault above us with its twinkling luminaries, will bring into exercise feelings with which we are all familiar. But the feelings of awe, veneration and insufficiency, are probably raised to their highest extent, by viewing the cataract between this State and Canada, unquestionably the grandest on the globe. It is situated in the river Niagara, which drains the waters of seven lakes and bays, (one of which is the largest collection of fresh water in the world,) and numerous rivers which empty into them. The river commences near Buffalo, and is for some distance about three-fourths of a mile wide, and from twenty to forty feet deep. The current here is quite rapid, but further towards the falls the river spreads out to the width of seven or eight miles, including several islands, of which Grand Island is the largest, containing about seventeen thousand acres. Two miles above the Falls, the river is but two and a half miles wide. About three-fourths of a mile above, rapids commence, and the river descends in that distance, fifty-two feet on the American, and fifty-seven on the Canada side. The river

at the commencement of the rapids, is about one mile in width, and at the Falls, about three fourths of a mile, including two small islands. The American side of the cataract, is in front of one standing upon the Canadian shore, and at right angles with the principal cataract, which is on the Canadian side, and has the appearance of a horse-shoe, the circular curve being up the stream. In the middle of the cataract, the river is supposed to be about twenty feet deep. The roaring noise produced by the fall of so great a body of water, is almost inconceivable, and is heard the distance of several miles. The earth trembles around, and a mist rises several hundred feet, which causes a beautiful rainbow when the sun shines.

SCRIBO.

After this had been read, and while the reader was moistening his lips and making another selection, several inquired, which one had visited the Falls; and it was finally decided, that no one of the school had ever been there, and the facts of the description must have been taken from books; one old lady remarking, he must be a rare genius to know so much about them without ever seeing them, and she should not wonder if he made a historical philosopher one of these days. Silence again reigned through the room, and the reader commenced his third selection.

RIGHT OF PETITION.

As it is common in these days of percussion, railroad, and high-pressure systems, for every one who wishes, and has in his own estimation a sufficient quantity of brains, to appear as the champion in any cause that suits his own feelings best, which has for its object the recovery of lost rights or the banishment of some evil from society ; it has not only become proper, but highly popular, for all, whenever they have occasion to speak or write for the edification of others, to enter the lists as the champions of lost rights, or the mortal foes of some destructive evil. Such is the tendency of the present state of affairs, that it is hazardous, even for a school-boy, to disregard the popular impulse, in the selection of a subject for a composition. Indeed, this age seems to be so much an age of impulse and passion, that explosions and sad catastrophes might be common, and productive of great injury, were it not for the benevolent and humane subjects, which, like the sewers of Rome that conducted away the excrescence and left the air of the city salubrious, are safe conductors of the over-charged passions of the populace, which might otherwise make the moral atmosphere impure and loathsome. It is not my purpose to speak of temperance, which has for its object the reform of drunkards, and which is advancing with percussion power ; nor of the high-pressure system of moral re-

form, which discards the idea of a young lady's passing half her time in lounging and talking nonsense with a loafer, to add to his importance in his own estimation; nor of touch-me-not societies, whose members, by assuming, that all who do not subscribe to their creed are not gentlemen, assume that they are gentlemen, and sometimes, by the curled-up noses, pouting lips, and awry faces which they exhibit in the presence of any thing not far-fetched and dear-bought, raise themselves to the dignity of a decent man's contempt. There are other subjects, of which less may be said, but which are not therefore of less importance, for the importance of a subject can not always be determined by the amount of attention which it receives. One, which has, perhaps, been neglected, at least, of which too much can not be said, by those whose grand, political axiom is "freedom and equality," is the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of grievances. This, it has been said, is the last right which the people have ever been willing to yield, and the last which tyrants have ever dared to demand.

VINDEK.

This composition was evidently the production of some one whose feelings had been soured, and selected this way to let the fermentation escape, and in addition to what might appear on the surface, to a stranger, it seemed to aim some arrows at particular individuals; but where from or where bound was all a mystery, excepting the writer and individuals impli-

cated. But it was late, and Master Birch requested the reader to select one more, a little more humerous, and close the exercises. Each one changed his position, or settled himself in a state of quiet, as he was, and the reader continued.

MATRIMONY.

That much discretion and sound judgment are necessary in selecting a subject for a composition, is obvious to every one; and that it requires skill and experience in no small degree, to select one of suitable interest and importance, is equally obvious. Fully impressed with this, I candidly considered the different subjects which presented themselves to my mind, and after mature deliberation, selected from the multitude, three, which in my opinion, might become amusing, interesting and instructive. These three are anti-slavery, celibacy, and matrimony. After much reading, reflection and advice from others, I came to the conclusion, that I should make matrimony the subject of the present composition, and think I shall be able to show, not only that it adds to the sum of human happiness, but is absolutely necessary for convenience and comfort. That it is a fountain for quenching much of our thirst for pleasure, no one will deny; but as to comfort and convenience, it will need perhaps some illustrations. I shall therefore pro-

ceed to state a part of my own experience upon the subject. As I was passing through the principal street of our village, the other day, I met friend Biddlecum, (I would say by way of parenthesis, that I seldom pass through the village without meeting some one I know, as I have a very extensive acquaintance,) and as I had not seen him in some time, he of course presented me his hand with, how do you do? Very well, thank you, said I, with both hands hold of my waist-band, feeling as I should judge a fish would, in a tub of soap-suds. Says he, are you not going to shake hands with me? When this second question came, I felt as though, to say the least, my pantaloons would drop from me, if I let go of them, and I frankly confessed, that I had stumbled over the broom, for the want of a wife to take care of it, and in addition to tearing a hole in my elbow, and bursting half the buttons from my pantaloons, I received bruises from which I have not, to this day, recovered. This is but one instance, of a thousand, almost every-day occurrences, in a bachelor's life, and the conclusive part of the argument in favor of matrimony, is yet untold. It was my hard lot to go as I then was, till I found a lady, who, as an act of kindness, nicely fixed my torn apparel.

SINGLE.

This concluded the reading exercise, and the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to remarks from spectators, among whom the Squire and Deacon

were conspicuous. The former, with his characteristic composure, expressed his gratification, and encouraged the school to perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, by naming Washington and other illustrious individuals, who had enjoyed in early life no better advantages for education, than those now within their reach ; and concluded, by reminding them, that Excelsior, the motto of the State, contemplated no stationary point, but a continual, onward and upward advancement. The Deacon reminded them of their moral obligations, and several others arose, simply to express their gratification with the advancement and appearance of the school, and perhaps they ought to have added their acknowledgments for information. A committee then proceeded to distribute the various prizes which were awarded by Master Birch, consisting of books and diplomas, of which William Johnson and John Vernon were recipients, in the male, and Grace Garland and Julia Brown, in the female department. There were others perhaps equally deserving, but the selection must fall somewhere, and the great popularity of those who had been fortunate in receiving the prizes, caused general satisfaction among the members of the school. Thus closed the term of school, an important era in the history of many of the juveniles, and one to which the mind will turn in after years with a distinct recollection of its various little incidents, when recent occurrences of more importance have escaped the memory : those early events which seem to have a controlling

influence in moulding the plastic powers of the man, make so deep an impression, that they seem to become a part of his very being, and are retained in memory and enjoyed in fancy, even in his second childhood.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN twilight throws its softening spell
On rock and river, hill and dell,—
When through the wide domain of thought,
Will memory's visions flit untaught,—
May I not hope, a thought will stray
To one, who then is far away?
That thought will find a welcome true,
In fancy's golden-tinted view
Of time, now passed beyond control,
Which left its image on the soul.
Though distant seas between us roll,
And we are, far as pole from pole,
Dissevered, while in memory gleams
One ray of those past, joyous beams,
Which gilded even youthful dreams,
Hope still will whisper visions bright,
Which yet may dawn upon the sight.

The time of vacation was employed in various ways by the juveniles, as much in accordance with their own inclinations, as parental advice and restraint would permit. To some it brought its rides, visits and pleasures ; to some it was a gift with which they knew not what to do ; and there were others, whose time, the warp of life, was interwoven with various cares and duties. Among this latter class was William Johnson, for his parents were frugal and industrious, living in comfortable independence upon their own labor, and considering it a duty which they owed to their children, of whom William was the eldest, to instruct them in the ways of sober industry. Their little cottage was provided with many useful books to which they turned with pleasure, as a relief and relaxation from their various labors ; and evenings and rainy days were hailed with delight, for the opportunity which they brought of renewing their acquaintance with the silent and disinterested counselors of their well-stored, little book-case. The personal appearance of the last named individual, was frank, manly and confiding, with intelligence sufficient to understand his rights, and nerve enough to protect them. Whether he was a descendant of the ancient Saxons or Normans, is not known ; for a mixture of modern English and German, would throw an uncertain light on that subject, and his ancestry, neglecting to hand down certificates of his lineage, there was a large blank which it is impossible to fill, between him and his great progenitor Adam. His

vacations were not always employed exclusively at home, for the paternal acres were too few to furnish regular employment for them all, and it was his delight in autumn, to assist the neighbors in gathering their winter supply, and to add to his own little comforts at home. On one occasion, he was invited by neighbor Garland to assist in gathering his apples, of which he had a great variety, selected with care from various parts of the country around him. Neighbor Garland was very domestic in his habits, and managed to pass along through life with very little notoriety, preferring to improve his orchard or make a fish pond on his own premises, to participating in political or religious discussions, or projecting various improvements for the adoption of his neighbors; and consequently was rarely mentioned, except now and then, as a prosperous, happy farmer, worthy of general imitation. The invitation was accepted by William with pleasure, for various reasons. He would have an opportunity of doing a kindness for a neighbor, and at the same time receiving its reward from the bending branches of the trees; and then, besides all this, he would have the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance with Grace. His acquaintance previous to this time, had not been so intimate, dear reader, as you may possibly imagine. It is true, they had seen each other daily at school, and often complimented each other in their own way, and occasionally, as she met his ardent gaze, a glow would pass over her features; and after all this, there was

no particular, private, confidential understanding between them. But to return to the fruit gathering. To him was assigned the important duty of shaking the apples from the trees, which could not easily be obtained in a better way, and then assisting in picking them up and pouring them into the wagon-box. It was curious to see how few of the falling apples would hit his school-mate, while her father's beaver was often knocked into a shapeless mass, which caused some merry remarks from the trio. Now and then a lusty apple, large enough to make two dumplings, would fall into the lap of Grace, and as she looked up to the place whence they came, she was relieved of all fear of any designed injury. But suddenly the limb on which he was standing, yielded to its unaccustomed burden, and breaking, tumbled its occupant without ceremony to the ground. While Grace was unable to move or speak, from the sudden fright, her father removed the helpless youth to the house, and sent immediately for the doctor, a person who has been entirely forgotten until the present, when his services are needed, which can only be accounted for, by reason of his being associated with sickness and pain. He was a benevolent man, who, without making any great, scientific display, performed the duty of relieving the sufferings of others, to the extent of his ability. He soon arrived, with lancet, bandage and pill, and commenced an examination of his patient. He pronounced the shoulder dislocated, the collar bone fractured, and thought

some internal injury had been caused by the sudden shock ; and after administering all the consolation to be derived from twisting dislocated joints to their places, and bandaging splintered bones, directed that he should remain where he was, for a few days, until something more could be ascertained with regard to his condition. The first effect of the accident upon Grace, had not been observed, and she soon recovered her composure, and engaged in those little offices of attention and kindness, so congenial to her feelings, that, were it not for the pain of the sufferer, they would have been a source of real pleasure to her benevolent heart. She watched by his side, presented the cup of water to his thirsty lips, prepared and administered the doctor's prescriptions, and during the intervals of pain, read some amusing story, to relieve his mind from that gloom which settles around the couch of sickness. The gratitude written upon his countenance and beaming from his eye, told in silence, but eloquently, how well her efforts were appreciated. One afternoon they had a call from Julia, whose intimacy there made such an event of frequent occurrence. She came in high spirits, for she had met John Vernon on the road, who had been telling her, Charles Chatterbox like, some remarkable account from a book of travels, about people who grew to the height of several inches, fought insects with swords, and lived in houses which common men could carry under their arms. She was a complete echo, a perfect mirror, in which any one could

see himself delineated with accuracy ; and it was without doubt delightful to John, to observe the reflection, while he was proceeding with his amusing narrative. The weary, lingering hours of the sick room, usually so painful to the young, by reason of the restraint which they impose, glided quietly along in the present instance, and the feeling of gratitude was hastening into one of a more pathetic nature, when he was pronounced by the doctor, out of danger and convalescent ; a conclusion derived from an examination of his physical condition, and without reference to the state of his feelings towards any one, as the kind doctor had a wonderful faculty of seeing very dimly, every thing not connected with his professional observations. Whether the invalid would have been willing to remain as such, for a longer time, is not known ; but it is known he left with regret, and the kindest feelings towards her, who had beguiled many a weary hour, shared the pains of his sickness, and by her soothing accents, softened the rigor of his confinement. O, who can tell the boundless influence of that sympathy which twines itself around those feelings, rendered doubly susceptible by suffering and pain !

There are others who must not be forgotten in this humble narrative. Master Birch had been invited by a relative to make them a visit, and a few days after closing school, on a fine autumnal morning he might have been seen at the village inn, with carpet-bag in hand, prepared to step into the stage which passed

near the place of his destination. The landlord, a name that, if it be a misnomer, will be readily understood, in a half-bantering way offered to treat, which was declined with thanks for his generosity; and several of the villagers there, wished him a pleasant ride, as the knight of the whip opened the door and he seated himself inside, gave a parting nod and good-by to all, and moved away from the scene of his cares and labors. He had not rode far, before his attention was directed to his traveling companions. By his side was an old gentleman, who, observing the turn of his thoughts, offered his snuff-box, remarked it was a fine day, he liked travel, there was so much to be seen, turned his attention to various items of interest they were passing, launched off into the latest news from Europe and its probable effect upon the destiny of the world, and settled down into a quiet revery, which terminated in a state approaching as near to slumber as the motion of the coach would permit. The seat in front of the ex-school-master, was occupied by a blooming lass, whose appearance indicated the age of eighteen; and the little attentions shown her at the various places on the road, those attentions which are the result of refined feelings and unobtrusive kindness of heart, paved the way to an acquaintance, which, under auspicious circumstances, might have terminated in friendly intimacy, and which served to relieve the weariness of that way, into which circumstances had thrown them, to be companions for a day in the journey of life. As

the sun declined in the west, reminding one of the flight of time, and another of accustomed table comforts, the driver halted and said, the gentleman from Greenville would find the place of his destination in a neighborhood about one mile to the south of him, where he soon arrived and was greeted with a hearty welcome. He soon found himself domesticated with his friends in their rural retreat, and so much at home among them, that his visit was prolonged to several weeks. Here, free from that restraint which school imposes upon the teacher, no less than the pupil, he recruited his jaded spirits by roaming the fields and woods with gun upon his shoulder, though it must be confessed the game suffered very little in that vicinity ; writing letters to various acquaintances, reading the news of the day, or assisting in the transaction of such business as required that knowledge which he was supposed to possess. He became an interesting subject in the quiet, little neighborhood, and won its confidence to such an extent, that an aged farmer solicited him to make a journey westward, for the purpose of transacting business ; remarking that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the law, and besides, was too old to endure the fatigue of travel. An only brother, a bachelor, had recently died in Missouri, and left some property which belonged to him, of course, as he was the only relative, and he would gladly intrust the business to the teacher, if he could be persuaded to undertake it. The preliminaries were soon settled ; and provided with the ne-

cessary papers and funds, the quondam teacher started on his expedition. He returned within a few weeks to the house of his relative, and reported to his client the success of his enterprise. The old gentleman was pleased with his promptness and accuracy, and invited him to call and share his hospitality, an invitation which he did not feel inclined to reject. He found him surrounded with substantial comforts, his amiable consort giving them a double relish ; and a blooming daughter, with all the graces of a sylvan nymph, the lass of the stage-coach, reminding him that it required but one more to make the number even. He was soon on terms of intimacy with the family ; his intimacy ended in friendship, friendship in love, and love in matrimony ; you must not understand by this, however, that matrimony was the termination of love, or that all this took place within the time taken in telling it ; this is only a synopsis. This has changed the whole course of Master Birch's life, made him a quiet farmer, and left very little to say about him.

The vacancy in the school at Greenville, caused by his unceremonious resignation, was filled by one who did not walk precisely in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. He adopted what is sometimes called the sugar-stick government ; and by telling the juveniles, that he would assist them in planting their feet securely on the first round of a ladder, by which they could ascend to a sublime height, and see stars, and garters, and titles of nobility ; by tick-

ets which he distributed in abundance, embellished with boys and girls, carts and oxen, fish poles and meeting-house steeples, bee-hives, and various implements of husbandry ; and by his comical distortions of physiognomy upon certain occasions, which almost frightened the juveniles into the belief that unless they were very careful, he would be metamorphosed some day, and disappear in the woods among the coons and foxes,—he succeeded in keeping them in leading strings ; and their mothers smiled while listening to their tales of future greatness, smiled and hoped they might be true. Master White, superior to his predecessor, not in learning, integrity, or the power to communicate ideas, but in those little dissimulations so pleasing to the vanity of many, even when they know their falsity, became a kind of universal favorite among the children and parents of Greenville ; and proud of his high destiny, he wore the wreath of praise with that perfect satisfaction which placed the limits of his ambition within the sphere in which he revolved. Months passed away, and lengthened into years, and he remained a pedagogue, so confirmed in his business by habit, that change would have been ruin to him. High honors in the class, or new books and advancement to a class above them, were the motives which not only stimulated many of the scholars to perseverance in the attainment of knowledge, but excited the spirit of rivalry, which sometimes caused those petty animosities that, on a more extensive scale,

might have endangered the peace of nations. These were generally soon forgotten, and of course, forgiven, and with the exception of these little ebullitions, which themselves soon extinguished the fire they had kindled, the world in miniature moved onward with gay streamers fluttering in the breeze that wafted them down the stream of time. There were a few among them, whom no emulation could affect, and no selfish principle could for a moment sever the silken cord which bound them in a league of perpetual amity. Among this few, were William and Grace. Circumstances had placed them in a situation favorable for becoming intimate friends, and the general character and conduct of each, had favored the circumstances; and more than these, there was a similarity in taste and sentiment, and an undefinable predilection, depending upon a thousand things in appearance, tone and manner, which it is impossible to describe. The childish feeling of interest, which had been early manifested, grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until they acknowledged to themselves, in the secret communion of their own thoughts, that their happiness was one and indivisible. Grace was his superior in external advantages, and besides, they were too young to think of perfecting that union, which existed in their hearts; and William, in view of these circumstances, had long meditated upon some plan to dare fortune for her favors. At the age of eighteen, he finally resolved to leave the place, as there was no

inducement sufficient for one of his ambition to remain ; and yet it was difficult for him to decide upon a plan, and whenever reflecting upon one, the past would glide into his musings, and cause him to feel a pang of regret, that he must leave a place where even field, and brook, and tree, were hallowed by association with all the heart holds dear,—home, friends, the cherished idol of his heart. One pleasant morning in the month of May, with a high recommendation from several of his neighbors in his pocket, a small outfit for his journey, and the gentle good-by yet warm on his lips, he left his paternal cottage, and proceeded on his way in pursuit of that fortune, who has so often eluded the grasp of her devoted followers.

CHAPTER IX.

Sun's farewell beams will gild the west,
Long after its decline ;
The gentle brook with music blest,
Seems never to repine.

Those beams—reflections from the sun—
Remind us whence they came ;
That gentle brook its course doth run,
To mingle with the main.

The bird above the sea's blue wave,
Flies on with tireless wing,
Nor stoops below its wing to lave,
Nor tries its note to sing.

Hope speeds its way, joy nerves its wing,
For green isle far from sight ;

May it meet no unpleasant thing,
Its prospects fair, to blight !

That bird and brook, those sunset beams,
May yet perhaps remind
Of one, in memory's fitful gleams,
Who lingers far behind.

This may be an index to the feelings and sentiments of one, within whose bosom slumbered those ardent affections which had been nurtured through the sunny days of childhood, and which, awakened by a separation, manifested a strength hitherto unknown to her who had half-unconsciously cherished their unfolding powers. Fortune might frown upon him, disease might overtake him, or what would be even more to be lamented, he might be prosperous and forget his early attachments and preferences—might be placed in circumstances where beauty, splendor, and wealth, would weave a charm irresistible to one unacquainted with the seductive fascinations of the world. These fears and anxieties proved the strength of that attachment which could not endure the thought of disappointment or a rival; and the past, the glorious past, would return a welcome guest to cheer the lingering hours; and then hope, bright and beautiful as the rainbow which follows a reviving summer shower, would throw its halo around her future pathway; and various little cares and du-

ties would for a time absorb her attention, and to friends and neighbors she seemed the same she always had been, with, perhaps, a shade of deeper thought upon her brow, which was attributed to her advancing years. Her kind parents gave suitable attention to her education, and teachers were not wanting, who might add accomplishments to those substantial acquirements which are the foundation of all intellectual greatness. The book of nature was open to her view, and she was pleased in reading the truths written on hills and fields, by the finger of Goodness. Days, weeks, and months passed by, without any tidings from the absent one. The inquiries at the post-office were answered by that sickening negative which made Hope droop and fold her wings. His parents had the utmost confidence in the correctness of his principles, and it was impossible that he could have forgotten them; and then the questions would arise, why this ominous silence? Has sickness overtaken him, or has he been the dupe of some designing knave, who has robbed him of the priceless jewel, reputation, and left him a wanderer, to despise the heartless insincerity of the world? These and a thousand other conjectures, were entertained, examined and dismissed, with the confident assurance that time would solve the mystery. At last, the long-expected explanation came. One Saturday evening, the post-master announced a letter from New York, for Mr. Johnson, who hastened homeward, not doubting that it brought intelligence from his absent son,

although the superscription was a hand-writing which he did not recognize. The anxiety of the family to hear the contents of the letter, can be imagined, more easily than described. He broke the seal, turned to the last page, saw the signature of his son, and proceeded to read to the eager group of listeners around him. Presuming that the Johnson family will have no objections, we transfer a copy to these pages.

NEW YORK, December, —.

DEAR PARENTS:—

You have doubtless been expecting to hear from me for a long time, and have, perhaps, been inclined to censure me for an apparent neglect towards those, who, under existing circumstances, usually feel an anxiety that would make negligence criminal, not in the eye of law, but a crime against those common feelings of humanity, which all are supposed to possess. Your uniform kindness and affection must make you lenient judges of my culpability, and a brief account of my absence will place me, not only beyond reproach, but above suspicion, unless that confidence which you have always manifested towards me, has been shaken by some adverse wind during my long absence from home. Long, indeed, it seems to me, although variety, which is called the spice of life, has presented some of its endless changes to gratify a curiosity, which in a short time would gladly exchange its gratification for the pleasures of home.

The remembrance of the morning of my departure, is as fresh in memory as though it were yesterday, and the bright hopes and anticipations, "made of such stuff as dreams are," performed an important office in maintaining a state of equilibrium in the feelings, which might otherwise have fallen into despondency from oppressive doubts and regrets. The trip to Albany was pleasant, the passengers on the packet without any ceremony, falling into conversation upon various subjects of general interest, and sometimes amusing the way with pleasant anecdotes of individuals or places, which, if they are not now immortal, are in a fair way to become so. The passage down the river, presents some of the most beautiful and sublime scenery. The Catskill with their mountain house, which appears like a snow-flake in the distance; the Highlands laving their giant sides in the river, and looking down with scorn upon puny men with their toy steamboats floating around their feet; West Point, rocky, sterile, inaccessible, with its military associations; and the Palisades, which perhaps might rival the Giant's Causeway, and other similar wonders of the old world, all unite in giving a peculiar interest to the scenery, which must be seen, to be fully appreciated.

New York is full of curiosities to one fresh from the country, like myself upon my first arrival; but one gets so accustomed to it in a little while, as to pay little attention to anything, except his own business. After being here a few days in comfortable

quarters, while wandering among the shipping in East river, I was hailed by the captain of the ship on which I happened to be standing, who wished me to go below for a little private conversation. This was complied with, though not without some misgivings as to his object and intentions. He surveyed me with the eye of one accustomed to read man's character from appearances, and seemed to know as much of me from a single glance, as I did of myself, excepting some unimportant items of names and dates. He says, "you are from the country, with a good education, habits of industry, and correct moral principles." How he came by his information was a mystery; perhaps, thinks I to myself, he has been to my stopping place and learned something, which he intends to enlarge upon for his own benefit. I gazed into his face, but could read nothing. "Now," says he, "I am a regular business man, not accustomed to palaver and all that sort of thing. I command this craft, and am bound for the West Indies. Would you like to go along with me? Think the matter over, and give me a call to-morrow at ten o'clock; next day I leave port." Of course the matter was thought over, and dreamed over, and thought over again, and the hour of ten found me in presence of the captain. He says; "to relieve your mind of all anxiety concerning my expectations, I will inform you, that you will be subject to no orders relative to managing the ship, will be expected, of course, not to stand in the way, but assist a little, occasionally, after learning the lan-

guage and operations aboard ship, and will be expected to report to me anything within your knowledge, which may, in your opinion, affect my own interest, or that of the ship and cargo. Your business will be to take my orders to the men, write for me, about which you will receive all necessary instructions, and be with me personally, much of the time. If this suits you, I will give you one hundred dollars for the trip, a sufficient amount now, to make preparations for your personal comfort on the voyage, and for procuring interesting and useful books, with which you will have full liberty to entertain yourself during the leisure hours. You will return this afternoon prepared for the voyage, and be ready to sail in the morning."

The proposals were accepted, and the remainder of the day passed rapidly in preparing for the voyage. We passed the Narrows the next day, and for the first time in my life, I was rocked by the waves of the wide Atlantic. For two or three days, sea-sickness prevented my contemplations from extending far beyond myself, and several days passed, before the nautical phrases of the seamen sounded much like intelligible language. Observation soon taught me to associate ideas with the new dialect, and the ship gradually assumed the appearance of an old acquaintance. The captain was pleased with my improvement, and assisted me in various ways in becoming familiar with my duties; often leaving me in perplexity about my position, varying from cabin-boy

to common sailor, clerk, lieutenant, and general deputy. One thing was certain, he placed great confidence in me, and another thing equally true and pleasant, was, that notwithstanding my multifarious duties, a large amount of time was left for reading and contemplation. To me it was delightful to hear the sea-god blow his trumpet, and see the dashing waves, like wheeling squadrons, answer to the blast. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene would overpower all thoughts of personal safety. We visited several of the islands, remaining in different ports several weeks. The first thing which arrested my attention as a peculiarity, was the black population, which is much more numerous than the white. There are many interesting peculiarities of climate, production, law and custom, of the inhabitants, with which I am not very familiar, and besides, have not a place to devote to them, for the last page of my sheet admonishes me to use my ink with economy.

We returned to New-York with such success and mutual satisfaction, that the captain made proposals to me for repeating the trip, offering greater inducements than for the first voyage. Before leaving New-York the second time, a long letter was written you, requesting an answer directed here three months from date. You probably never received the letter, at any rate, the reply has never come to me. The captain and myself became such firm friends, that on my second return, after declining a life longer on the fickle waves, he introduced me to a clerkship

here, where I receive a good salary, and hope, by strict attention to business, to keep the post at my disposal. I would like to hear from you as soon as you can give me all the news, after receiving this. Give my best respects to all inquiring friends. Some of my schoolmates are remembered with pleasure, and you will of course give them my love, and inform me about them. Dear Parents, Brothers and Sisters, one and all, good-by.

From your affectionate

WILLIAM.

The short silence of busy thought which followed the reading of this letter, was interrupted by an animated conversation that continued until the extinguished lights in the neighborhood reminded them of the usual hour of repose. The next morning, as the sound of the Sabbath bell was borne along by the passing breeze, swelling to melodious fullness, and then, in its dying cadence, sighing a requiem over the departed year, a thought of the absent one, who had often listened to its music, came mingling with the sound; and fancy wove her golden tissue which made the earth seem more beautiful than spring with all its enchantment, while that sound was converted by anxiety into the knell of hope. It was impossible to restrain the intense interest of the younger members of the Johnson family from breaking out spontaneously, even in Sunday School, and communi-

cating various information to their young companions, upon the favorite subject of the late news from the commercial emporium. Winged messengers seemed to bear the news through the whole of that little community, and the various versions of the story, embellished by the varying fancy of individuals, made the whole affair assume forms which must have been bewildering to any one imagination. Here, shipwreck and dire disaster were mingled with the account; there, a princely fortune and the unbounded confidence of men possessing boundless wealth. One boy in the village was heard to say, that he, William Johnson, had been all over the world, and in the course of his travels had visited a country of cannibals; he and the captain of the ship had persuaded the king of the country and his court to drink largely of wine, with which drugs had been mingled, and during their sleepy intoxication had managed to take from the palace and carry to the ship several cart-loads of gold and diamonds; and since their return to New-York, where they were received with all the honors bestowed upon royalty, they had done nothing but eat oranges and raisins, drink wine, and smoke cigars, with a few of the most distinguished men of the place. Those who wished correct information, called of course where it could be obtained; and it was a pleasure to the parents to read the letter to neighbors and old acquaintances, and converse about their absent son. Several of his school-mates called, expressed their interest in the news, and wish-

ed their compliments sent to him. Grace was absent attending school, but returned within a few days to pass the holidays. The merry christmas with which Mrs. Johnson greeted her on her arrival, caused a contest between the white and red rose for the possession of features radiant with pleasure; and the sparkling brilliancy of her eyes, proved, that to one at least, she must be a diamond of the first water. During her visit, which was no unusual thing there, she read the letter, inspected the writing, which at first caused a passing doubt as to its genuineness, and then in all its improvement, detected a trace of that hand with which she had been familiar; conversed about him with an interest which proved her sincerity and confidence, and frankly confessed to Mrs. Johnson, the pleasure with which his return would be hailed, who had always seemed to her like a brother. The mystery about his fortune since leaving home, was all connected with Captain Underhill, who subsequently acknowledged to William the close resemblance between him and a nephew from "the land of steady habits," who had died while on a voyage with him, a few month's previous to his introduction to the reader.

CHAPTER X.

Forgive, forgive the truant Muse,
The thoughts she may not tell ;
For she perverse, does now refuse
To sing the lovely belle.

Yet beauty's praise has oft been sung,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
And coral lips that raptures wrung,
From constant hearts and true.

But beauty fades, the coral lip
Must wither like the rose ;
And love's young dream the nectar sip,
Long ere the day may close.

Be mine the task, a boon to ask,
A priceless boon to crave ;
In memory's sunny spot to bask,
In its fresh fountain lave.

The wealth and magnificence displayed in the higher circles of city life, and which necessarily come within the observation of those who revolve in humbler spheres, have often dazzled and inflamed weak eyes, unaccustomed to the brilliancy. The splendor and attractions which money can bestow, when applied with taste and skill, have been known to obliterate the fixed principles taught in early life by the fireside of republican descendants, who lived without ostentation, contented with the comforts of life, and more interested in the welfare of their country and its free institutions, than in the glittering tinsel of any personal display. William Johnson was not insensible to all the attractions around him, for he possessed a deeply susceptible nature, but he viewed them with a philosophic eye, quickly practiced in the great school of the world. His business relieved him from many temptations, and if he wished for wealth, amid the evidences of luxury which surrounded him on all sides, that wish was attended with a desire to improve his mind, assist friends, and relieve that distress which pines away a miserable existence. His employer had, in compliance with his request, introduced him to a few with whom he might associate without any fear of contaminating his principles or compromising his honor, and his recreations were confined to an occasional ramble about town, or an excursion of a few miles from the city, for fresh air and exercise, in which these acquaintances soon became companions. This relaxation from the care and la-

bor of business, was considered absolutely necessary for the preservation of health. In his leisure hours he often thought of his home and the companions of his youth, and with pleasure anticipated the time when he might return, freighted with all his wishes. In the interim his anxiety was relieved by letters from home, which were faithful chronicles of events at Greenville, containing, among other things, a full account of his quondam friend and boon companion, John Vernon. The latter had told Julia Brown, soon after William's departure, that he knew very well the cause of his leaving, although it had never been told him in words. He would return some day and be introduced to Grace, just the same as if he had never seen her; and what would follow that introduction, any one could guess. He was going to see the world too, but then he was not going such a round about way; he should act as agent for some insurance company, or get into some such business, travel a few hundred miles in that part of the State, and return home. He considered the world very much like a large kettle full of all kinds of vegetables, boiled together, and seasoned indiscriminately with butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, vinegar and molasses; the flavor of one might be spoiled by its contact with another, and the seasoning proper for one, might give the other a disrelish unpalatable; and after being all stewed together, one could scarcely be distinguished from the other. If this proved to be true, he should soon be satisfied with travel, for he considered him-

self as good as pumpkin pie, any way ; and did not wish that spoiled by any beet and vinegar compounds. Julia laughed, because it was impossible to do otherwise, notwithstanding his assumed seriousness, and frequently thought of his comparison during his first tour of six weeks' absence from home.

There had been few changes at Greenville. The changing seasons brought few changes to its inhabitants. The sun rose and set, sunshine followed storm, spring succeeded winter, the one seemed to be the prelude to the other. Time passed gently by them, and scarcely left a vestige of his footsteps ; and yet there had been a few changes, in this peaceful, quiet, little community. Some had gone to the far west, some had embarked in business in other places, and the plain, marble slab in the church-yard, told the final resting place of a few from their earthly labors. The inclosure, bordering upon a natural grove, where the little birds sung their lays of hope, and the wild rose shed its fragrance, was a lovely spot for a quiet ramble, where the contemplations almost instinctively had less of earth than heaven in them, and where every thing around would enlist the tender feelings in favor of the silent tenants of the place, although beyond the hopes and fears which sway the bosom of mortals left behind them.

Green be the grass above their head ;
May wild-flowers bloom around their bed,
And untaught songsters of the grove,

While through green bowers they gayly rove,
Stop near, and oft a requiem sing,
While for a loftier flight, they plume the wing !

The trees, brooks, hills and fields remained the same, and even the buildings, fences and things of that kind, remained with very little alteration ; and a few familiar faces had remained there so long, that they seemed to form a part of the landscape. The Deacon continued to be a deacon, and appeared the same to young men, that he had been when they were little school-boys. The Squire seemed to have expanded a little with his intellectual growth, and appeared more interesting, for this intermixture of the ancient and modern man. The worthy Parson had never been accustomed to hurl thunder-bolts at his peaceful, little flock ; and as years rolled away, the children were christened, the young people married, and the bereaved comforted with that genuine Christian sympathy which springs from a benevolent heart, he had become, not only an index to point them to the narrow way, but a neighbor and friend. The brothers, sisters, cousins, nephews and nieces of those who had formerly received the rudiments from Master Birch, now formed the little community of hopefuls, who would, at some future day, wield the destiny of Greenville. The Boniface of the inn, seemed like old wine, to improve with age. He had certainly improved his fund of anecdotes and general information, his improvement being similar to certain house-

hold articles coming in contact with chalk and buckskin. The inn continued to be a notable place for public days and performances, the half-tragic seriousness and anxiety of the aforesaid individual to please his guests, and his urbanity to his neighbors, secured for him a reputation which extended as far as some of the neighboring villages. Fate might cut the web which fancy weaves of the future with such glowing colors, but could not deprive them of the enjoyment of its gaudy hues, beautiful in ruins. The little community lived in a world of its own, free from most of the vices which luxury engenders, and free from those artificial wants which it creates. There are exceptions to all general rules, and no general description can particularize every individual of a community ; but exceptions are said to confirm a general rule. Were it not inconsistent with the plan of the work, a more particular description of various individuals might be given, with their manners, modes of life and peculiarities ; but this must be passed, to give place to the finale of this hasty sketch.

The Johnson family were frequently conversing about their absent member in New York, wondering what he was doing at the time they were talking about him, how much he had changed in appearance since leaving, when they should get the next letter from him, and when he would come home to see them once more. The younger members of the family had grown so much in his absence, that he might not know them ; and it was possible that William would

be so metamorphosed by age and city life, that he could not be recognized by his own relations. These things, and others of similar character, had been thoroughly discussed a thousand times, without losing any of their interest. After an absence of seven years, they received the long expected epistle, announcing his intention of returning home. The letter was very interesting to the family, but was of that private nature which would give it little interest to the general reader, excepting the following, closing lines, which may be worth the place they fill.

“Tell the neighbors and friends who live around home,
That while a lone pilgrim the wide world I roam,
In fancy’s bright regions my thoughts love to stray,
To worlds of my own, when the world was all gay ;
When the fresh spring-time of life knew no sorrow,
Was without a lingering thought of to-morrow,
And saw but the rose with its beauties revealed,
But never the thorn which beneath was concealed.”

I really believe the boy is homesick ! was Mrs. Johnson’s first exclamation after reading it. Two or three bright-eyed little girls said, they would try to drive that away from him ; and their father remarked that his son’s return was a source of real pleasure to him, and he hoped they would all try to make it agreeable, without overwhelming him with compliments and caresses on his arrival, which, his long ab-

sence and city habits, as well as their own appearance, that would without doubt seem rustic to him at first, might prove embarrassing to all. Time flies swiftly when the heart is warm with gladness, and the intervening space is noted along the way, as the distance from the goal of its wishes. Grace was no disinterested listener to the news which vibrated the tongue and heart of the chattering little Johnsons, who first brought her the news of his return, who, long embalmed in memory, and associated with the sunny days of childhood and youth, had become her beau idéal of excellence. No news could be altogether new or unexpected to one, whose varying fancy had interwoven him with every fortune known in the history of man, from poverty to princely wealth, and who loved to remember him in every position in which he had been placed before her. But now, when the embodiment of long-cherished hopes and wishes was to be presented before her in all its living realities, an occasional cloud would pass over the sky of her prospects. Half afraid to soar, even in imagination, to that felicity which seemed to await her, like the new-fledged eagle perched upon a cliff which overlooks the sea, now viewing the commotion of the waves, the shore, mountains and undulating fields, then, turning to the source of day, where azure fields beckon onward and upward, fearful, yet eager for the flight ; so she, hoping, wishing, doubtful, fearful, grew giddy with the depth which lay beneath the heaven of her wishes.

William had informed the few companions of his leisure hours, that he intended to depart for the land of his nativity, accepted an invitation to accompany them in a farewell ramble over scenes where hours had passed pleasantly, in a friendly interchange of thought and sentiment, received and returned their sentiments of congratulation and esteem, gave the parting hand to his employer with reciprocal good wishes, gave one parting look to the city, as it receded in the distance, his thoughts without restraint wandering over his past life, and finally settling around the green bower of home. The usual incidents of the way served to rouse him from a pleasing revery, in which he indulged during the passage to the scenes of his childhood and youth, which were deeply graven on the tablet of his memory. His personal appearance had changed during his absence. He had laid aside the youth, and put on the man, well developed in all his proportions. An acquaintance with the world had caused the embarrassing appearance of youth, bordering upon timidity, to disappear, and had given an easy and inviting turn to his manners, the natural result of an acquaintance with men in the various positions of society. His clothes were of that kind which would not attract particular attention in the city, but in the rural retreat of Greenville, may expose him to the imputation of foppishness, although he thought as little of those now worn as he did of those worn in his youthful days. He was greeted with the usual welcome on his arrival

home, but he seemed more like a gentleman from New York, on a visit to the country, than their long-absent son. This impression soon disappeared around the fireside of home, where the scenes of former days were discussed, interspersed with incidents of travel, which served to link the present and the past. He informed his friends, that by industry and economy he had accumulated, not a splendid fortune, but what he considered a competence; had seen something of the world, and obtained a fund for various, useful and interesting contemplations; and possessing a passion for rural life, increased by his personal knowledge of the care and trouble of commercial transactions, he intended to pass the remainder of his days in rural felicity, which approached the nearest to primeval bliss, of any thing within the range of his imagination, that could be made practically available. He was enthusiastic in praising the country, there was so much misery and vice in a large city, to shock the sensibilities and degrade the dignity of human nature; here, was pure air and freedom from a feeling of restraint, and nature's scenery inviting to peaceful, quiet contemplation, where life flows on tranquilly, without any of those rude shocks which make the blood congeal around the heart. Man made the city, but God made the country; and there was little pleasure for him in brick and mortar walls, though reared in splendid proportions and decorated with a polished exterior, when compared with the green hill-side of his native town, with its feathered songster starting

from brake or bush to shake the dew-drop from its wing, and bathing in the morning sun, adding its chorus to the deep, gentle music of the neighboring waterfall. He had been at home several days, viewed those familiar scenes of former times, clustering with associations of the past, seen many of his neighbors and former companions, and yet a shade of care and anxiety would, now and then, for a moment rest upon his brow, as if some bird of evil omen had passed before his mental vision. One afternoon, while he was gone to the post-office, to deposite a memento for those he had left in the busy city, Grace might have been seen entering a well known, little gate in front of Mr. Johnson's, where she was met by a noble mastiff and escorted to the door, being re-paid for his courtesy, by a gentle caress from a hand he loved, and seemed proud of the honor of protecting. When William returned from the village, he was informed that an old acquaintance and friend was in the next room, where he was formally presented; an hour or two passing quietly away, with a few common remarks and inquiries. When the sun was setting, painting the fleecy clouds with scarlet, purple and violet, each from the deepest dye softening and fading into invisibility, he needed no prompting about hat and gloves, as Grace prepared for her departure. We do not suppose, that what was said during the walk, was highly intellectual or philosophical, and yet it might have possessed that magical power attributed to eloquence of the highest order. There

was eloquence in "Nature's vernal smile," in the gorgeous sunset, and the gray twilight of the fading west; and if busy thought, wrapt in the contemplation of the scene, forgot to break the enchanting spell which bound it, it required no effort to forgive the negligence. In the course of human events which followed this re-union of long-separated friends, William became a frequent visitor at neighbor Garland's, until his absence caused a vacuum in their little social circle, which was replaced with cheerfulness by his presence, dispersing the shade of saddened thought that will sometimes settle around the deep quiet of an isolated home. Few weeks had elapsed since his return, before busy rumor circulated the news of the intended marriage of those, who had innocently laid a foundation for the suspicion, and they were relieved from part of the embarrassment attending the preliminary arrangement, by the kind interference of friends. The nuptial ceremony, which took place at the home of Grace, was witnessed by a large collection of neighbors, and friends. The Parson and Deacon, the Squire and Boniface, and many young associates were present, all in the best of spirits. John Vernon and Julia Brown officiated in a well known capacity upon the occasion, and to some bantering remarks about marrying, John replied, that he always kept a place in the back parlor of his memory for rural beauty, and when the sign got into the hands, he should consider it perfectly safe to tie the Gordian knot, which had sometimes been hacked in two, but

never yet had been untied. Boniface proposed as a toast—a long life and a happy one to the married pair—which was received with all the applause suitable to the time and place. In the midst of the introductions, congratulations and compliments which followed the ceremony, Mrs. Johnson found time to whisper to William; “I suppose you have found a rose without a thorn.” “Clouds and sunshine form the rainbow,” was his reply.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SKEPTIC.

Who would be a skeptic? The order, harmony,
And beauty of all around, forbid it.

"Order is heaven's first law." Nor need we ask

For faith to mount with seraph above the
Rolling sphere which we inhabit, to behold

It matchless. The daily motion of the
Earth upon her axle, her yearly wheeling

Round the sun, even the motion of her
Icy poles, declares it. We see it in

Verdant spring, in blooming summer, in golden
Autumn, and in dreary winter. Each in

Turn with order rules the varied year.

And did not order teach us to expect the
Blast of winter, the cold winds which whistle
Over the recent sickled harvest, would
Seem to sing our funeral dirge, and smiling

Spring succeeding with its rich prospect, would
Cause our hearts to leap with joy. But unceasing
Order rules the changing seasons, tempers
Spring's pleasures with thoughts of future change, and
Softens the harshness of the howling tempest,
With the sweet prospect of returning bloom.
"Order is Heaven's first law;" nor is it
Only to be found in the rolling spheres
And changing seasons. Earth, teeming with her
Millions, innumerable in form and
Nature, speaks the infinity of order.
The hoary ocean with its finny tribes,
Lofty mountains whose towering summits pierce the
Sky, wide extended valleys with waving
Fields and pleasant prospects, filled with every
Grade of being; Asia's frozen plains and
Afric's burning sands, the tropics with their
Monsters, and polar snows, with beings clad
In nature's robes,—all, all, earth, sea and sky,
Is stamped with the presence of eternal
Wisdom and eternal order. From the
Smallest insect that flutters in the summer
Breeze, to man, creation's lord, the noblest
Of creation's works, (though since his fall stript
Of many a manly attribute, none greater
Than that simplicity which spoke without
Reserve the workings of his heart,) how wonderful,
How perfect the mechanism of earth's great

Architect ! The Globe that we inhabit,
With its oceans and its lofty mountains,
Which seem to us so vast, is but a unit
In her harmonious system ; her sister
Venus, who twinkles in loveliness in
The gray twilight of the fading west, her
Brother Herschel, that with six moons in more
Than eighty years performs his tedious journey,
And Saturn, whose sky is paved with sunshine,
And Jupiter, the monarch of the moving
System, whose huge bulk equals thrice five hundred
Of his sister Earth, perform their wonted
Journey around the dazzling orb of day.
Each pursues its destined course, true as the
Needle to the pole. Each revolves upon
Its axle, that Sol's cheering rays may visit
All its kingdoms and its people. All move
On in harmony, each in its destined
Place. But whence are they ? Who gave them form so
Nicely fitted for their motion, and motion,
That force centripetal should balance its
Opposing force, and each forever fill
The circle marked by Heaven ? Chance ! Can chance
Produce ? Has skeptic ever seen a grain
Of sand which chance has made ? Then yield to reason,
Though finite can never grasp infinity,
And say, the hand which made, gave them their unfelt
Motion, and their Creator, as all who

Ponder will admit, was, and must have been,
Omnipotent and good. But we need not
Wander into space's boundless regions,
Where primaries with their attendant orbs,
Move in solemn silence round day's great luminary,
Through trackless ether in their penciled paths.
Earth has enough to tune the lyre, for ages
Yet to come. Her store is boundless. Her waving
Forests, verdant fields, fragile flowers; her shining
Ores, crystals and pearls; her thousand, different,
Breathing forms that "wing the sky," or walk the
Plain, or dart with instinct through the yielding
Flood, have oft been sung in numbers sweet; and
Yet the store is boundless. Who could exhaust
Earth's curious treasure? or who could tell all
Nature's beauties? There is not a path that
Poet ever traversed, but has uncultured
Flowers—has beauties in reserve—to tempt
Her votaries to ascend and sit with
Those whom she has honored. She spreads her wealth
Before his wondering gaze, for man to study
And admire, and through her lovely works look
Upward, and adore the boundless wisdom
Of her lovely Author.
But man has ever been man's favorite theme.
He delights to feast upon the beauties
Of nature's scenery, to watch the pinioned
Eagle, as it soars above the reach of

Clouds and storms ; the dashing spray of mountain
Rill, as it tumbles headlong from a neighboring
Height ; the stately forest, as it bends its
Leafy boughs before the rising gale ; the
Gentle music of the valley stream, as
Its playful tenants leap from its rippling bosom.
These he views with pleasure. But he is pleased,
Delighted, amazed, bewildered, when he
Turns from these, to contemplate, in his own
Mysterious self, the matchless skill displayed
In heaven's great master-piece. Strange, complex
Being, man ! " Midway from nothing to the
Deity !" " Connecting link of brute and
Seraph," uniting in himself extremes
That dupe his own credulity ! " Mortal,
Immortal, good, evil, neither, both." Endowed
With reason to temper his wishes and
His desires to moderate, to cool his
Passions and animate his sloth. Free, noble
Gift ! Heaven's dearest legacy ! Free, or
Else Sovereign Wisdom has said, thou shalt not,
And then compels the act.

THE CAUSE.

I saw the progeny of Adam all engaged
In one turmoil, as if the object which
They were destined to accomplish, was to
Impede each other's progress, and strew each other's
Path with thorns. And long and many were the
Musings which this scene caused, and deep the reveries
To unfold the mysterious operation of man's kindling passions.
Strange being, man! surprising strange! In that
Breast where gentleness, kind wishes, and good
Feelings, now hold a momentary sway,
In that same bosom may soon be heard the
Billows of passion's stormy sea, tossing
Frail reason's bark from surge to surge, or sinking
It submerged beneath the waves. Those lips, which
Now distill their honeyed sweets, those very
Lips, to morrow may o'erflow with imprecations
Dire, such as would best befit the host of
Satan, when hurled by the archangel from
Heaven's high battlements. Those eyes, that now
With luster sparkle, which bespeaks the reign
Of joy within, those eyes, may kindle with
A flame not lighted at the shrines of earth,
Or heaven. I mused, and thought, and mused again.
Who could bequeath their race such legacy as this?

Why could not man enjoy perpetual sunshine ?
I summoned memory to her office, and
Bid her travel through the winding scenes of time,
And solve this mystery. When, lo ! she, ever
Faithful to her charge, unlocked the secret!
An apple was the cause, and woman the offender.

CALIFORNIA.

Far, far to the west, where the waves of Pacific
Lave the shores of a country by nature prolific ;
Where the mild zephyr greets, from the isles of the ocean,
The brow of the weary one, tossed with commotion ;
Where the rays of the sun, first crossing the mountains,
Glide down with the streams from their high mossy fountains ;
Where sun, moon and stars, and all nature the while,
Seem wreathed by some magic in one bonny smile ;—
There, there's El Dorado, of the furthest far-west ;
The wished land of the weary, sweet home of the blest.
Dame Nature has mixed with the river's vile sand,
Throughout a large tract of this far-famous land,
Gold, gold, yellow gold, summum bonum of man ;
Wise, stupid or foolish, deny if you can.

What though in the visions of deep midnight-dreams,
No domes there may glitter in Sol's sinking beams,
And Vulcan has forged there the bolt for high Jove
To hurl on the poor that in other lands rove,
And round o'er the land, lofty mountains may rise,
And mingle their summits with blue spangled skies ;
Though dreaded disease, from the land of the sun,
And far distant regions, may even there come ;
When it thrives on the nerves and bewilders the brain,
Makes man feel the anguish and torture of pain,
Though friends are away, and no one may be nigh,
To relieve his distress by imparting a sigh ;—
Yet, with pockets filled with the nice, yellow gold,
If weary and hungry, and chilled with the cold,
He may smile at others by fortune less favored,
Whose suppers, perhaps, may not be so well savored ;
But will he be able, with his thousands of pelf,
Always to be merry, and to laugh at himself ?—
The great question of gold is a sore vexing case,
Which is often debated with sober long face.
The poor know too well the worth of the creature,
In most of its forms, in every rich feature,
Yet are happier far, in my estimation,
Than the rich, who are troubled with its vexation.
If a competence here is all we enjoy,
Sure more than this, must many pleasures destroy.
Gold makes man a murderer, robber and thief,
Makes friends quarrel often, and causes much grief ;

And if, as the wise say, of evil the root,
Dig not the vile weed, let it grow under foot.

Had I the gold of all that place,
And all contained within the space
Of India, East and West ;
Would give it all without a thought,
And think the treasure cheaply bought,
The treasure of the blest :
Blest with a friend, both true and kind,
Which frozen climes can scarcely find,
Or find but to destroy ;
A friend, forgetful of his store,
A friend well skilled in worldly lore,
A friend without alloy.

T I M E .

In the morn of creation, when slumbers awoke
From the darkness of chaos, and beauty first spoke,
And gay, flowery arbors enchanted the scene,
Like the bright tinselled vision of some fairy queen ;—

Old Time then was young, fair, and sporting in bowers,
Sipt nectar ambrosial from all the sweet flowers.
Old Time was a boy, and with bright laughing eye,
Viewed all the fair scene without knowing a sigh.
His form was erect, and his brow then was fair;
O Time, Time, no wrinkles were then written there !
His inward perception was clear and sublime,
It had not been dimmed or benumbed by a crime.
The earth on its axis rolled changes around,
Not such as at present, yet changes profound ;
The tint of the rose had suffused his fair face,
The air of young manhood had taken the place
Of the gay smiling boy, and with thoughts busy now,
On the wide world around he made him a vow,
To visit its places, its people to see,
And whatever else in the world there might be.
One lingering look to enchantment around him,
One last adieu to those scenes which surround him.

Streamlet, grove and bower,
Gemmed with many a flower ;
Farewell !

Music and your fragrance,
May cause a sigh to vagrants ;
Farewell !

Thoughts of you will cheer me,
Whatever may be near me ;
Farewell !

Change has marked his progress, since he first began
To travel round the world, and see his brother man.
He has dined with princes, and made his evening meal,
Amid war's thundering roar, and fearful bristling steel.
Names written on earth's towers, the highest in the land,
Time glances, passes, they are written in the sand.
He never has paused, except on Gibeon's height ;
His way is the eagle's, descending in its flight.
O Time, forget thy course, and stay awhile thy woes !
Let kindness make us glad, and we will not be foes.
He heeds not the prayer by the suppliant given,
Though forced from a heart that by anguish is riven ;
His course is still onward, and onward forever,
Though earth's dearest ties, he ruthless may sever !

FOR A FRIEND.

Some sing the beauties of the verdant field,
When Spring attires them in its gaudy dress,
And sweetly sing the pleasures which they yield,
And tell with rapture of their power to bless.

Some chant the blushing morn with purple hue,
When Sol first rises in the glowing east,
Or the rich prospect fading from the view,
When he declines behind the burnished west.

Others see charms in all the flowery race,
Whose opening petals with effulgence glow ;
Each a fit emblem of some kindred grace,
Or kindest feeling we can ever know.

But neither verdant field nor blushing morn,
Nor all the fancied charms that flowers impart,
Can yield such pleasure, as a lovely form,
And sweet communion with a kindred heart.

TO A BIRD IN SPRING.

Sweet warbler of day's early dawn !
Whence has thy flight been taken ?
From landscapes fair, and dewy lawn,
Our slumbers to awaken ?

Fair tenant of the verdant bough !

Why sing no note of sadness ;

Hast never made one solemn vow,

To wreck thee of thy gladness ?

Pure innocent ! Could I but wing

High in the air my flight sublime ;

I too, with thee would soar and sing,

Thoughtless of all but present time !

It may not be, so fare thee well

Sweet, fair and innocent to see ;

Thy song has made my bosom swell

With transport not unknown to thee !

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

While here are strung the pearls of thought,

And names you dearly prize,

Mine may perchance be counted naught,

By those known to be wise ;

And yet, in counting o'er the string,

Through haste and great surprise,

It may be called the real thing,

Which I would not despise.

CHAPTER XII.

THE following Disputations were prepared at different times and for various occasions, and adding a little to that variety which is called the spice of life, it is hoped they may be acceptable ; at any rate, they are *debatable* :

IS THE READING OF WORKS OF FICTION BENEFICIAL?

In making an excursion into a country hitherto unexplored by me in the field of debate, the assistance of companions may be necessary in pulling down prominences, filling up cavities, and especially in building bridges over such streams as may be too wide or too deep to be passed without them. And let me entreat you to throw the mantle of charity over your prejudices, and proceed to its investigation

with that "sober, second thought" which the importance of the subject demands ; and without that fanatical bigotry with which it has sometimes been assailed on one side, or that obscene familiarity with which it has been courted, on the other. Man presents a subject replete with interest for his own contemplation, both in his physical construction, and in that more wonderful organization of his mental and moral powers ; and these are all so intimately connected, that each performs not only its own office, but assists or retards its neighbor and dependent. In those nobler characteristics which distinguish him from the brutes that perish, he presents a theme sublime as creation, and boundless as the universe. In the commencement of his existence, it is true that he has only the capacity to learn, but that capacity grows with his growth, strengthens with his strength, expands with his inquiries ; and man may not place bounds to the endless extension of his power. Beginning with creation's dawn, he can travel through all the winding scenes of time ; live with the patriarch's of old, converse with the philosophers, sing with the poets, and listen to the voice of the past, which echoes from the mouldering ruins of empires, the causes of their decline and downfall. Yet man's perceptive powers are not the most ennobling characteristics of his nature : he possesses fancy, imagination, genius ; the power to make new arrangements from old combinations ; the power of the limner to unite in one breathing portrait the excellencies of a thou-

sand individuals, omitting their defects; the power of arranging sound with such sweet cadence, that it melts in delicious music on the ear; the power which makes the "dull, cold marble" speak of love, pity and adoration. This is genius. This is fancy distilled in his intellectual alembic, whose feelings have power to kindle the flame. Reason is the helm with which fancy guides her fairy bark, over unexplored seas. She enthrones man upon the arch of the rainbow, to rule the spirits which she summons from "the vasty deep." She leads him through fields fairer than ever bloomed, groves more beautiful than ever waved their foliage in the breeze, landscapes more enchanting than ever met the vision, palaces more gaudy than were ever the abodes of princes; and after conducting him over all the imagery of earth, as if confined within too narrow limits, she bids him traverse the regions of the Queen of night, who greets us with her silver beams, and the dazzling luminary whose rays the eagle's eye alone can penetrate, and all the planets which revolve around him; thence she directs his course to other suns and other worlds, till wearied with the flight, at last she seeks her native earth. O, who can describe the potency of that magic wand, with which she waves into existence the uncreated beings of her power! She teaches man by parables, dreams and allegories, and he reasons upon her visions with the certain deductions of logic. She places him in ten thousand dif-

ferent positions, to choose in advance the best course to pursue.

And shall we be told, that the beautiful, morally sublime of poetry and romance, has nothing to do with business transactions, unfits men for the sober duties of life? It may be replied, that flowers, the poetry of nature,

——“the alphabet of angels,
Wherewith they write on hill and field,
Mysterious truths,”—

are not necessary; that Ceres should wave her corn, where the rose sheds its fragrance. Kind Nature is not covetous in her bountiful provisions. She regales us with the fragrance of flowers, and instead of making the world one great corn-field, we have that variety of scenery which is the source of much more pleasure. If it is true, that nothing which she bestows is useless, it follows, that the fancy should be cultivated, chastened and refined; not permitted to grow up as some youth are, in the street, without parental advice and restraint, but with such guides as Milton, Young, Pollok, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

THE BAR VERSUS THE PULPIT, AS A FIELD OF ELOQUENCE.

It may be a matter of surprise, that youth who have hardly entered the field of science, should presume to discuss before an enlightened assembly, the comparative merits of the Pulpit and the Bar, as a field for eloquence. It is a subject indeed, the investigation of which requires mature intellect, and something, at least, of that high quality of which it treats. The former, it is well known, we do not possess, and it would be the height of presumption for us to lay claim to the latter. At some future period, after the necessary, preparatory discipline, we may be permitted to speak at the Bar of justice, or be called to minister at the sacred Altar; and although higher and nobler motives will, we trust, influence our decision, yet which of these presents a field the most favorable for the display of Eloquence, is an inquiry not without interest.

It is the province and prerogative of Eloquence, wherever exhibited, to convince and to persuade. This power of convincing, of persuading, of exciting the interest, of rousing the passions, and of controlling the will, may be found to some extent in every department of public speaking, and is doubtless a powerful engine, wherever it may be wielded; but I would maintain, that its peculiar province is pre-emi-

nently at the Bar. The writings of the master spirits with which the lawyer must be conversant, the profound learning and unwavering integrity of those before whom he is to speak, the watchful jealousy of acute and selfish opposition, and the exciting topics which he is called upon to discuss, are all calculated to elicit the highest flights of genius, to call forth the exertions of the most exalted, intellectual power. What situation can be found, so moving, so exciting, as that of the practitioner at the bar? Standing as a minister of justice, maintaining and protecting the rights of his clients, defending the cause of helpless innocence, rescuing the reputation which has been tarnished by the breath of slander, palsying the arm of oppression, and exciting the just indignation of the good, against vice in all its deformity, and crime in all its hideousness. Where in the range of intellectual action can be found subjects equally calculated to excite, and where fields so well fitted to display vigorous thought, close reasoning, the exercise of sound judgment, deep and pathetic feeling, the play of fancy and the creating power of the imagination? Shall we be told, in the Pulpit? I will answer in the words of another, who is acknowledged as a competent judge, and whose partialities, if he was in any degree under their influence, were all in favor of that sacred profession.

“The pulpit orator is in too quiet possession of his field. His subjects are worn out and long since exhausted. They have for ages employed so many

speakers, the public ear is so much accustomed to them, that it requires more than an ordinary power of genius, to fix attention. Nothing within the reach of art is more difficult, than to bestow on what is common, the grace of novelty. No sort of composition whatever, is such a trial of skill, as where the merit of it lies wholly in the execution; not in giving any information that is new, not in convincing men of what they did not believe, but in dressing truths which they knew and of which they were convinced, in such colors as may most forcibly affect their heart. It is to be considered too, that the subject of the preacher confines him to abstract qualities, to virtues and to vices, while that of the pleaders of the Bar leads them to treat of persons, which is a subject that interests the hearers more, and takes faster hold of the imagination. They with more facility rouse your indignation. It is from these causes, that we have so great a number of moderately good preachers, while we have, however, so few that are singularly eminent. It may be considered, too, that preaching is no proper subject of the art of eloquence. This belongs only to human studies and inventions, while the truths of religion, with the greater simplicity and the less mixture of art they are set forth, are likely to prove the more successful."

The advantages of the Bar may be further illustrated from the orators which it has produced. The matchless power which was wielded by the great models of antiquity, Demosthenes and Cicero, is well

known and universally acknowledged. At their description of sorrow, the tear of sympathy might be seen on every cheek. At their picture of crime, every bosom burned with indignation. At their command, the bosoms of thousands were calmed or agitated; by the force of their Eloquence, they could break confederacies and control anarchy. To what names shall we look in England for Eloquence like that of Sheridan and Burke, of Pitt and Brougham, of Curran and Phillips? And who in our land has ministered at the holy Altar, that has, by his Eloquence, exerted such a sway over the minds of our countrymen, as Otis and Adams, as Patrick Henry and Lee, as Webster and Hayne, as Clay, and last, not least, the favorite son of New-York, our own Van Buren? We believe the argument to be unanswerable, and that it leads to the conclusion, that the Bar is the native soil of true Eloquence.

DO THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES THREATEN THE PERMANENCY OF OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS?

The meaning of this question appears to be, will existing evils warrant us in coming to the conclusion, that our free Institutions will soon be annihilated; that the great American fabric, which may be called the wonder of the world and the cheering hope of millions, is to be overthrown; and that ignorance,

superstition and barbarism, such as has been the painful task of history to record, are again to rule where the arts, and sciences, and free principles have been? This question is certainly one of peculiar interest to us all, and if there be good reasons for inclining to the affirmative, they should be admitted with frankness, and while they sadden the heart, they should invigorate the efforts of the benevolent and philanthropic. That evils have existed, and still exist in our Government, as well as in all others which have ever flourished, we wish not to deny. That there are evils too, which in the amount of happiness they destroy, and in their pernicious influence, are of a lamentable magnitude, we are willing to admit. But that our free Institutions are to be shaken from their firm foundation, that a people possessing a good degree of intelligence and virtue, accustomed to self-government and to watch with vigilance the interests of the nation, are soon to bow the knee to kingly power or to a despot with his iron scepter, is something which must have originated in the chimerical brain of the false prophets of our land, who, possessing the same spirit with some of old, have industriously circulated their prophetic visions, hoping that it would assist in their final accomplishment. That we have nothing to fear from a direct usurpation of power by those in official stations, will, we think, be apparent to all who will give themselves a moment's reflection. The people have ever been divided into two great, political parties which watch each other's

actions with Argus eyes, and the first step beyond the limits of the Constitution, so far from passing with impunity, will receive the severest censure, with all the aggravating circumstances which the jealous fancy of opposing inclinations can suggest. And until it can be shown, that the people will sacrifice their Liberty upon the altar of party prejudice, we have nothing to fear from political intrigue and corruption; and I challenge the affirmative to find a man whose influence might cause any apprehensions, who would not declare that whenever he should be convinced the measures of his favorite party would have a dangerous tendency, he would immediately abandon it. If, then, it be true, that our constitutions and laws are firmly based in the unbiased attachment of the great majority of the people, to support the affirmative of this question, it must be shown that some great evil now exists, or soon will, which, by its increasing magnitude and vitiating tendency, will spread a blighting influence over the minds of the inhabitants, and paramount to that which peace, prosperity and freedom can exert. And with all due deference for the labored efforts of our opponents, we ask, Sir, if such an evil has been shown us? Has it been shown, that slavery, of the most fearful magnitude of the black catalogue of modern evils, can effect the whole length and breadth of this vast Republic, so as to endanger our great social fabric? We wish to treat this question with respect and candor, and although we believe its importance has been ex-

aggerated by some of its anti-friends, yet admitting the worst construction which can be put upon it, we think it but illy favors the affirmative of this question. The most gloomy prognosticators only predict a dismemberment of the Union, and two governments, viewing differently the institution of slavery. And for a moment admitting even this, the sister republics of ancient Greece could chant in unison the praises of Liberty and their gods, and surely it would be a blot upon the name of Christianity, if sister republics of modern times, could not sing without discord, the praises of liberty and a common Saviour. But this we have conceded only for the sake of argument, and we indulge the most sanguine hopes, that efforts which are being made, will continue until this evil shall be peacefully eradicated. I am aware that you may be told by those who take more pleasure in pulling down than in building up, that these efforts will bring upon us greater evils than they will destroy. This conclusion is derived from the fact, that there are a few in this, as in all benevolent enterprises, whose zeal impels them beyond their knowledge, and whose ill-timed warmth might, perhaps, with some propriety, be branded with fanaticism. But that it is unfair to judge a whole society from the character of a few individuals, needs no argument. The wisdom and piety of the great majority, would not permit them to destroy what we all lament as a disgrace, at the expense of a greater evil than slavery itself. It seems to be a misfortune of our oppo-

nents, to resort to arguments which have lost most of their importance. The subject of duelling, which appears to have no bearing upon this question, any further than it proves a corrupt state of morals in this particular, can, we think, with safety be numbered with the evils which have been. Since the unfortunate affair of Cilley, it has merited and received the attention of Congress, and we may expect, that with few exceptions, the laws of honor will hereafter yield to the better ones of humanity. The subject of intemperance, which, a few years since, might have furnished the affirmative with a good argument, now permits us to say, that the Signs of the Times indicate a speedy reform from habits of an immoral tendency. The subject of immigration, which formerly alarmed the fears of some, has lost most of its importance in the estimation of many. It is true, that many who flock to our shores from Europe are ignorant and degraded, but they have experienced enough to make them so; they have been oppressed and trampled upon, and the moment they land upon our shores, the most alluring inducements invite them to industrious efforts; and observation informs us, that many of them soon possess a smiling plenty, and that all, with few exceptions, cherish the warmest attachment for the institutions of their adopted country.

But there is one point, upon which, I am happy to say, we shall all agree. It requires no argument to prove it, for it is admitted by all, however widely they may differ in the minor points of politics or eth-

ics. The only firm basis for free institutions, is the *intelligence* and *virtue* of the great mass of the people. And if experience proves, that they hitherto have been sufficient for the purpose of self-government, the inquiry remains, are we less intelligent and less moral than our worthy ancestors? And in answer, let the academies which have arisen in almost every village, let the improvements which are being made in our common schools, and the interest felt by legislators who execute the will of their constituents, reply for the general diffusion of knowledge through the community; and let the good order, the morality, the respect for religion, and the spires which glitter in the rising and setting sun of every hamlet, reply to the charge of degeneracy.

WERE THE ALLIED POWERS OF EUROPE JUSTIFIABLE, IN BANISHING NAPOLEON ?

To be able to arrive at correct conclusions upon any subject, a close attention to all the surrounding and attending circumstances is always necessary; and, perhaps, in no other case is it more indispensably so, than in the consideration of the question before us. But as neither time nor ability will admit of giving you all the particulars, for it would be giving you the history of Europe, we will state a few of the most important facts, influencing the close of the

eventful career of the Alexander of his age. And as France was intimately connected with the history of his life, it will be necessary to view its situation, a moment previous to the commencement of the meteor-like course of the most ambitious and aspiring man, to be found in the annals of the world. France, previous to the revolution which placed her destiny at the disposal of Napoleon, was, as the other kingdoms of Europe were, or had been, ruled by hereditary sovereigns, with little or no restraint; and of course, her happiness depended much upon the character of her kings. But France was free, when compared with the tyranny which followed the revolution. Louis twelfth, surnamed the Father of his people, when informed that he was ridiculed by certain comedians upon the stage, replied: "These men may teach us some useful truths. Let them proceed in their amusement so long as they respect female honor. I shall not regret its being known that under my reign they took this liberty with impunity." But the autocrat who wore the imperial diadem, upon hearing that he had been but distantly alluded to, gave instant orders for the performers to be driven into exile. But notwithstanding the government was generally mild, it could not be expected, that France would long remain an age behind her neighbors in political improvement. The grand axiom of her political creed—"As wills the king, so wills the law"—had yielded in England, to the more genial doctrines of a limited monarchy, in which the power of the king was restrain-

ed, and the rights of the people acknowledged. But unfortunately for Frenchmen, in trying to regain their rights they burst all the restraining barriers of the social compact; and persecution, imprisonment and murder were the order of the day, till the time arrived in which man appeared to be transformed into a demon, and scenes ensued which gave it a name but too expressive of the history of its events—"the reign of terror."

After the fall of Robespierre, a tottering government succeeded, which gave but feeble security for peace and order. Yet by degrees, it acquired strength and permanency, till many began to hope that the object of the revolution would finally be accomplished. And now a new actor in the drama of the French revolution appears, to change the whole current of affairs, and dazzle by the splendor of his exploits, and bewilder by the daring of his designs. A Corsican, remarkable in his youth for his love of mathematics, military mimicry, and a proud, unyielding, aspiring will, had received an education which well prepared him to act his part, in the turbulent times in which fortune had placed him. His talents and bravery soon procured him a situation in the army of his adopted country, and from that day forward, to his Russian campaign, his course was one of almost uninterrupted success. The bridge of Lodi attested his courage in the field of battle; the passage of the Alps, that nature presented to *him* no insurmountable obstacle. By his affability and victo-

ries, he gained the hearts of the soldiery, and finally succeeded in being proclaimed emperor of the French ; but when the books were opened for the expression of the people's will, we find only three or four millions recording their names in the affirmative, in an empire with a population of thirty millions. But admiration of his talents, or dread of his power in the army, and a recollection of the horrid scenes of the past, silenced the murmurings of the people ; and all who loved glory and conquest, more than liberty and domestic happiness, (and they were not a few,) were willing to assist their ambitious leader in disturbing the repose of Europe. And the effects of the ruling passion of Napoleon, were not to be confined to one small quarter of the globe. The wave must be tinged with the blood of the Gaul and Britain, in the sanguine engagement of Trafalgar ; and the sandy desert whitened with the bleaching bones of the frenzied followers of Mahomet and Bonaparte, who fell in the keen conflict of the Pyramids. He visited Arabia and Syria with the sword, and would neither have sheathed his bloody steel, nor paused upon the banks of the Ganges to sigh, till as supreme arbiter of the fate of the world, he had been seated upon a throne whose base was the hemispheres. But happy for man, there is One who can say, "thus far and no further," and none can pass beyond it.

Should the friends of ambition, with a knowledge of the facts before them, undertake the justification of their fallen leader, they will pardon us for a single

suggestion, which we think, can not have escaped their own contemplations. With all the blazonry which surrounds the name of Napoleon, history has not yet recorded the deeds of benevolence, to compensate for his wanton waste of treasure, happiness, and life. And surely no one will say, he possessed the right of disposing of the life of one individual, even if empires were the purchase of his blood, to gratify his ambition ; or that aught, but motives the noblest which can sway the human bosom, can clear his conscience from reproach, who has deprived a fellow-man of the inalienable right to live.

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

The choice of a profession or occupation for life, is an event of such frequent occurrence, that it can not excite interest by its novelty, and yet the magnitude of the consequences which depend upon the choice, is probably never fully appreciated. The happiness of a man's whole life, often depends materially upon his wisdom in choosing an occupation, to which his natural abilities, taste, habits and previous acquirements, all unite in directing him, as the one in which he may reasonably hope for success. And if it be true, that there is a natural difference in talent, ability, or capacity to learn, this difference should carefully be considered in the choice of a profession

or occupation. The "natural traits of character" as they are sometimes called, may eminently qualify an individual for some particular occupation, and may almost insure his success in *that*; and these very "traits" may make eminence doubtful in any other pursuit. An ardent lover of mathematics—one who is delighted with the solution of a difficult problem, or the demonstration of an intricate theorem, might choose an occupation in which his powers of calculation would lie dormant, and an individual who could not distinguish a triangle from a trapezoid, would become his successful rival; yet it is evident, if the mathematician had chosen a pursuit in which the reasoning powers would have been called into vigorous exercise, in which he would have been required to trace effect from cause and vice versa, and to determine from circumstances and probable events, the best course to pursue to escape the quicksands of adverse contingencies, his competitor would have joined in an unequal contest for the prize attending success. This is but a single instance, for the purpose of illustration. Many similar cases might not only be supposed, but proved to exist, in which individuals, either misjudging themselves, or yielding to the wishes of friends, or the counsel of those incompetent to advise, have struggled through life for a competence, without ever becoming an ornament to the profession which they have chosen. A father has designed his eldest son for the ministry, who has entered the profession with limited prospects of success. The pro-

fession of Law is selected for his second son, and the remaining profession for his third, without assigning any reason for his choice, except, that he selected the Law for his second, because his eldest was in the Ministry, and the profession of Physic for his third, because he had a son in each of the other professions.

The feelings should be consulted in the choice of an occupation, for the intellect will never grapple with difficulties with so good a prospect of success, as when the feelings are enlisted in favor of the object which occupies the mind. They invigorate the intellect, enliven the imagination, and harmonize all the mental faculties; giving the individual the power of uniting and concentrating their whole force upon any given point. They are to the mind, what the sun is to the earth; giving it light, life and production.

But there are difficulties, besides those attending the selection of a profession. The student has employed years in laboring to prepare himself for professional business, and then, perhaps, finds that he has only entered upon the threshold of difficulties. He observes men in the profession which he has chosen, who have enjoyed equal preparatory advantages, and who can bring to their assistance years of professional experience. And in addition to this positive advantage which they possess, some of them, elated with an occasional token of success, assume for themselves an eminence above their fellows; and having intrenched themselves behind the palisades of their

profession, they retire to their "sanctum sanctorum," and to the first who may enter within their enclosure, they exclaim with all the pious indignation of the prophetess of Virgil—*Procul, O procul este, profani!*

These difficulties should be carefully considered, before a final decision upon so important a subject, as the choice of a profession. But when that decision is made, it should be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which do not change. The motto should not only be, "*labor omnia vincit,*" but also, "*nil desperandum;*" or in other words, unwearied labor should be united with a never-ceasing hope of final success. And who can doubt, that such exertions would be, sooner or later, crowned with success?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE following Oration was delivered to a large and respectable audience, in which were a few survivors of seventy-six. The date and other particulars will be found as you proceed.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

Another revolution of the earth with its changing seasons, again reminds us of our National Jubilee. Another blooming summer has flown, another golden autumn; winter with its domestic peace and social bliss, has quickly glided, and spring with its genial flowers, has given a brighter hue to blooming expectations. And amid these peaceful revolutions of nature, no revolution of armies has disturbed the stillness of the scene, with the din of battle and the clash of arms. Our ears have not been saluted with the clanking of a tyrant's chains, nor our eyes, with a crimson tide flowing from patriot hearts, struggling to burst the fetters of an unfeeling

despot. Neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, those withering scourges of the human race, has wasted our country, depopulated its cities, or crippled its resources. But in the enjoyment of peace and comparative prosperity, we are this day assembled to pay our tribute of respect to departed heroes, who wrote in the ensanguined field and sealed with blood, the richest legacy which man ever bequeathed to his fellow man—civil and religious Liberty.

The commemoration of great events in the history of nations, is not of modern origin or artificial invention, but arises from one of the most ennobling characteristics of the human race, gratitude to benefactors. And if it be true, that deeds of benevolence have sometimes been requited with evil, the truth of the assertion is no less evident. If it be true, that the frozen serpent, when warmed into life by the bosom of the unwary traveler, repaid its benefactor with a mortal wound from its envenomed fang, it is equally true, that it was a *serpent*. We wish not to review the lives of a few, who have proved traitors to the best principles of their nature, traitors to the dearest rights of their race. Let their names perish in oblivion; for if they live, they will live upon the page of infamy; if they survive the ruin of their nefarious schemes, they must survive the blessings of mankind.

Yet, if our country has been the birth place of a few, whose history will be beacons to warn us of the rocks and quicksands which inevitably wreck the

hopes of unbridled ambition, it has been the father of a host, whose names will be associated with bravery and virtue, whose names will form a galaxy in the history of Liberty. They need no sculptor's hand to insure their immortality ; no monuments of art to record their praise ; no trophies of the battle-field to perpetuate their fame. Let the Granicus and Arbela declare the invincible valor of Alexander, while the hearts of millions of freemen, speak the unassuming worth of Washington. Washington yet lives, and till benefactors are forgotten, his name will live in the memory of freemen ; as long as the star-spangled banner shall wave in triumph in the breeze, his luster will be as imperishable as the glittering hosts which deck the canopy of earth.

But not to Washington alone, belongs the glory of achieving a nation's Independence. In that catalogue, upon which the Father of his country stands pre-eminently conspicuous, are those whose talents would have been an ornament to Rome, when contending for the empire of the world ; and whose valor may be compared with Spartan bravery, when Spartan was but another name for heroism. The Patriots of the American Revolution, in exalted sentiments of man's inalienable rights, in decision, in action, corresponding with the firmness of their principles, are perhaps without a parallel in the history of four thousand years.

Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," presents in classic style her deeds of noble

daring, for the admiration of succeeding ages. The achievements of her warriors and generals have been a theme of eulogy, from the days of Roman grandeur, to the present time. The struggles which encircled her with a halo of glory, can never be obliterated from the records of human events ; for when was the bosom of the green earth pressed by an army of three millions, except in the invasion of Greece by Xerxes with his Persian legions ? He was the most powerful of monarchs, in the extent of his dominions, and in the unlimited power with which he ruled them. His predecessors had conquered all the neighboring provinces, and left for his inheritance, an empire embracing every variety of climate and production. Few would have been discontented with such an inheritance as this ; none, but those restless, turbulent spirits, whose ambition knows no bounds. He summoned his courtiers and declared his intention of invading Greece. His ancestors were renowned for martial exploits ; he too, was more desirous of being known as a conqueror, than a peaceful monarch. The command was given for his forces to assemble at the Hellespont, which separates Asia from Europe. Every province furnished its supplies, and Xerxes, from a throne erected upon an eminence, beheld the plains around him, filled with the millions of his followers. For a moment the kinder feelings of his nature took possession of his heart. He paused, as did Cæsar upon the banks of the Rubicon, which separated his province from the Roman empire ; he paused,

as does the assassin, to repress the involuntary shudder, which for a moment shakes the firmness of his purpose.

But different were the feelings which fixed the firm resolve, and nerved the sinewy arm of the sons of Greece. Their country, their altars and their homes, were worthy of a noble sacrifice; and they prepared to avert the destruction which threatened them from a cruel invader. Leonidas, the Spartan king marched to oppose the progress of the common enemy. Advancing to Thermopylæ, a narrow defile between two mountains, and the entrance into Greece, with three hundred of his countrymen he awaited the approach of the Persian army. Xerxes advanced and commanded him to surrender his arms. He replied with laconic brevity, come and take them. He resolved there to immolate himself and comrades to the cause of Grecian liberty: There he and his brave followers fell, contending against an army whose arrows clouded the noon-day splendor of the sun.

We should admire the patriotism and bravery which lead to the sacrifice of self upon the country's altar. The philanthropy which prompts it, demands our esteem; the deed we may revere or pity, according to the wisdom or folly of its execution. And it is as difficult to compare the actions of men, as the different countries of the globe. The soil and surface, the climate and productions, the manufactures and commerce, should be considered. In these particulars they may widely differ, yet each may be es-

teemed for its own peculiarities. And in examining the claims to real greatness, the attending circumstances should not be forgotten ; the character and motives of the men, the customs and condition of the country, the object and power of the enemy. In the history of our country, we find all these so happily combined, as to extort even from opponents, an involuntary tribute of respect. The sufferings which were endured in its first settlement, are such as excite our pity, while they elicit our admiration ; such as are rarely found, in the history of ancient or modern times. And be it remembered, all these were willingly endured for liberty of conscience. Our ancestors fled from European persecution, to seek in the wild woods of America, a home for the oppressed, an asylum for the exile ; where their orisons and anthems might ascend to their common Parent, untrammelled by the laws of kings. The wide Atlantic rolled between them and the scenes of their childhood, the homes of their youth, their kindred and their country. Around them was one interminable wilderness, in whose dark recesses were heard the prowling of the panther, and the war-whoop of the savage. Disease and famine were their visitants, and more to be feared than these, were the merciless foes which surrounded them. Time could not abate their malice, dangers never could deter them from the prosecution of revenge. Amid the peaceful labors of the field, from the neighboring thicket was heard the report of the Indian's unerring rifle ; the weary laborer

was roused at midnight to witness the death of kindred, or sink beneath the tomahawk; even the sacredness of the sanctuary, was no barrier against savage incursions. With such dangers to encounter, a rapid increase of population could not be expected. Yet they gradually increased in numbers and wealth. Within a few years from the settlement of Jamestown and the landing of the Pilgrims, numerous settlements were made upon the shores of the Atlantic. Industry soon furnished them all the comforts, and some of the luxuries of life. Their savage neighbors began to respect the power which could destroy their warriors, and lay waste their villages. Bright prospects cheered the hearts of the colonists, like those which animate the buoyant spirits of a youth, when commencing upon the theater of life.

But one dark cloud floated in the sky, that portended the gathering storm, which must burst upon them with the lightning's glare and the thunder's peal. England, proud and potent, assumed arbitrary power over the colonies. In the earlier periods of their history, they were too weak to dispute their rights with the Mistress of the ocean, and her ear was not always deaf to petition and remonstrance. In 1764, instead of weak and defenceless settlements, they were a prosperous and happy part of the British domain. Unfortunately for England, a course was then commenced by the British parliament, which ended in severing the ties which bound them to the mother country. Unsatisfied with monopolizing the

commerce of American products, a duty was imposed upon articles imported from foreign countries. It was asserted by those who opposed this measure, that taxation and representation are inseparable ; a truth which has since become an axiom in politics. But power too often rules the voice of reason, and England without changing her policy, passed the ensuing year the famous Stamp Act. Following this, was the duty upon tea ; and to check the spirit of opposition, it was enacted, that those who might be guilty of treason, should be transported to England for trial. Other laws, equally unjust, hastened the approaching crisis. It soon became evident, that British aggression would be resisted by force of arms ; and preparations were made on both sides, to meet the exigency. Lexington was the opening scene of the great drama. Eight hundred British grenadiers were sent to Concord, to destroy the military stores of the insurgents. Passing through Lexington, they found seventy citizens peaceably assembled for military exercise. They were commanded to lay down their arms and disperse. Eight hundred, well armed, well disciplined militia were before them to enforce the command, and although their own number was but seventy, without discipline and without leaders, they defied the power of a veteran battalion.

It is natural to pause and inquire, if such daring was the result of love of Liberty alone ; if it was not the effect of long cherished hatred which sought revenge in the effusion of blood, or the consequence of

an oppression, so severe, that resistance was preferable to submission. Nothing of this kind could have sullied the purity of their motives. Notwithstanding their grievances, they had viewed England with feelings like those which children cherish for a mother's fondness; nor were they so oppressed, that resistance had become an imperative necessity. They were not unable to pay the trifling sum of three pence per pound upon their beverage; yet they would not do it, so long as it involved the question of their Liberty. They resolved to obtain their freedom, or perish in the attempt. They met superior numbers and opposed them till forced to retreat, and then withdrew to preserve their lives for the furtherance of a cause, more dear to them than life itself.

Leonidas was brave and patriotic; but there were many considerations to stimulate his patriotism. He contended against a nation with a different language, and different customs. He fought for a crown, and to escape the everlasting contempt of his countrymen. He opposed an enemy, which, if victorious, would have bound him like a slave to the triumphal chariot of the Persian monarch. When all the attending circumstances are considered, we must admit, that the dazzling splendor of the achievement at Thermopylæ, is eclipsed by the moral sublimity of the fray at Lexington.

A few yet remain among us, to relate the labors and dangers, the determined resistance and the splendid victories of the revolutionary conflict. There

are a few in this assembly, whose minds may contemplate, in the scenes of their youth, the achievements known by others from the pages of history. A kind Providence has been your shield in the hour of danger, and prolonged your existence to participate in the sixty-fourth anniversary of American Independence. To greet you with a hearty welcome, in the name of those here assembled, is a part of this day's duties. And if the best wishes of others can soothe the sorrows of declining years, be assured you have a nation's gratitude, be assured you have our warmest sympathies. And when the bugle's notes shall cease to echo in your ears, when the scenes of other times shall no longer flit in fancy, when the last revolution of time shall be accomplished, may you be hailed welcome on the shores of deliverance from toil and pain, and shout victory under the banners of the Prince of Peace.

TEMPERANCE.

The general rules by which man's conduct is regulated, the effect of early impressions and circumstances upon his condition, and the influence of established habits over his happiness, are taught by the pages of the faithful historian. Here may be seen the course which he pursues, in view of all the various and conflicting circumstances, in which it is possible

to place him. Here may be seen the sad consequences of unrestrained passions, and the despotic tyranny of ungovernable appetites. And here too, may be seen the same causes which operate upon individual enterprise and prosperity, upon a more extended scale, overthrowing the fabrics and demolishing the very foundations of ancient grandeur and glory. If history be not so agreeable as fancy sketches, it is profitable frequently to review its lessons; and it would be well for us, and well for our country, to profit by the experience of former times.

In tracing the causes which have been most active in the destruction of individual enterprise, and in the decline and fall of nations and empires, three have united to overthrow man's prosperity and happiness. The triple-edged sword, which has done more perhaps, than all other causes combined, to make the world emphatically "a vale of tears," is a bloody weapon which has been wielded by the foe of man, for more than four thousand years. It has been engaged in all the wars which have agitated the world, and in every strife which has disturbed the peace of communities and neighborhoods. It is at this moment active as ever, in drinking the life-blood of its victims, and wounding beyond hope of recovery, those who are not provided with a new-invented shield, the only cuirass which can safely guard the bosom from its dangerous assaults. It may be compared to the images of the gods, having three faces and one body. The heads may be named avarice,

ambition, and intemperance ; but the body belongs exclusively to the latter. It would not be difficult to show, that the three are different modifications of one and the same thing ; that avarice is an intemperate love of gold, and ambition an intemperate thirst for power ; but the sensual appetites alone, have done more than the power of man can compute, in the destruction of property, character and intellect, and in blighting the fairest hopes which the imagination can portray.

What made Alexander the great, so famous for his military achievements, the disgrace of the age in which he lived ? He was a valiant and ambitious youth, and placed in circumstances to follow his inclinations, he subdued the Persian empire, and marched his victorious armies against nations and regions hitherto unknown ; but he who had shielded himself from the arrows of the barbarians, found in his own ungovernable appetites, a foe more subtle than the Persian or Hindoo, and fell a sacrifice to his own unrestrained licentiousness, while in the ardor of youth, and fondly dreaming of future accessions to his renown.

What made the name of Pericles an epoch in the history of Athens ? He left the Athenians in the midst of wealth and splendor, and yet from Pericles is dated the commencement of a decline, which ended in the destruction of her national existence. Read the history of his sumptuous entertainments, his splendid feasts with sideboards sparkling with costly

wine, and there you may learn the commencement of her decline, while her public monuments presented an external appearance of prosperity.

Rome, once the proud mistress of the civilized world, whose eagle waved in triumph over the most fertile plains of Europe, Asia and Africa, now stands like a beacon light, to warn modern nations of the rock and whirlpool of her own destruction. When indolence and luxury were her leading characteristics, she became an easy prey to the ruthless invader. When mercenaries performed the duties of the Roman soldier, and the citizens yielded their time to the pleasures of the theater and the sensualities of midnight revels, her patriotism departed; and civil dissensions paved the way for an easy conquest. The vines which grew upon the sunny plains of Italy, supplied cheer for the banquets which unnerved the arm of the Roman soldier; and at the same time furnished a beverage for the Goth and Vandal, which excited them on to plunder and conquest.

ENVY.

We admire the nobler characteristics of our nature. They are something upon which the poet and philosopher have ever dwelt with peculiar pleasure. They have always been the favorite theme of song and dec-

lamation. And surely benevolence, beneficence and charity can never be extolled beyond their worth, for they are the chain which binds society together, the luminaries which cast a ray of sunshine over scenes darkened by the prevalence of baser passions. Yet, as much as we admire them, and gladly as we would linger upon their loveliness, the compound mixture of human nature makes it painfully necessary to attend to those viler propensities, which sow the seed of discord and contention. And we would do it without exaggeration, and with all becoming charity; for without charity, while man is imperfect, harmony can never long exist.

The list of those propensities which have been the bane of earthly bliss, is long and dark; and the number of crimes and villainies which it has prompted, is without computation. But upon this black catalogue, as its great progenitor, one stands conspicuously pre-eminent. Its history is much of the history of the world, for its office is to wither and destroy, and the blighting of its breath is like the scourging pestilence. Were its work confined to the aspiring and adventurous alone, we should little regret its ruthless havoc; but if man have compassion, he will feel it when Envy triumphs over innocence. It commenced its unenvied task at creation's dawn, and thence through the winding course of time down to the present, its victims are innumerable. Abel was the first who fell its sacrifice. His unnatural brother must rise and slay, because his purer heart deserved superior favor;

and slavery and exile were the best requitals which Joseph found for his tender solicitude for his brethren. It may not be necessary to enumerate past occurrences familiar to us all. The present state of society presents enough for us to ponder, for, in the long lapse of ages, if knowledge has been progressive, it has been in vice, as well as virtue; and when we compare man now, with man in his primeval innocence, the greatness of the contrast almost bewilders us. Time was when he was innocent, and then propitious Heaven smiled on all around him. He inhaled delight from the very air he breathed, laden with the richest odors. He quenched his thirst at perennial fountains whose enlivening draughts were grateful to his taste. He walked through "alleys green and flowery arbors," by streams whose gentle murmurs were music to his ear. He plucked the fruit which his kind Author had profusely lavished in his way, and with his fair consort meekly bowed, as he beheld the lovely impress of Divinity stamped on all around him. But now, how changed! What pains and sorrows has a single sin brought upon our fallen race! Instead of love, gratitude and adoration, and their offspring, peace and harmony, we now see Envy and strife, and the long list of evils in their train. Instead of seeking happiness in those pure sources from which alone it flows, "our being's end and aim," is sought in wealth, in honor and renown, in courting danger and despising toil, to gain some

lofty eminence, where to repose beyond the reach of equals.

The present state of society, so widely different from primeval innocence, can not be attributed to any single, predominating vice. It is deeply rooted in the natural selfishness of the human heart. But if there be any one, to which a principal share may be ascribed, that one is Envy. We see its influence in every grade of society, and in every situation of life. It often mingles with feelings and inclinations which assume another name. The desire of gain is stimulated by envying the possessions of others, and fame is coveted for the dazzling splendor which it bestows upon others who possess it. Nor is it confined to great pursuits in the higher walks of life. It mingles with feelings of a kindred character in every employment. The farmer observes the superiority of his rival farmer, in their honorable occupation. He sees his fields yield a more plenteous harvest than his own, and resolves another year to be more vigilant, although this has produced a competence. This emulation, so common among all classes, may be a great benefit to society; yet that it partakes largely of Envy, is too obvious to need a demonstration.

But its effects elsewhere must be seen as a ruling principle, for then it shuns all honorable rivalry, and looking with a troubled eye upon worth, is only content with tarnishing all that is bright, and clouding all that is fair. It veils its nefarious designs under

pretence of charity and good-will, and while the community at large give credence to the dissembler, minute observers may discover the baseness which lies concealed within the honest pretensions of a polished exterior. It speaks of the purity of its own motives and intentions, and declares in borrowed phrase its philanthropy and patriotism. It seeks to depress others, as the surest way to elevate itself, and grieves that any are free from its own contaminating pollutions.

COME TO MY BOWER !

Come to my bower !
Curtained with azure skies,
And graced with tints of rainbow hues,
It is perfumed with sweet wild-flowers,
Refreshed with heaven's own dews.
The moss-clad hillock seems to say,
Recline upon my bosom ;
The warbling birds invite to stay,
And breath of fragrant blossoms.

Give care away to the sighing breeze,
Which moves the leaves of shadowing trees,
And fans the fevered brow of care ;
And whispers of a world that's fair,
Where clouds never lower,
Above my wild-wood bower ;
Come to my bower !

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CHAPTER XIV.

OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

WHEN we look around us and behold the happy condition of our country, the success which has attended its enterprises, and the general prosperity which prevails through its extensive dominions, there is a charm which mingles with the feelings of every American ; and the bosom is agitated with emotion, when we contrast the present with the past, and hear recounted from the lips of the veteran, the tragic scenes which obtained our freedom. Every class of citizens rejoices in reviewing the past and anticipating the future ; but none with more enthusiasm, than the youth of this republic. The past presents them scenes which they are proud to contemplate—scenes of toil and danger, I had almost said, without a parallel. A few years since, and what may now be call-

ed a powerful republic, was an infant colony, driven by the persecutions of the old world from the land of its nativity and the comforts of civilized life, to the gloomy shores west of the Atlantic, whose only inhabitant was the merciless savage. Few we denominate men, would purchase even liberty and all its blessings, with so much expense. But they were inured to hardship, and no danger or privation could appall them, when an unfettered conscience was the recompense. They prized liberty as the greatest boon which heaven could bestow; and while they were securing for themselves its blessings, they were conscious of laying the foundation for the prosperity and happiness of future generations, which would yet arise and call them blessed. These were the principles of our ancestors; and the zeal which they inspired, prepared them to meet every danger, and kept their hopes from sinking amid their sufferings and distresses, when famine and misery were their companions, when the aborigines of the country were manifesting their malice by marking their way with conflagration and slaughter, and when the mother country waged a cruel and unjust war against their feeble numbers.

Such was the character of the venerable ancestors of American youth. They were hardy, intelligent, and enterprising, jealous of their rights, and ever eager to protect them from the incursions of despotism. After a long and bloody conflict, they succeeded in establishing a government upon the principle of equal

rights, in which the people are their own rulers. More than half a century has proved its wisdom and firmness, and the youth of the present day are enjoying the benefits of a well regulated republic. It has encouraged and supported schools, where all may acquire sufficient knowledge to prepare them for the busy scenes of life, and Academies and Colleges, where few are necessarily deprived of a classical education. It has done much for the general diffusion of knowledge, and for making all classes intelligent, enterprising and happy. The young, surrounded with every inducement to call forth their energies, and a certain prospect of success, as the reward of perseverance, have brighter visions of the future, than the youth of any other country. They can be, with few exceptions, whatever they resolve to be. If their aim be elevated and noble, their zeal untiring in the pursuit of knowledge, and their determination unwavering to merit the laurels which encircle the brow of worth and virtue, it is an axiom in this country, that they will be successful. Too many have succeeded before them, to leave a doubt to damp their ardor. Professions of every character have been filled by those, who, in other countries, could never think of aspiring so high; and our halls of legislation have echoed with the eloquence of the self-created, who have arisen from obscurity, to assist in guiding our nation's destiny.

There is nothing in the way of the youth of this country, but a few impediments that nature has

placed there, which needlessly blight the fair prospects of too many, who otherwise might have enrolled their names highest upon the list of fame. Too many have sacrificed upon the altar of appetite and passion, their character and virtue, and have fallen victims to intemperance and debauchery. Fair hopes of future greatness have often been wrecked, and disappointment and despair have administered bitter draughts of consolation, to those who so far lost self-control, as to be unable to reform. The season of youth is truly called the most perilous of a man's whole existence. It is then the character is formed, and that impress stamped upon it, which usually decides its possessor's career through subsequent life. If the vices and follies which surround the young and continually solicit an adoption, be not checked while in embryo, the happiness of the future will be clouded by ungovernable appetites and malignant passions. Habits are established which in after life are a source of pleasure or pain, according to the wisdom or folly of the choice. But the importance of this period, its influence upon the future station in society, and the obligations it imposes upon the young, can not be shown more clearly, than by viewing it as the time when the occupation for life is chosen. This consideration alone, would make this period an important one in the history of many men, for their character in future depends principally upon the decision. The choice of associates is closely connected by its influence and importance, with that of

an occupation. There have been many wise sayings written for the instruction of the young upon this point, and one which should never be forgotten, reminds them that their character is known by their company. If they prefer the vile and vicious, their character will be judged as such, and their standing in society will rank with that of their companions; but if they seek the wise and virtuous, experience will prove to them, that genuine merit can be appreciated.

The barriers which oppose the progress of the young, when met with firmness, are far from being impassable; when not opposed with resolution, wither the brightest hopes which animate the bosom. The wreck of genius and talent should warn and prepare them for the hour of temptation, and the numerous examples of success and triumph by which they are surrounded, should urge them onward. They will soon step forth upon the theater of action, to fill the places which will then be vacant. They will soon possess the wealth and influence, and control the scenes which are now in other hands. Those who now fill the most important stations and direct our national affairs, have reached their zenith, and are declining, to give place to another generation. They will soon retire from the scenes in which they now participate, and their country's interests which they have guarded, and the offices which they have discharged, from the lowest to the highest, will be committed to those who are now in the morning of

life. It requires but little reflection to prove, that most weighty obligations rest upon the young, and demand of them suitable qualifications to fill with honor the stations they are destined to occupy. Who can tell the wisdom and integrity which may be required to guard our institutions? Enough has already been seen, to moderate the confidence of the prudent, in our perfect security. Unbounded ambition may yet find its way to the helm of government, may seek to overthrow our liberty and veil our fair prospects in midnight gloom. But our freedom will remain as unshaken as the glory of its founders has untarnished, if the young improve their unparalleled advantages for acquiring knowledge, and imitate the virtue, patriotism, and heroic fortitude of their ancestors, who, by their deeds of noble greatness, have made their names a legacy to future generations. And if our country now stands high in the estimation of surrounding nations, before those who will soon be actors in life's drama shall have left the stage for their successors, it may surpass the loftiest conception of the statesmen who placed a firm foundation for the glorious superstructure.

ECONOMY.

The careful observer of men, with their manners and customs, will find much to amuse and instruct

him in human nature. So great a variety is presented to his view, that it requires in no small degree, acuteness of perception, to discern the incentives or motives which are the propelling powers of action. There is an apparent contradiction in many actions, if we ascribe to them a particular cause. But there are many, who, in one respect, perhaps, more than in any other, appear to have laid aside reason and judgment, and the nobler faculties with which they are endowed. The most careless observer might pronounce with certainty the passions which they cherish, the feelings they seek to gratify. They wrongly estimate the glittering thousands they possess, and manifest as much pleasure in squandering them, as misers do, in gathering a shining heap for others to enjoy. This world's goods were given to be used as reason dictates, not to gratify the base passion avarice, nor to be squandered in a prodigality which can not add to our happiness: they were given to us for nobler purposes, and would be much better employed in bestowing charity upon the destitute. Few understand the right purposes to which money should be applied, and those few may with propriety be termed economists. The extremes which injure or destroy the happiness of the miser and spendthrift, are way-marks which guide them in the right direction. They prize what they possess sufficiently to be frugal and industrious, without making it the sole object of their care, or esteeming it worthy of adoration. Happy is the man whose passions are restrained by deliberate

reason, in disposing of the goods which fortune has placed in his hands.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

The present is an age remarkable for discoveries and improvements, not in any one department of human enterprise, but in all the various callings which men pursue. The patents and labor-saving machines which have been invented within a quarter of a century, are almost numberless. Various departments of science have, through the penetrating investigation of the present age, been brought to a much greater state of perfection, than formerly was known. Subjects intricate and abstruse, have been found to be based upon a few, simple, elementary principles, and hence their investigation requires less time and produces more pleasure. But there are fields which the most sagacious have endeavored to explore, without success. Some, indeed, profess to have made important discoveries in them, but their plans being impracticable, are viewed as chimerical schemes. Yet, notwithstanding former failures, who can doubt that this age, in which blind prejudice and superstition, are to bid the world an everlasting farewell, in which men are not influenced in their belief upon a subject by their more illiterate ancestors, but by the results of deep-searching investigation; who can doubt, that

such an age will produce geniuses who will be able to overcome every obstacle in exploring these untried paths.

We may look forward with sanguine hope to the time as not far distant, when some modern genius, whose name will be transmitted to posterity with untarnished fame, may discover a motion which can be made perpetual with less expense than the celebrated invention which was made to move with a crank in the cellar, secret wires communicating the motion to machinery above. And in the onward march of chemical knowledge, some prodigy may arise with investigation wonderfully developed upon his cranium, who will enrich the whole world by discovering a simple process for changing unsightly charcoal to glittering diamonds. Those who are so happy as to live in the present age of light and knowledge, may see steam disused, as applied to mechanical purposes and navigation, and the stately ship, propelled by the superior power of electricity or attraction, without suffering the danger of bursting boilers, or the inconvenience of loading with fuel at every port. Then will the name of Fulton be forgotten, and there will be recorded in flaming characters, the Hon. ———. I leave a blank to be filled out after the discovery.

CONTENTMENT.

Among the many rules which have been given by the wise in different ages, for advancing the happiness of man, there is one, which has been universally adopted in theory, but almost wholly disregarded in practice. The sentiment it contains has been so long and so generally admitted as true, that it might perhaps with some propriety be called a proverb, if there be any particular distinction in the terms; but be that as it may, its well known name is contentment. This rule maintains that contentment is felicity, and that all who wish to be happy, have only to bound their wishes by their power to gratify them. If this be true, it is a much better way for men to obtain their object, for the grand object of all is happiness, than the various methods so eagerly pursued by most men. It is not the lot of all who seek wealth, to obtain it; and the few who accomplish their purpose, prove by experience the unsatisfying nature of the reality, which disappoints their expectations. The same may be said of honor, and the long train of pursuits which occupies the attention of a large majority of men. If then, it be true, that men who seek enjoyment in pomp and glitter, and an undue attention to trifles which furnish employment for many, may not only be baffled in pursuit, but will

surely be disappointed in their pleasures, even when successful ; it will follow, that every one should seek contentment, because it may be obtained, and will satisfy an innate thirst for rational enjoyment.

DEPENDENCE.

Although man's happiness may be said to depend principally upon himself, yet in his intercourse with others, it will depend very much upon the character of his associates. We are mutually dependent upon each other for a thousand comforts and conveniences. The inhabitants of the temperate zone are dependent upon the torrid, for their spices, and many articles of luxury ; and those of the latter are dependent upon the former. If the people of one zone should say, they would have no intercourse with those of another, they might deprive them of coffee and other luxuries, but at the same time would deprive themselves of ice to cool their own beverage, as great a luxury to them, as coffee to the others.

We are not only dependent as inhabitants of a particular climate, but we are also dependent as members of the same civil compact. Our dependence here is very great, and the only lawful source of government. Without government, a man's life may depend upon the will of his neighbor, for the strong

may destroy the weak, and escape the punishment inflicted by law. Hence the original object of government, is to protect the weak against the encroachments of the strong. By the strong arm of the law we are made secure in our persons and property, and this strong arm derives its strength from our mutual consent to be guided by the same rule of conduct.

But there is another kind of dependence which we feel perhaps more sensibly than any other, because it is more intimate and obvious. It is the dependence upon those with whom we associate. This is not a dependence which affects one's life or property, but may be as intimately connected with his happiness. To illustrate this idea, it will be necessary to take examples from the common condition of members of society; for it is difficult to contemplate man without life or property, and almost impossible to conceive his condition without associates. It will be necessary to remember likewise, that his happiness in this life only is considered, and is considered upon the principle that life is not a blessing, if the amount of happiness is overbalanced by the amount of misery. Upon these premises, I think it may be proved, that man's happiness depends more upon friends and associates, than upon life and property; for the simple possession of life and property, has no more connection with happiness, as I conceive, than a piece of blank paper with a composition. A composition may be written upon the one, with a hand to write and a head to conceive; and happiness may be made to

proceed from the others, by intellectual culture and friendly intercourse with associates. Whether this point has been established or not, one thing, at least, is obvious ; that our happiness depends very much upon the acquirements and goodness of those with whom we associate.

THE CLASSICS.

In proceeding to the investigation of this subject, it may be necessary to notice what the objects of education are, or what they should be, for they may vary widely with different individuals. It is generally conceded, that they should be, a cultivation of the morals, an expansion of the intellect, and an acquaintance with human nature. These three particulars should be remembered in the discussion of this question, and remembered as directly connected with the study of the classics. Their influence upon the morals may vary with individuals, but could not be recommended, as a code of morals. Their fabled gods, goddesses, heroes and nymphs, are possessed of the greatest virtues, which are spontaneous productions of the heart, guided by human precepts ; but they often border upon the neighboring vices, and their manly virtues are tarnished by the greatest improprieties, with no other excuse than the gratification of some favorite passion.

Man is greatly influenced by what he sees and hears. He reads a touching description of misfortune and distress; and his heart softens with sympathy. He reads a graphic delineation of shipwreck and disaster, of a hero's undaunted courage, and his fearless grappling with contending difficulties, and feels that he has the muscles of a hero. He hears described in soothing numbers, Dido's unconquerable passion, and may wish the kingly grace to captivate. He sees champions go forth to glorious combat, the strong and brave fall beneath their sturdy strokes, and although he would not slay a fellow, yet for a moment he may wish to be a victor. The reader, if he reads understandingly and with interest, is in some danger of imbibing too much the spirit of the text. His scenery is gilded chariots and splendid palaces, his companions are heroes superior to their trappings; and it may require an effort of his judgment to break the spell of his fancy and convince him, that he lives in a world, the dim reflection of his ideal one. But he may admire the admirable, forget the weakness, reject the fiction, and be thankful that his belief is not founded upon the speculations of the imagination.

The cultivation of the mind is of no small importance in the investigation of this subject, and in this particular, the classics possess decidedly superior advantages. The quickness of perception and acute discrimination which they require, are admirably calculated to strengthen the judgment. The correct trans-

lation of a single passage, requires the recollection of many principles which must be applied, each in its proper place. They teach the scholar not to decide until he has attended to all the minute circumstances which have a bearing upon the subject, for often the least negligence will change the meaning of a whole passage; and the habits which he thus forms will enable him to judge of men and actions, with a degree of accuracy approaching to infallibility.

The study of the classics also prepares him to understand the passions, the inclinations and the weaknesses of men. Their authors were men acquainted with human nature, and the causes which prompt the actions of most men. Their peculiar situation made them observe the ingredients of the most curious compound in nature, their own incomprehensible selves; for they were so situated, that with sufficient skill, they could move a nation by their oratory; and the knowledge and ingenuity displayed in their productions, are indubitable evidence of the master spirits which produced them.

A DREAM.

I had a dream, be not surprised,
For all do have their dreams ;
I dreamed that I was floating down
The pleasant, quiet streams
Of land where florets drooping round,
Their sweetest fragrance breathe,
And on each little, green hill-side,
Their honored chaplets wreathe.

From brake to bush, from shrub to flower,
The insects of the land
Had woven veils of gossamer,
Around on every hand.
The gentle breeze betrayed its source
And dalliance with the rose,
And whispered notes of music forth,
Which mortal never knows.

No noontide glare of light was there,
Shade softening into shade,
Seemed part of objects which it formed,
And doubled as it made.
All bright and fair, that land was there,
Bird answered bird in song,

And cliff and dell with mimic tongue,
The cadence sweet, prolong.

That land was all a fairy land,
No pain, no sorrow there ;
No laughter grating on the ear,
So kindred near to care.
The swift-winged spirits went and came,
High through the upper air ;
They passed, and they were seen no more,
But left their radiance there.

In harmony with all this land,
A maiden too was there ;
No flaming seraph of the skies,
She was surpassing fair.
Her form and air, her motion free,
In unity combined
To make this maiden something more
Than can be well defined.

She looked on others with a love
Transparent, free and kind,
And seemed to think herself a part
Of the eternal Mind.
Supernal power to her was given,
All passions to confine ;
Love's rosy wreath around the heart,
At pleasure to entwine.

I gazed in wonder, mute and long,
 Upon this mortal form ;
And thought of her when tempests lower,
 And fierce the wintry storm.
No answering glance to me was given,
 The scene around was all
Within her view, more grand to see
 Than dome or lordly hall.

Next, I approached in suppliant mood,
 With lowly bended knee ;
Informed her of love deep within,
 She had inspired in me.
She heard me, but she heeded not,
 The scene was in her eye ;
No crimson blush, no kindling glance,
 No bosom for a sigh.

The vision faded from my sight ;
 Its memory remains,
To cheer, to bless, and to oppress,
 In pleasures and in pains.
And deep this truth upon my mind,
 Was graven and impressed ;
Who seeks in others, bliss supreme,
 May seek and not be blest.

CHAPTER XV.

A RAINY DAY.

WHO has never seen a rainy day? This question requires no direct answer, for the answer is implied in the question itself. Rainy days may be divided into two great classes, literal and figurative. The literal may be subdivided into a variety, almost equal to the number of flowers which some botanist has given, forty thousand; leaving a great variety to blush unseen, and wither without even a name. But what is a rainy day? Day, as distinguished from night, includes the time between the rising and setting of the sun, and rain is water descending from the clouds, sometimes slowly, and in small particles, sometimes swiftly, and in numberless drops filling the whole atmosphere, equal in diameter to the largest shot which sportsmen use for ducks and pigeons. It is fortunate for human bipeds, that those large drops

are made a liquid substance and with specific gravity less than the metal referred to, otherwise the prediction of a certain Miller might have been accomplished before it was prognosticated. Dictionary definitions of words and phrases do not produce perfect satisfaction. We can see how the words are pronounced, and a few examples may be given to illustrate their use, but they are given so much like a general's orders to his marshals and cohorts, that we feel relieved from restriction when we pass beyond their control. In some parts of the world it never rains. Some one says, it never rains in certain parts of Chili. It is often stated that there is no rain in Egypt. In these places, the moisture of the atmosphere must be condensed by the coolness of the nights, and descend in the form of dew. This, with the overflowing of rivers from countries where it does rain, must furnish the necessary supply of water. In some countries, rain, clouds and fogs are prevailing characteristics through the varying year, and a day of gladdening sunshine must be valued like those angel visits, few and far between. There is a difference between a rainy day and a thunder storm, either seldom terminating in the other. The storm often succeeds the morning, like sweet sixteen reclining upon the mossy bank of rivulet, tinkling over rocks and pebbles, and measuring with varying chime the pulse of Nature which throbs with universal pleasure. In the west, a single, dark cloud raises its head above the horizon, like some Titan of the ancients,

and looks frowningly around upon the scene. He soon raises head and shoulders above the line of vision, and on flank and rear, his swarthy legions assemble around this monarch of the storm. Over the impenetrable battlements can be seen squadrons with their leaders, in solid phalanx majestically wheeling to the right and left, and forming in the rear ; their long, dark outline, reminding of huge waves rolled upward to the shore, by Vulcan chained to mountains on the land. Slowly, by unseen hands their banners are unfurled, a pall to be spread over universal Nature. The hoarse, muttering thunder announces the approach of this terrible array. The quick, red glare of the lightning flash, paints upon the banners of the storm, the emblem of its mission upon the earth. Flash answers flash as signal of the storm ; thunder echoes back the dismay of thunder. These armies of the sky sweep over the land, and man seems to escape from his insignificance alone. Nature again smiles ; a sad, sweet smile, soon to be changed to gayety and pleasure.

This is very different from a rainy day. Sometimes two or three days seem to pass in preparing for the coming event. Light, fleecy clouds pass through the sky, swift messengers, whose tidings we can only guess by their appearance. Hazy clouds seem suspended in the sky, woven into a thousand fantastic forms, or piled together in promiscuous confusion. The air seems changed, the moisture collected in the clouds above, leaving the air below, too light to float

away the smoke, which settles upon the ground. A general quiet seems to pervade all nature, and as you retire to rest for the night, with one lingering thought upon the past, in which a few regrets mingle with much self-complacency, hope breathes its confiding promises, that the future will weave the tangled web of affairs into some premium texture. Morning comes, and with it the pattering rain. You rub the eyes, and can scarcely believe the ears, and then thought wanders backward to the time when the rain-drops unconsciously mingled with a passing vagary of lakes, rivers and fishing tackle. You try to penetrate beyond this point, but all is starless night; the visions of the night have passed and left no vestige behind. The rain continues to descend, a gentle, confused murmur above, and as the light wind changes, the drops come with their tap, tap, against the window. The rain will soon pass, is the next, consoling thought, and if the wish is not father to the thought, perhaps the judgment is clouded by the weather. A dozen acquaintances within as many miles, are grouped in imagination; where they were going, and what they will do, are questions which are answered in the most satisfactory way the circumstances will admit. Determined to make the most of the present, you try to give a gusto to the dishes of the breakfast table. The coffee is superb, that is certain, and you taste two or three times to make yourself sure of the fact. The rain continues, not so powerful as before, it has declined into a regu-

lar drizzle ; but the streets, who would wish to fathom them? Well, you can decide on the first thing you will do after the rain, write a letter or two, and then read something, any thing except a rainy day, you have enough of that, at present.

That subject might be interesting on some pleasant day after the rain, but it is no sovereign balm to apply to the present state of feelings. "If it rain before seven, it will cease before eleven," comes winding its way over the lumber piles of memory, and you wonder who made that old, corn cob, and sent it out to the world nick-named a proverb. You will soon find out how much he knew about it. The rain continues, not a mist, nor a storm ; a regular, perpendicular rain. Not a dog is to be seen in the streets, and how you will get to the post-office, through the quacking of ducks and spluttering of geese, is a question not so important as the passage of the Alps, a question, however, of no small magnitude, involving personal comfort, and perhaps personal safety. Appetite for dinner is below par, and in small demand. It is very difficult to persuade yourself, that table comforts have a delicious flavor. Who would have thought yesterday of such a rain? There were some indications of a rain, you gave them a passing notice, attended to other things without thinking that *such* a rain would follow. And then, your umbrella is gone ; it is generally absent when you need it. The Constitution should be changed, so that men can have vested rights in umbrellas. All that long afternoon the

rain continues, sometimes almost ceasing long enough to rub the rust from old hopes, and then increasing to the boundary line between a rain and storm. You wonder, if it rains in South America, the East Indies, all over the world; and whether such rains may be necessary for orange groves, cinnamon and spices. If you have real property, perhaps you think of bequeathing to the public the sum necessary to cover with awning, a path from your house to the post-office, to be used by the people without fee or reward on every rainy day; in pleasant weather, a three-cent toll-gate to be established for the purpose of reminding them, that umbrellas should be brought into the confederacy with other property. You wonder what you will dream about the next time you retire for oblivious forgetfulness of this horrid world. You will please take this as a specimen of all rainy days, the number being too great to give each a particular description.

The second class of rainy days has not yet been considered. The figurative rainy day has a metaphorical signification closely connected with the literal, its application being very plain and natural. A man has seen many a rainy day, when he has seen friends pass away, the corroding tooth of time leaving its furrows on their once manly forms, or stealthy disease plucking the bloom from their cheeks and planting haggard care upon the ruin it has made. Lingering sickness and fair prospects withered in the bud, may cloud the sunshine of the feelings, and

cause a rainy day cheered by no golden sunrise of the morrow. The contrast to all these rainy days, presents itself for our contemplation without a particular description, and with an adieu to the whole subject, we will travel onward.

HABITS.

Man has been called a bundle of habits. Bundles generally contain a variety of small "notions," of much more consequence to the owner, than to any other individual; and here the comparison is good. Bundles do not always contain what is supposed to be in them; and here, also, the similarity continues. Man has been called the creature of circumstances. Now, if circumstances make men, and man is a bundle of habits, do circumstances make habits, or habits make circumstances? One of these conclusions would seem to be the natural result of these two truisms combined. If circumstances make habits, and habits make men, then man is the toy of chance and the sport of fortune, or accomplishes the specific purpose for which he was created, and could not possibly deviate from the course which he pursues. If habits are the great lever which moves the world, then circumstances become a subsequent of this antecedent, and man has control over his own habits, or has no

control over his own destiny. If we ascribe to each of these maxims a controlling influence, without admitting the unlimited power of either, their application in numerous instances may be explained, and the mind remain unembarrassed with formidable objections. An individual may assert his independence during the first friendly embraces of a new habit, but, by degrees it may twine itself around the will, until the will has lost all power to resist its importunities; and then sickness, a change of other habits, or some startling emergency can alone rouse the dormant energies of the sleeper, and burst the bonds which bind him a captive to his habit. Perhaps some one will say, if circumstances had not placed the temptation in his way, the habit never would have been acquired; but may we not look further, to man's desires, and his own free will to control them? The objector may say, man's will may be free, and yet of little consequence, if it have not power to control his appetites and passions; and to this may be replied, if you give a colt the whole length of the halter, you must not be surprised if he drag you after him, or break away entirely from your control. The mental organization, blending with a strong development of some physical laws, may give a tendency to certain habits; circumstances may favor that tendency, and in this way the web of a man's destiny may seem to be woven by the fates themselves. The course of the fountain may be changed, but after it has passed over hills

and plains, and through valleys with their tributaries, increasing its dimensions with its advance, until it has become a river upon which the commerce of a nation may float, winds and tides may agitate its surface, but they can not change its course.

A great influence may be attributed to example, in the formation of habits; for man is an imitative being, inclined to follow in the footsteps of others. Some may be like an instrument of music, the strings dangling in every gale of popular opinion and impulse, without producing any vibrations which respond to the power that moves them: a few are like the same instrument strung to its highest tension, unmoved by the gentle breeze, and responding only to the whirlwind and storm. They resemble a comet blazing athwart the sky, a wanderer from other systems, asking no borrowed light from sun or moon, pursuing a pathway lighted by its own corruscations. These are the exceptions which are said to confirm a general rule. A man can not pursue all the plans and notions which fall within the limits of his observation, for the adoption of one, may preclude the possibility of pursuing the other. His reason, feelings, taste and habits, may cause the rejection of many things presented for his imitation, but when his own inclinations are equally divided in the balance, so that a feather would turn the scale, the example, and opinion of the world resulting from that example, may cause either side to preponderate.

You may think you care very little about the

world ; but when you undertake to move it, you will find yourself on the short arm of the lever, a few inches from the fulcrum ; the world on the long arm, at an infinite distance, and having as great advantage in weight, as in position. Another consideration should not not be forgotten. All men inhabit the same globe, yet each individual lives in a world of his own. Independent of the real difference which is presented to various persons, like the changes in a landscape viewed from a variety of positions, the ruling fancy of every individual, invests the scene with a charm peculiarly his own.

“Know thyself,” is a maxim so good and old,
That of it you probably need not be told ;
And yet to do this, as a part of my plan,
Know well human nature developed in man.

THE SPHERE OF TALENT.

Man is like a labyrinth filled with narrow, devious passages, all terminating in some certain point ; but who will find that thread of Dædalus, which can safely guide him through all its windings ? Man presents a subject replete with interest, for his own contemplation. The construction of his body, and the organization of his mind, are subjects upon which he

may meditate with delight. In his physical formation he discovers displays of wisdom and power, unequaled in the wide world of animated nature. Even in his external appearance, man beholds in his "erect countenance" a superiority over all other beings around him. But when he directs his attention within himself, to the complicated machinery of the human mind, the admiration which the first view elicits, is lost in the amazement which succeeds it. In searching the whole creation, he finds nothing which bewilders with so intricate mazes, as the mysterious mover and guide of his own actions. Yet there is much pleasure in observing the operations of its various departments. We can recall scenes of the past and bring them so vividly before us, that for a moment they appear realities. We can place ourselves in childhood among little associates, and again enjoy their innocent amusements. The unfading beauties which we have gathered from the field of science, memory presents for mental food, whose deliciousness is better known by experience, than it can be from descriptive words. And when we view the creative powers of the fancy, we are astonished with the boldness of its daring flights. It appears to delight in untried paths, and in employing its inventive genius in erecting fabrics for its own amusement. Much unlike the speculations of fancy are the sober deductions of reason, by which we are enabled to investigate and ascertain with absolute certainty, truths of the most sublime character which can be presented to the mind of man.

But when we turn our attention from the native characteristics of greatness in man, both physical and mental, to his actions and conduct in life, the interest which we feel, is chiefly of a painful kind. Even those who have stamped everlasting infamy upon their names, by their debasing deeds of cruelty, are many, when compared with the few, who have been eminent as benefactors of mankind. The greatest labor of the historian has been to delineate the exploits of those who have led thousands to the field of slaughter, for the sole purpose of augmenting their power and fame ; as if that glory was greatest, which is purchased with the greatest effusion of human blood. Alas, how few of the great men who have lived, from Charles the victor in a hundred battles, to Alexander the conqueror of the world, are worthy of remembrance, except for deeds of inhumanity, for aspiring after power and wealth, and for immortalizing their names at the price of peace and liberty ! In days famed for darkness in the annals of preceding ages, we read of those who employed their inventive genius in constructing instruments for the torture of their fellow man, and beheld with unmoistened eye, scenes which would draw tears from the subjects of Pluto's realms.

If these examples prove, that the exalting faculties of the mind serve to debase, when employed upon improper objects, we find the names of a few recorded, who, employing their talents in their proper sphere, and performing much in ameliorating the con-

dition of man, will long be remembered with gratitude and pointed to as examples worthy of imitation. We pity the ambition of kings, their restless strife for power and fame, and envy Socrates his calm self-possession, always the same, whether in prosperity or exile; and his happiness, resulting from his even temper and the rectitude of his intentions. Phocion the Good and Aristides the Just, names infinitely more exalting than emperor, are characters upon which we love to dwell, and admire the true greatness and ennobling motives which influenced all their actions. Rome has produced a Brutus and Cato, for Freedom to admire and her friends to lament, who, for the liberty of their country, were willing to draw the assassin's dagger and encounter the danger of civil commotion. And if those who held the key of power and knowledge during the years of darkness which shroud the history of man, had not employed fortune's favorite gifts in projects which disgrace its pages, how different would have been the prospect, when Luther began to dispel the gloom of ages! The herculean task which others had prepared for him, erected his own imperishable monument; and all the champions of the Reformation might have been as unknown as the votaries of ambition, had their renown depended upon their intrinsic worth. And in more modern times, the long catalogue of those who have blest the world with discoveries in science, and the diffusion of knowledge and Christianity, presents subjects of thrilling interest for our reflection. The

names of Bacon and Locke will not be forgotten, as long as high attainments in literature, and deep-searching investigation shall entitle them to a tribute of respect; and Newton will live in remembrance, as long as philosophy itself shall be considered exalting to the mind. The merits of Franklin, interwoven with our nation's history, and as a statesman and philosopher recorded upon the roll of immortality, are known and felt too deeply by his grateful country, to require the meed of untaught eulogy.

But who shall write the epitaph of those who have unfolded the mystery, and illumined the darkness, which the skeptic has thrown around the Christian's path? What pen shall describe the praise due to the little band, in which an Edwards is conspicuous, an ornament of which theology is "proud to boast?" What tongue shall tell the virtues of "the noble few," who, like a Brainard, animated with genuine benevolence, have employed their lives for the good of man? Let not frail mortal aspire to achievements which language is too feeble to execute! The withering trophies which man could erect to their memories, would but mock their real greatness.

CHAPTER XVI.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE UNION MAGAZINE.

THE number that you sent me, Sir, was elegant and fine,
And ripe for treason he must be, its contents would decline ;
The gentle murmur of the stream that from Castalia flows,
Was mingled with the tasteful facts and fancies of our woes.

To fancy's magic power, has annointed genius given
The right to dispel our tears, to soothe the heart when riven ;
It lures from a vale of clouds, to that beauteous mountain,
Where peace glides with the rill, from the Castalian fountain.

Like eaglet perched upon a rock, above the ocean's roar,
Which measures with its eye the space, and longs in flight to soar,
Then drooping, hovers half-afraid to try the azure sky,
'Till beckoned upward by a flight above the clouds on high ;

Thus we, oppressed by the clouds of darkening gloom and sorrow,
And weary with doleful thoughts of some mishap to-morrow,
Our fancies bright, on awkward wings may try in vain to fly,
Until the eagle of the sky has beckoned us on high.

THE SIGH.

Loud sounds the merry laugh,
All, pleasure seem to quaff
From goblets filled with innocence and glee.
When cease the notes to thrill,
Like spring birds in their trill,
A sigh escaped, imprisoned by the free.

Speak, fair one, tell me true,
Why came that sigh from you,
Whose eye alone could dry the fount of tears?
Why, when the laugh did cease,
And all was quiet peace,
That sigh arose to free the heart from fears.

Was it to memory given,—
From some beloved one driven

By cruel fate or unrelenting foe ?
Fear not the rude world's scorn,
The piercing of that thorn
Which probes too deep, the cause of other's woe.

The peaceful lake at rest,
Has imaged on its breast,
Stars which in the arch above are shining.
They tremble on the wave,
And then themselves to save,
Flee from the lake with rude storm repining.

They flee but to return,
So let your bosom burn,
Until life's embers in its hopes expire.
Then upward wing your way,
Where angels chant their lay ;
This is my hope, and this is my desire.

HOPE.

Hope is a truant boy, oft from reason straying,
Hope is a butterfly, in a sun-beam playing ;

Hope is an image bright, from a mirror taken,
Hope is a dream at night, gone when we awaken.

Hope is a drop of dew, on the meadow shining,
Hope is a maiden true, for her love repining ;
Hope is a telescope, which brings an object near,
Hope is a sovereign balm, to quiet every fear.

Hope is a bird that sings in the gayest bowers,
Hope is the bee that brings sweet from all the flowers ;
Hope is the sun we see, when no sun is shining,
Hope is what we may be, without all defining.

Hope is a ship at sea, when you write a sonnet,
Hope is a goodly tree, with fair blossoms on it ;
Hope is the dirge we sing when friends have passed away,
Hope spreads immortal wings, and bears us from our clay.

REMARKS ON CRITICISM.

If it is true that Pope lisped in numbers, the defect is scarcely perceptible in his work, although in

some places he approaches very near to a hiss. I have sometimes thought, he must have been nourished in his younger days, with crab-apples, vinegar, and aquafortis. He says, that the tree will grow as the twig is bent, which no sober man will dispute. But he intends to say more, that like that tree, man is formed by education. Now, dear reader, it would take more bendings than you would be willing to bestow, to make the prickles of the thorn grow upon the cherry tree, or apples upon the thorn. You might give the tree a general direction, but its distinctive character would appear; from which it seems, that different men may be compared with various trees, for a better reason, than man with the whole class. In another place he complains, that some one had not learned to blot a line. On turning over a few pages a blot appeared, which caused some trouble, until Pope concluded to give me a few credit-marks for it. We know very well what he intends, and this was introduced for the benefit of some critics, to show how easy it is to find faults, and pervert the meaning, when any one wishes. The presumption of the law is, that every man is *compos mentis*, unless the contrary be shown; but some critics presume the contrary, and undertake to prove it by the dim reflection of their own heads, which are not bright enough to reflect the image. This class of critics will do little injury, for while they strain out the gnat, which makes them wise in their own estimation, they swallow little wrigglers for the amusement of innocent spectators.

There is another class much more to be feared. They profess much charity for human frailty, tell you that genius should be encouraged, profess a friendship for the writer, call him by some familiar name, as my Tom, Dick, or Harry, and when he is well daubed with slime and slaver, they prepare to swallow him after the most approved, tropical fashion. Approaching to a contemplative distance, the rumination is something like the following: "Fine fellow—plump, nice game. Head not very large, just a decent termination of the body—have swallowed larger without any inconvenience. May cause some trouble between shoulders and hips, but think that can be managed. Make a good meal for a week—wonder where he got all the nice things to make him so fair!" We will pass over the remaining proceedings, as they must be disagreeable to all, except the operator.

There is yet another class which remains unmentioned; the smiling, sneering critics, who presume that a sarcastic smile, or aboriginal grunt will destroy forever the reputation of any writer. Their impudence is equaled only by their egotism. They think that a nod, a smile, a leer, or a wink, can make or ruin the reputation of any writer, without giving any reason, but their sovereign pleasure. Sometimes they show a refinement worthy of a better cause—

—————"assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

If they are not beneath contempt, they deserve it more than all other things disguised in human shape. A public enemy is entitled to honor, but a secret calumniator should wear a pewter medal tied around his neck with a tow string, the word "reptile" engraved upon it in large characters. If you are publicly assailed with malice or ridicule, you can talk of swords and pistols, and use them, when you are in haste to leave your troubles; you can make yourself as low as your assailant, and hurl back his epithets upon his own head; you can submit with a mulish patience or Christian grace, and show yourself impervious to the shafts of malice, whether guided by the feather wit, or barbed with brazen insolence. But you can not pursue the same course with the other. You are like one groping in the dark, often near an enemy when seeking a friend.

The blacksmith must be the best judge of iron, the tailor of cloth. It is true they may be scholars and good judges of other things, but this is no objection to their excelling in the selection of articles used daily by them; and you would not choose one to decide upon colors, who could not tell green from blue, or red from pink. The critic should be competent to judge, and should not abuse his judgment with prejudice, wit, or sarcasm. The same subject may suggest very different reflections to the same individual, depending upon time, place, the feelings, and previous reflections. When friends leave you, fortune frowns, disease gnaws the bark from the tree of hap-

piness, you gaze upon the moon, and it is then the pale, silent listener to your tale of woe; let friends and health return, and the bright, silver moon-beams dance upon the gentle waves. If a work has no merits, it is beneath criticism, as it must show a depraved taste, for any one to be seen playing in a filthy pool; and commendation of excellencies and beauties, is as much a part of criticism, as censure of defects. A critic should be a friend, tell us for our own benefit where he thinks we are in fault; and in this he may be mistaken, since no man may justly claim perfection. He should advise us of such things as are commendable, that we may compare his taste with others', leave failures and cultivate parts more pleasing and successful. When the critic ceases to be a friend, he becomes a satirist or libeler.

Criticism is not confined to books and writers. Public speakers are often a target for its shafts, pointed and hardened through the heat of party prejudice, and painted with all the gaudy colors with which cruel selfishness betrays its wanton joy in the barbarous work. There are some who seem to know little of the proper use of the faculty of speech. Their tongues eternally wag, first on one subject, and then on another, thinking it is very little consequence which way they roll the ball, if they only keep it rolling. Sometimes they make a tremendous rush upon the whole human race, declare every one a simpleton, and settle down into a repose sublimely ridiculous. They remind me of a reply once given by

an inmate of bedlam, when questioned about the reason of his being there. He said, that he called all the world crazy, and all the world called him crazy; and thereupon a dispute arose, and in the quarrel he was overpowered by numbers. This is one extreme; now take the other, the man whose bosom warmed with universal benevolence for every body and every thing, praises all without discrimination. He is a man who will do little mischief in society, and generally is wanting in nerve to do much good. You know his opinion upon a subject, as well before he is consulted, as afterwards; whatever you propose is good, all good, and in this way he may do some undesigned mischief. By observing his comparatives and superlatives, you may possibly make a distinction in his opinions, and a little more combativeness in his composition, enough to say no, when the case requires it, would make him—the scandal of his neighborhood. We love him with all his faults, much more than we should without them. But there is a sunshine of the face, which extends not to the heart. A man may be a church-member, attend service regularly, bless his daily bread with daily prayers for more, greet his poor neighbor with a kind “good morning,” and yet refuse to assist him in distress; too selfish to pray for him, if he could slip into heaven without. This poor man has another neighbor, who sometimes swears at his cattle, but will draw him a load of wood when he needs it, and give him a shoulder of mutton when starving. It is

a pity this last character would not join the Church and turn the other member out.

Criticism may lead to very serious consequences. Our ancestors criticised the absurd notions of the British parliament on the subject of taxation, and a contest followed. You do not expect me to enter into all the particulars of this controversy, for the science of politics is indeed too profound, it presents too many intricacies, to expect a knowledge of all its windings from the inexperienced. It would require intellectual energies equal to the physical strength of fabled Hercules, and its performance might as justly be celebrated, as his twelve labors. Yet in this, as in other sciences, we find the whole superstructure based upon a few, simple, elementary truths, sufficiently intelligible to be comprehended by the humblest capacity. Were this not so, no people could be found capable of self-government; for a knowledge of the object of government, implies a knowledge of the fundamental rules for its operation. This is also proved by reasoning of the most convincing kind, the reasoning of experience. More than a half century has demonstrated, that British colonies not only possessed sufficient intelligence for self-government, but were able to form confederacies from the most discordant materials, and successfully dispute the rights of freemen with the sea-girt mistress of the waves, who had snatched from Neptune the trident of the ocean. There still remain a few, whose snowy locks remind us of life's wintery scene,

yet they linger to rehearse the thrice-told tale of bloody conflicts. And could they live, and tell with artless eloquence to future generations, the story of their wrongs, hardships and sufferings, our republic would stand upon a foundation, as firm as adamant. Could each successive generation see the furrowed cheek, the channel of the flowing heart, and hear the voice tremulous with the recital of the battle field, with its shrieks of wounded, groans of dying, heaps of slain, and streams of human gore, and be told, that this was the price of the favored institutions of their country, no man possessed of human feelings, could wish to subvert them. But their lips will soon be closed in silence, not one will be left to admonish us not to trifle with blood-bought privileges, and time alone can unfold to us the mysteries of the unseen future.

The careless critic, who cuts and thrusts like a young lieutenant anxious to show the world that he can wield a manly weapon, is in more danger of committing suicide, than manslaughter. The critic can not gather fruit from the shadow of a fruitful bough, nor expect the world to leave nature and its laws, for some standard of fancied excellence. That "all men are created equal," is a sentiment which was advanced by the founders of our freedom in the declaration of their rights, and which has ever been cherished by the philanthropist. With respect to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the wise and virtuous may not disagree; but as in this age of

discovery and improvement, many old doctrines are remodeled, and not a few found, which are entirely new, it is not surprising that we hear of one, based upon the term equality, but taken in a wider, or at least, in a different sense from that in which it is quoted. The most prominent characteristic of this new doctrine is, that all men are created equal in intellect. This is a general rule, to which, of course, there may be a few exceptions. Perhaps the advocates of this sentiment, which appears at first sight to be absurd, will be troubled to prove their position ; but be that as it may, it is certain, many things may be said in its favor. The ground upon which they build their belief, is, that "the thinking faculty contains all the machinery of operation, yet, in itself it is inoperative, and uninfluenced by external objects, it would lie forever dormant. In other words, there are no innate ideas, the mind emerging into existence, is a blank : all thought is excited by objects without." An argument they employ, is that of circumstances. They contend that the difference between man and man, is made by outward circumstances alone ; and if, upon this principle they can account for the various differences which exist in the world, the theory is most clearly proved. The difference between the savage and sage, is caused by education. We have good reason to believe, that the aborigines of this country would equal ourselves in knowledge, if they possessed equal advantages for acquiring it ; and white children have been taken by them, who soon became

as rude as their associates. It may be objected, that the Indian, after he has been educated, has sought his own race, and the White, after years of captivity, has returned to the abodes of civilization. But the mind may receive lasting impressions, when young; its pliant powers may receive an indelible impression in infancy. It may be further objected, that the inhabitants of the polar regions possess minds as dwarfish as their bodies, and far inferior to the gigantic intellects of the temperate zone. It may be answered, that climate, called in this theory one of the physical circumstances, is the cause of the difference, and there is not of necessity any difference by creation. Many objections can be answered by a moment's reflection, and from a person familiar with the philosophy of the mind, all objections might vanish.

We all have equal rights, and this the critic should remember, if he claims for himself an intellectual superiority. To select a suitable subject, arrange his ideas properly, and clothe them with such language as shall convey their meaning without ambiguity, is not among the least of the hard tasks of the student, for many he has to perform. There are subjects which would be suitable and interesting, but unfortunately for the scholar, wiser men, perhaps not naturally wiser, but wiser by age and experience, have spoken and written upon them, till they have lost much of their interest, and present dry and barren topics for a composition. He is obliged from the necessity of the case, if little acquainted with the art

of expressing his thoughts, to speak of an old subject, so as to make it appear new, or to venture upon a new one, original remarks. But the industrious, the persevering and determined scholar will overcome all obstacles, such as at first view appear to be insurmountable barriers. His way is onward. He has heard the saying, that resolution is omnipotent, and not content with the theory, he is determined to know by experience, whether the assertion be true or not. And as long as "*labor omnia vincit*" is his motto, he marches with gigantic strides towards the temple of fame. Should the question be asked the most learned and honored of our country, what secret they discovered which advanced them to their envied eminence, they might tell us, that when young, they were most unwaveringly determined to merit the laurels which they had won, and their untiring zeal had placed them in their present situation. They might also tell us, that in their youth they had not as fair prospects, as thousands of their competitors.

Intellectual pleasures are generally considered superior to sensual, and if it is true, that anticipation is a source of greater happiness than fruition, it is evident the mind, including its exercises of memory, reason, and imagination, is the source of man's sweetest bliss. No one may enjoy as much real happiness, as when fancy builds its airy castles to amuse him. His imagination may paint situations, which for a moment seem to be real and produce all the pleasure of a reality, which he never will obtain. Fancy will

always soar beyond reality. The ambitious may have wandered as much further than the rest of their race in imaginary worlds, as they have ascended higher in stern realities. Imagination and fancy may have guided and excited them onward. Bonaparte may have painted in boyhood, when the mind was receiving lasting impressions, brighter crowns, more durable honors, and a greater sway, than he ever obtained. But fancy and imagination are not all of the mind which produce pleasure. The pursuit of knowledge in which memory and reason are concerned, may gratify and please enough to amply repay the necessary toil.

Geographical knowledge may cause many unemployed hours to pass pleasantly in musing upon the various productions of the earth, the character of the inhabitants of different countries, and in presenting to the mind majestic rivers and lofty mountains, beautiful forests and prairies, and the different species of animals which inhabit them. History furnishes the material for passing many an hour agreeably, when there would otherwise be a void which no sensual pleasure could fill. Through this, we can commune with the illustrious of other days, and see the smallest causes producing the greatest revolutions, admire the virtue and greatness of some of the names recorded, and abhor the boundless avarice and ambition of others. Astronomy may be said to be the most exalted of the sciences, but there is much interest in the laws of attraction, the principles of mech-

anism, and in the study of the different minerals and gases. Mathematics and the languages are above the suspicion of being uninteresting, and he, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the arts and sciences, is prepared to live happy in any situation in which he may be placed.

“Variety is the spice of life, which gives it all its flavor.” The author of this often quoted sentence has escaped me, but whoever he may be, it proves him to be a person of no ordinary attainments. It is one of those rare sentences upon which the mind loves to dwell, like some things we find in the physical world, which present new beauties upon a second examination. I have often seen these words, but seldom, without their exciting pleasant feelings and furnishing my mind with an agreeable subject for contemplation. The truth of the sentiment contained in them, is demonstrated by surveying every thing around us. Forests have much beauty added to them by the variety with which they abound. This may seem to be a trifling circumstance, but the naturalist, and indeed every person of good taste, must observe how much beauty variety adds to the stately forest. The farmer who possesses a cultivated mind and refined taste, beholds in the variety with which his fields are decorated, illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of the great Ruler of all things. Flowers, although of least importance in the vegetable kingdom, are far from being the least beautiful, and their beauty is increased by their great variety. An-

imals claim attention when this subject is considered, but without enumerating all the various tribes which are found from the polar regions to the equator, our own latitude presents a variety calculated to add to our comfort and pleasure. The feathered tribe, though not as necessary for our happiness as quadrupeds, is not useless ; and the multitude of species which "wing the sky," differing in plumage and song, is truly astonishing. The highly curious can discover beauties through optical instruments, among insects ; and what countless numbers fashioned most curiously for their sphere, glide through the watery element !

But the most exalted and mysterious subject for the contemplation of man, is man. The nicest shades of difference, both mental and corporeal, are found among human bipeds. The variety of disposition is probably as great as the race is numerous, and there is the same variety of the individuals that compose the great family of man. After contemplating the variety of animate and inanimate nature, from man to the most "despicable insect," and from the sturdy oak to the lowly flower, we are naturally brought to the conclusion, that were it not for variety, we should feel like a traveler in a vast, sandy desert, which inspires awe for the power of that Being who created the wide waste around, but who is ignorant of the pleasing emotions of reverence and love, produced by viewing displays of wisdom and goodness !

The following lines are intended for critics, not for criticism :

Let truth immutable ever be taught,
Justice inflexible ever be sought,
And charity mild ne'er ask to be bought,
And knowledge crown their triumph.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINTER.

Now comes the snow, like feathers floating
Through all the silent air ;
And Winter, like an old man doting,
Beguiles of restless care.

The snow-bird flies to the icy bough,
Where robin sung her song ;
In the air, the cold leaf quivers now,
And follows all its throng.

The merry bells, their music jingle,
While glides the sleigh along ;
The belles and beaux, while ears do tingle,
All, all to mirth belong.

Cold Winter's frozen tears are shining
Like crystals in the light,
And who can think, without repining,
Of woes which meet the sight ?

The cheerful blaze, on the cottage hearth,
While round the inmates smile,
And plenty, pleased with the social mirth,
And wit, the hours beguile.

O think of the lone, wandering son,
Of want, surviving heir ;
Now to kindness let your hearts be won,
And bless him with a share !

SPRING.

Fair as Aurora, daughter of the morn,
Fair as bright Phoebus and the goddess born,
We hail thee, Spring ! Ye fair Nine who derive
From memory, if cold winter ye survive,
Warm with your ardor sweet, the glowing line ;

The praise be due to the immortal Nine !
The portals of the east are opened wide,
Night's sable curtain now is drawn aside,
And rosy-fingered morn soon paints the lawn
With all the sweetness of the blushing dawn.
Sol gilds the mountain tops. adorns the spires,
And lights the windows with his golden fires ;
Pursues dark shadows through their western way,
Pours on the earth his beamy flood of day.
The vision of the night soon fades away,
That mental ramble of the mind astray,
That echo of the soul when passions sleep,
That harvest rich which angels help to reap.
The meadows wake, and all the fields around
Are vocal with the melody of sound,
Hymning His praise, who, high above the day,
Guides and sustains the linnet's tuneful lay.
On yonder mossy bank, where streamlets play
With flowers blooming in the month of May,
The songsters of the thicket and the grove,
Bask in the sunshine, or in fragrance rove.
The stately forest in its gayest green,
Now rustling, nodding in the air is seen,
Waving its gentle branches in the breeze ;
Thus Nature rocks her children of the trees.
Far in the forest may a glen be found,
Where deep the leaves have covered all the ground ;
Above, the boughs are woven in a bower,

A safe retreat from April's gentle shower.
Here, when the morning star directs the course
Of sable Night with all her specter force,
They safe may flee, until the cascade near
Is pierced with light, and then with timely fear,
Through all the glen to rocks and caverns fly,
And there remain while Sol presides on high.
The stately forest throws a gentle shade
Upon the meadow, near a marshy glade,
Where a brook murmurs, as it rolls along,
The gentle cadence of a dying song.
Here, to the margin of the stream confined,
The yielding earth to wet and dry resigned,
The cowslips grow ; and here the lass and lad,
Speaking the gentle thought, with eyes all glad
With nature's beauty, gather in the store,]
To them most grateful who desire no more.
Over the fields, the messenger of Spring,
The swallow glides upon its dusky wing,
Pursues the down which in the air may roam,
And bears it gayly to the humble home.
With slender rod and line, and barbed hook,
To tempt the tenants of the babbling brook,
And thought elate, the fisher takes his way,
Well pleased upon the grassy bank to stray.
The plow-boy sings of his country's battle,
Where arms are gleaming and cannon rattle,
Between the verses, whistles to his team ;

Sure this the chorus to the song might seem.
Perchance a tender, melancholy strain
Of woe and want, and their attending train,
Flits through his fancy, and he sings the song
Of "blue-eyed Mary," in its measure long.
The cattle feeding on the plain are seen,
The earth is covered with its carpet green,
When to the west the Sun inclines his head,
And sinks in glory to his evening bed,
Casting a furlong shadow on the plain,
Like giant old, beyond the liquid main.
Near to yon aged thorn, the milk-maid sings,
And this the tribute to the Muse she brings.

SONG OF THE MILK-MAID.

O he was kind and gentle as the smiling month of May,
O he was kind and gentle, and as innocently gay
As lark that soars to meet the sun at early break of day;
O he was kind and gentle as the smiling month of May!

His locks were like the raven's wing, his was the eagle eye,
His voice was a remembered tone which well might cause a sigh,

His spirit was a lofty one which loved to soar on high ;
His locks were like the raven's wing, his was the eagle eye.

He left me sad and lonely too, near by yon aged thorn,
He left me early in the Spring, when all the blushing morn
Was smiling as in sweetness now, but then methought in
scorn ;

He left me sad and lonely too, near by yon aged thorn.

I hope to greet him welcome soon, to greet him welcome home,
To greet him on a long return from all his worldly roam,
Free from all pending danger near, and from the ocean foam ;
I hope to greet him welcome soon, to greet him welcome home !

TO THE POLAR STAR.

There thou shinest, as when long years ago
I gazed upon thee ! Other stars may brighter
Shine, may glitter with a richer splendor,
But to me thou art the loveliest gem
Which adorns the coronet of Night.
Thy paler radiance is more congenial

To the thoughts, unbidden, welcome, which throng
Around me, as thy mild luster recalls
Departed joys, hopes, fears and friends, thou silent
Witness of the past ! Couldst thou speak, and tell
Me of those lingering thoughts, which like departing
Friends, reluctant speak the sad farewell ; couldst
Thou answer the queries which rush like mountain
Torrents to the plain ; couldst thou relight the
Extinguished taper, illumine the dark
Pathway along life's rugged shore, and guide
Me by its sounding billows, to those safe
Retreats, where, sheltered from the storm, I smiled
When the hoarse surge lashed the shore in fury !
Then sweet converse we would have, visit each
Remembered, sunny spot of memory, and
Wake the echoes with names long written in
The calendar of time. Thou hast no merry
Twinkling which repels the serious thought, fixed
Forever to the north, with thy mild, changeless
Luster, inviting to the thought serene.
Thy silence is eloquent ; thy voiceless
Voice touches the ear like the hushed silence
Of the sealed lip, which seems to listen to
The name, but leaves an aching void unanswered.
Friends have gazed on thee, who no more will turn
From Ursa Major, pointed to the lone
Star, with expanding thought and soul dilating
With His power, who suspends that pale lamp in

The northern sky, and forever lights its
Unextinguished fire. We change, but changeless
Thou! Time was, when thou wert a diamond on
The pale brow of some fairy queen, whose azure
Dress, sparkling with brilliants, was all that could
Be seen. Now, we view thee as a world, a
Sun, the center of a system; perhaps
The center around which the universe
Revolves, all lighted, varied with hill and
Dale, and flowery herb, and bubbling fountain,
And green arbor, where the good, on pinions
Swift as thought, through all the various scene, all
Welcome to them, with tireless wing are borne.
We hail thee welcome to the sight, because
Long absent ones have gazed upon thee, and
We remember bright visions of the past,
Now fled forever, but their memory still
Is sweet!

A REPLY.

It may safely be said that disappointment has always been the lot of mortals; and it may be said with

almost equal safety, that their disappointments have arisen from an unexpected source. For the truth of these assertions, we have only to glance at the history of all past ages. But it is not my present object to speak of them, as connected with what has been in ancient times among the heroes of antiquity, but to apply them to events which have transpired recently, and within the walls of this Institution, dedicated to the arts and sciences, and all that is calculated to expand the intellect and elevate the mind. The occurrence to which I refer, is the unexpected and unprovoked attack made by a gentleman last week, upon the character of the inmates of "No. 7." Perhaps some may be ignorant of the facts which caused the gentleman to make those daring flights in erudition and eloquence, which were echoed by these walls, and through which, indignation might have been seen to glow—*on one countenance alone*. They were as follows. Two females of the aborigines of our country, came to the Institution, and agreeably to their custom, entered a private room unceremoniously, were seated by the occupants, and after soliciting a little assistance, departed. Such was the transaction marked with vice and immorality, which has cost the gentleman so many tears and bitter pangs, and the most criminal part of which, he insinuates, was furnishing those poor wanderers with seats. In reply to the gentleman's charge, I have only to say, that I had formerly supposed it was a sure indication of real greatness, to be civil and kind to those whom

nature or circumstances had placed beneath us. But I have found myself mistaken, for the gentleman thinks otherwise. Yet do we not deserve, at least, his charity; for, if these same females had been tinged with a deeper hue, would they not probably have drawn him into the same vortex?

There were several other points on which he dwelt at some length, but were not considered by him as criminal as the one mentioned, and I shall therefore leave them and notice the giant-like powers of mind which he displayed in his masterly production. And here permit me to say, that I feel incompetent to the task, and wholly unable to do justice to the gentleman's glowing descriptions. How beautiful and sublime was his delineation of their entrance into the Institution! How worthy of his pen! To fully realize it, imagine yourself standing at a convenient distance in front of the Academy, and viewing with your own eyes, two stately squaws gracefully ascending the stone steps. Could any one view such a spectacle, unmoved? Yet this is but a single instance, of more than a half dozen which might be mentioned, to show the gentleman's powers of mind. There is not, probably, in all the land, an individual that would not compare with him, like a mountain rill with a — frog pond; and among all the orators of the past, I know of but few instances that could with any propriety bear the name of our modern Cicero. But, that we may be the better prepared to judge of his superiority, even over the renowned an-

cients, we will give a specimen of the gentleman's talents, and compare it with an exclamation of former days. In his last week's production, he says: "A female remarkable for her size, ascended with a graceful step the front stairs of the Academy, and then proceeding to one of the private rooms, entered without ceremony." The specimen of past oratory, needs only repeating, to be understood: "O that it would but please thee to inhabit with me the low cottages—and to shoot stags!" I leave all to judge for themselves, of the merits of each.

EPISTOLARY EXTRACT.

When in the course of human events, circumstances favor the transmission of a few lines to a friend, a decent respect for my own feelings, compels me to improve the opportunity.

You may, perhaps, anticipate more important news than I have to communicate; and yet, it probably will not be very surprising, if, in the course of the few days which have passed since we conversed together, I have become little richer, poorer, better, worse or wiser. I have the "News" from New York, to relieve the dull monotony of Graham's Practice; these, with an occasional ramble in the fields and woods, make up the whole routine of occupation and

amusement. Did not a law of our nature exist, that the acquisition of knowledge produces pleasure, or, as the school boys have it,—*doctrina vitam suavem efficit*,—where could we obtain sufficient stimulus, resolution and perseverance, to propel us through all the difficulties of a professional education? And how often, after all the labor and self-denial attending such an education, do we see the young aspirant too weak to receive the extended wreath, recline on the bosom of mother Earth for his last, long sleep; or, what is worse, living in penury and pining in secret over the ingratitude of a world which will not, or can not appreciate his worth! *Sic transit gloria mundi*. From such a fate, good Lord deliver us.

The sum total of human life is composed of many small items, so little, that separately considered, we think them of no value; but when added, they make an astonishing amount. The opportunities for great performances may not present themselves in a lifetime; that "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," has rarely been seen in season for the venture; and many have followed the receding wave with regrets which obscured the vision, that they might not see the beauties which were washed upon the shore. Now gay, and then serious, this is human nature; and in chasing a butterfly, a man may leap over a brook whose banks are golden sand, without observing them. The wants of the body necessarily claim a large share of every man's life. The primary wants, rest and food, con-

sume about one-half ; and the remaining half is often employed in gratifying some caprice ; and let me say, with all due deference to every body, that we all have our caprices. One, in a nervous regard for the world's opinion, another, in a reckless disregard of it ; and thus the world will disagree. Young ladies often have a caprice for a young man with a smooth chin and clean linen ; industrious old men like to see a swarthy face and hardened dexter. These wants and caprices being subtracted from the sum of life, a small balance remains to be devoted to benevolent and philanthropic objects ; and this balance is sometimes employed, as was jocosely remarked the other day, in backing friends down hill.

There is one man who is forever telling how many people the doctors kill, and another, who is perpetually on the stump against priest-craft, and yet another, who, like a fox in a poultry yard, delights in tating off some lawyer for dissection. It is a pity he could not study classics and law, eight or ten years, and then be laughed at, as a good-for-nothing nuisance. Life has been compared to a stream, and to enlarge a little upon the idea, it is a wide stream, or it could not float all the craft upon it ; and in many places it is very deep, so deep that it can not be fathomed ; and surely you will agree with me, that some queer fish are caught in its waters. Perhaps you ask by this time, what are you driving at ? You shall be answered in the Yankee style, by another question. Did you ever see a child upon the seashore, col-

lecting the sand in a long line, and then behind its defence talking bravely to the winds and waves? The child grew weary with its own harangue, retired to the paternal roof for rest and shelter, the tide swept away its little work, and it forgot the aspirations which glistened in its eye the day before.

This place furnishes very little news of importance. The sun, moon and stars are here as in other places, that is, we see them from this place, and they come a few hundred feet nearer to us than tide water; but that is nothing to boast of, particularly in the winter. Old Mr. Politics died last fall, and very little has been said about him since his decease. The temperance cause stands below zero in the shade. There is no small-pox, or any thing of that kind, in our breezes, unless it be borne from a great distance. Two or three weddings are talked of, by the old ladies of course, and it is hopeful the parties will be liberal with their cake; kissing the bride, up here among the country girls, would be "rather nice;" and then think of the cake, all crusted over with sugar! Bipedes are a very extraordinary class of beings, exclusive of the feathered tribe; and it is a matter of conjecture, whether any thing similar to them could be found in the moon, provided we had an ethereal rail-way, constructed on the principle of the inclined plane, to take us up there. There are mountains up there, five or six times higher than the highest on the earth, according to some astronomical accounts, but no indications of water; and accord-

ing to my notion, the atmosphere must differ from ours, because it presents uniformly the same appearance. But what a moon our earth would make for them up there, the lunarians ! Only think of forty moons in our sky at the same time, and then put them all into one, and it would be a little too light to whisper honey in the ear of the sylvan nymphs of this mundane sphere ! Speaking of nymphs, (you have seen them often, they are what some green ones call girls,) reminds me of a pic-nic which went off, not exploded, but passed gently away since you were here. Some people have said, that country girls of notoriety live only in romances ; that they have swarthy complexions, masculine hands, large feet and coarse shoes, with holes in their stockings, and all that sort of thing ; but if you had been here, and seen what might have been seen, you would immediately have filed a bill in chancery for staying such proceedings. If you ever dreamed of seeing a creature so beautifully bewitching, that you raised your head in a sound sleep from the pillow to kiss the phantom, and found yourself wide awake in pitchy darkness, you may conceive the beauty of the occasion ; but let me tell you, that roses, violets and dandelions, and the whole race of vegetable matter, will not furnish a comparison. You may have noticed, that I have indirectly called myself a green one. The truth is, the gun was heavily loaded and kicked a little, but I guess that somebody at the other end was hurt more than myself.

When you come to see me, do bring all the news you can. Tell, first of all, who has been murdered, and all the particulars of the transaction ; and next, all the fights that have occurred for several weeks, and if any man has abused his wife, we will give him a sound thrashing, over a cup of coffee. If there have been any fires, do tell how they happened and all about them, and be sure not to forget any confidential communication degrading the character of any of your neighbors ; you can rely upon me with perfect safety. If any one has joined the church recently, you will please watch him in church until he sneezes, notice particularly his looks and the deacon's, and observe whether the preacher turns his eye in that direction.

There are so many things to write about, that I scarcely know where to stop ; and after all, a letter is a poor substitute for two or three hours' conversation with an old friend. You have my sincere thanks for your kind attentions formerly, and with the hope that a foundation has been laid for a permanent friendship, permit me, in conclusion, with the desire that your own good sense will correct in a friendly way, all the mistakes of this epistle, to subscribe myself,

Respectfully yours,

S. D. P.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

WE have a Father kind, above,
Who rules the wint'ry storm,
And makes the flowers of his love
Assume a pleasing form.

The Bible, on his children here,
In mercy he bestows,
Which may dispel each gloomy fear,
When fierce the tempest blows.

The lamp which sheds no flickering light,
On life's bewildered way ;
The polar star to cheer our sight,
While here on earth we stay.

Then to our Father we will turn,
In dark or joyful hour,
While in our hearts his love does burn,
And we confess his power.

If, from his precepts wise, we stray,
In dark and evil hour,
We have an Advocate who may
Remove the clouds which lower.

I KNEW HER BY HER GENTLE AIR.

I knew her by her gentle air,
Her modest look and lovely form ;
Lovely among a thousand fair,
Too frail for life's cold, wint'ry storm.

Her eye was eloquent with love
And hope, fresh as the rising day ;
Her bosom, like fair clouds above,
Kissed by the sun's departing ray.

Time passed, and in that eye a flame
Was burning with a fair, clear light ;
Within that breast, no more the same,
Passion had made a scathing blight.

The earth was beautiful no more,
No freshness from its verdure sprung ;
Her heart was troubled oft and sore,
For him round whom her hopes now clung.

And as her hopes fled, one by one,
She still pursued till far from sight ;
And then, sad, weary and alone,
She sought to hide her heart's sad blight.

No more will sunshine light a smile,
No more for her will flowers bloom,
Unless the sunshine may beguile
A smile from flowers round her tomb.

TO A YOUNG LADY AT SCHOOL.

Do not be mad, and in a huff
Take a large pinch of Scottish snuff,
Because for once I have turned ranter,
Mounted Pegasus on a canter,
To let you know without commotion,
My early and sincere devotion
To scribbling rhyme, and all that thing
Which greenest poets love to sing.
Perhaps you think your Pa would say,
That he should know without delay,
Of this, and every kindred kind
Of thing that's running in your mind.
Be quiet now, he does not care
A single straw, a single hair,
Although I have not asked, you know,
If this or that be so and so.—
Among the seventy, more or less,
Of damsel faces which may bless
The learning's seat where you are staying,
What are they all ? A Christian, praying
Class, who, with keen delight may look
On study and the musty book ?
Some may be sick and melancholic,
Some, full of fun, inclined to frolic ;

And sure, among so many boys,
The girls may find some pretty toys,
With which they may amuse, I ween,
The study hours, and not be seen.—
Commend me to the quaker girl,
Although she may not dance and whirl
In fashion's giddy, reckless maze,
For one of Nature's waifs and strays.
I might say more, but then you know,
I saw her but an hour or so.—
How fares the French ? Can you talk now,
And write in French, a maiden's vow ;
Discourse right on without a blunder,
And without making Yankee thunder ?
Some say, that mending coats and hose,
As every Christian person knows,
Is better far than all the prattle,
Which, from the mouth of Miss, may rattle.
But you will take the quiet way,
Which far between extremes may lay,
Leave his own notions to the fool,
And mend your hose when out of school.—
Were you returned from school once more,
To the green bank of life's gay shore,
Where you have roamed in days of yore,
Gayly I would, the dipping oar,
Place in your hand, and tell you well
To shun the current's mighty spell,

Which, all unseen, may work a change,
Greater far than the wind's wide range.

VALENTINE.

Since from the side of Adam, came
The rib which formed a glorious dame,
The mother of our race ;
Men have been paired like ducks and geese,
Some choosing with a love of peace,
And some, a smiling face.

You may not think me all unkind,
When for a gentle, constant mind,
Love and sweetness blending,
This valentine to you is sent ;
No unkind cut, for you is meant,
And no vile contending.

Yet all must very plainly see,
To walk life's way, two must agree
And have a constant mind ;

So send me, by return of mail,
Your yea or nay, and do not fail
To think me well inclined.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER READING CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE, AND
OTHER POEMS.

God bless the Poet's noble soul,
From whose great Harp such numbers roll,
As spread the truth from pole to pole,
And wake the soul to gladness !
Those numbers sweet, now gently fall,
Now move the heart, and then in thrall
They bind the passions, one and all,
With chords of thrilling sadness.

Hail to the bard whose mind austere
Can bring wild Fancy to the sphere,
Where, joined with Hope, and without fear,
She rambles on with pleasure !
Whose heart can mingle with the rose,
And swell the tempest when it blows
A wrathful deluge on the foes ;
Hail the immortal treasure !

Long be such names as Campbell's known,
When kings who sit upon the throne,
Have ceased to hear the widow's groan,
 And hapless orphan's wailing !
His numbers are almost divine,
The heart so well he does define,
To virtue's side so strong incline,
 That sure he has no failing.

WE ARE PEEPERS ALL !

From childhood to extreme old age,
From dulness to the greatest sage,
From summer time to winter rage,
 Over this great ball,
Through all its dark and vast expanse,
Now lighted with a meteor glance,
Then sinking from the wild entrance,
 We are peepers all !

The toddling child that picks the berry,
And sings in tones most sweet and merry,
With face which would defy Daguerre,
 Down behind the wall,

Looks upward to the careless throng
That in the road now rolls along,
And still it prattles on its song ;
We are peepers all !

The student with an austere look
Of wisdom drawn from some new book,
Or tongue that with its accents shook
Some great, ancient hall,
Looks backward through the maze of years,
And forward with his doubts and fears,
Which sometimes start the trickling tears ;
We are peepers all !

For office one may take a peep
At things that look both dark and steep.
And in hot water take a leap,
Or insure a fall ;
Then curse his stars in accents wild,
Declare he ne'er was Fortune's child,
His disposition was so mild ;
We are peepers all !

The maiden 'neath the bending tree,
Looks on her lover with a glee,
That makes all baser passions flee,
Or remain in thrall ;

Peeps on the future with a joy
Which nothing earthly can alloy,
Except fear for her darling boy ;
 We are peepers all !

The preacher whom we all revere
For manners mild and yet severe,
And almost worship him with fear,
 All, both great and small,
Look upward to a heaven above,
See through his eye the holy dove
Descending on its wings of love ;
 We are peepers all !

Where'er we go, where'er we stray,
If chance has, for a single day,
Made in our plans some great delay,
 By a morning call,
Or in a fit of painful gout,
Or when at fashion's ball we flout,
Till Death has squeezed our peepers out.
 We are peepers all !

LETTER TO UNCLE SAM.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM:—

You have been expecting to receive a reply to your last letter, and here it comes. You may be a little surprised to see it printed, and think it is not intended for you, but it is ; and you need not be alarmed about any private, family matters, for this will be a general, rambling epistle, so that strangers to us will think that it is a fiction, while you will know the contrary. As you like a good, long letter, without any firstly, secondly, and all that, you shall have this, without any sour, theological questions about that other world, whether it be a dreamless sleep, or a sleepless dream. The present is all we have, and I hope that present will never be worse employed, than in writing to an old friend. You know Uncle Sam that lives at Washington ; it may be, he will think this is intended for him, and if he should send me a kind reply, as it is natural for me to be grateful for favors, it would be preserved as a memento of the august, old gentleman's condescension. The half-century question has been discussed in all the papers here ; you have probably seen something similar, and as that question has worn out the quills of a whole flock of geese, you will permit me to nib my pen once on that point. Is the year

1850, the last year of the first half, or the first year of the last half? That is the question. Now, as it was the year one, all the way through that year until the year two commenced, so it will be fifty, all the way through the year fifty until fifty-one commences; and as fifty is one half of one hundred, the first day of fifty-one, must be the first day of the last half of the century. Is not this an explanation of the question?

You have never been told how the boys and girls slide on the river, have you? Well, you shall know how it was done when I was in the West. The river was about sixty feet wide, and the boys brought a post, and cutting a hole through the ice, planted it firmly in the center of the stream, leaving it four feet above the surface of the ice, and driving a pin into the upper end. Then a pole thirty-five feet long was brought, and after making an auger hole five feet from the large end, it was placed on the post, and a hand sleigh fastened to the other extremity. You must see by this time, the *modus operandi*. One is placed upon the sleigh, which sweeps both shores in a circle swifter than the wild deer, while three or four walk slowly around the post, gently pushing against the pole. This is fine sport for them, but you must be careful, young sovereigns, and not let the sleigh get away from the pole, for if it should, you may crack your crowns! Once a young lady let go to get a better hold, and off she went down the river like a shooting star, about ten rods, till she came to a

break in the ice, and slipped in, feet first, so quick that I guess the fish wriggled off in a hurry. The water was not very deep, and she waded ashore before any one could recover from the first surprise.

Things here remain in statu quo. We have storms and sunshine, about the usual quantity of fogs and clouds, and some fair weather, when shadows can only be seen as you turn from the sun or remove to the shade. For my part, give me the south side of the fence when the sun shines, and as for storms, the most agreeable shower is when it rains sugar plums. When spring returns again, I intend to chase the first butterfly that comes along. Speaking of butterflies reminds me of school-boy days long since passed away, when we would gather around a score of little, yellow wings, and watch them as they changed companions, fluttering around in groups, and then floating away to extract honey from a thistle flower. Once we found a large one with various colors, and after a long chase we caught it in a hat, and one of us having a handkerchief with which the hat was covered, we alternately took a peep with as much pleasure as large boys look through glasses at pictures of cities. One discovered only a variety of beautiful colors; another discovered the letter W in black on the wings, and said it meant that there would be war very soon; and a little girl saw a fan, which, she said, the butterfly used without doubt when it was warm.

Now we will turn to a little, useful knowledge,

which is always desired by those who possess a cultivated taste, and probably is more desired by no one than by him who has the most of it. Like the miser—no, I will not compare him with the miser; like the fledged tenant of the air, which at first soars but a short distance from the place of incubation, but emboldened by the effort, afterwards soars upward till it is lost in the clouds above, and finally mounts beyond the region of storms, and enjoys a serenity of atmosphere, denied to those of less strength and courage. But to return to the subject of useful knowledge; it is so well appreciated, that I trust an excuse will not be necessary for writing a short description of an ingenious and useful discovery, which I saw in a neighboring village, through the politeness of a friend there. The invention to which I refer, is a steam engine, constructed entirely different from any other which has been made. The steam is produced by boilers, and conducted from them by a tube into a horizontal cylinder, hollow at the end. The steam passes from the cylinder into two arms, projecting from opposite sides of the cylinder, with orifices near the ends, on opposite sides of the arms. The steam rushing from the orifices produces the motion, and the arms are cased in iron, from which a tube conducts the steam again to the boilers. This was one of the ingenious constructions of William Avery, whose early death, all friends of improvement must lament.

You are no quid nunc, otherwise I might tell you how a little girl came along home from school the other night with a bare hand, for she had lost her mitten in the confusion of play ; and how one man at town meeting proposed to bet ten dollars, that he could leap over six horses. Some of our Yankees are full of ginger and pepper, and all that, and look so much like an old spice-bag, that we can scarcely guess what is inside. A great many years ago, when the country was new, one of them had a rough hold with a wild bear ; but that was a little too much, even for a Yankee. Going fifty miles to mill, is what has been done here, though not quite so recently as among you at the West. Your embryo villages, that cut flourishes on paper, will soon be the rivals of those, where now the story of the wild-deer chase, the hunter's lodge, and the Indian's wigwam, are preserved among well authenticated records of the past, to be used like the prudent house-wife's other preserves, mostly for company. I suppose there are some wild turkeys where you are now ; not on your farm, but within a few miles. There were many in your State a few years ago, and I will tell you how they were sometimes caught. A little pen of round poles was made in a suitable place, with a strong, flat roof. On one side, the earth was taken away and the bottom pole cut nearly off on the under side, and corn, or something that turkeys eat, was thrown into the pen, about the hole and for some distance around.

The turkeys would find their way into the pen and remain prisoners.

The subject of education has received a share of public attention in the West, and New York is rivaling New England in laudable efforts. My greatest, personal interest is in the public libraries. There are libraries in every school district, containing useful information, free for all the inhabitants, and it is my delight to consult these silent, friendly counselors. The works are selected by the trustees of the district, and of course there may be some bad selections ; but the libraries are generally composed of useful books. We have in our library, ancient and modern history, religious and moral works, scientific and philosophical books, lectures for young men, and hints for young ladies. The love and madness of Tasso, is the only poetical work which our library can boast. That the trustees think of frightening the juveniles from writing poetry, by this account of an unfortunate bard, which comes to us wrapt in so much mystery and doubt, as to leave little room for any thing except conjecture, is more than can be said positively ; but their actions squint that way. Are not Bryant, Halleck, Whittier, Longfellow, Sigourney, and several others, worthy a place with Cooper's Naval History ? They have decided here against the poets, but there is a higher tribunal which may reverse the decision. I can remember the time when it was said, we had no gifted genius who could remove the veil from Nature's face and disclose her peerless beauty, throw a halo

around the shadows of the past, or in the midnight darkness of the future, catch glorious glimpses, like Shakspeare, Milton, and Burns. But what then was future, has demonstrated that the spark was in the flint, and collison has kindled a flame which burns American incense on the heart's altar of a free people.

· Yesterday being Sunday, I listened to a revival preacher. His theme was sectarianism and he displayed some wit, some sarcasm, and an abundance of the principle which he condemned. He manifested too much of the pleader, for a good judge, and too little charity, for that benevolence which is said to characterize Christianity. I speak only of my own impressions, without pretending to any authority for judging him, and at the same time disclaiming for him or any other man, the right of judging uncharitably, those who may happen to differ with him about the standard of orthodoxy. The sectarian may worship a divinity which appears to him to preside like a great high-priest over the Church to which he belongs, and view his own pulpit orator as a vicegerent fully authorized to fulminate his anathemas against all other sects, and all the world, except the precious few of his own Church; but is not this degrading the wise Ruler of the universe to a petty tyrant, whom, Roman virtue, with all its mixture of heathen mythology, would not endure? That Being who created and governs all things, I do not say, "the moral Governor of the universe," fearing you might think

the term restrictive, but the absolute Ruler of all things, governing by his laws and providences, all living as well as inanimate things, can not be so degraded as to preside over particular Churches and watch with an eager eye their prosperity, while the world at large is viewed with indifference. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." It is generally conceded, that the day of miracles has passed, and consequently, no man can claim a direct revelation from heaven. Man's own reason, assisted by what has been revealed, and an observance of the laws and operations of nature, must be the guide to all his conclusions; and because a man does not arrive at the same conclusion with his neighbor, is no positive argument, that either of them is right or wrong. We can see but a little way, and looking through microscopes, causes objects to appear too large, while there is another kind of glasses which makes them appear too small, and furthermore, "all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye." If any man could reasonably hope to destroy sectarianism by a great effort, he should be applauded for the noble design; but as things are at present, throwing ridicule and obloquy upon the subject, is too much like opening old wounds with slivers, instead of spreading over them a plaster of charity. To conclude my remarks upon this subject, I believe with Burns,

"The heart, benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God."

Respectfully yours,

S. D. P.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO A DESPONDING FRIEND.

THE cheering sunlight shines on all around,
On cottage roof and on the splendid dome,
Gives beauty to the rose which may be found
Beside the humble home.

Heaven's free breezes blow on all the earth,
On mountain top and in the lowly vale,
Fanning the embers on the lonely hearth
And nourishing the frail.

The gentle dew which falls at silent night,
On sturdy oak and the withered flower,
Gives to the poet's vision fancy's might,
In eve's lonely bower.

The rill that dashes from the mountain height
And forms a snow wreath of the circling spray,
Decking the bird with beauty in its flight,
Is it not mine, I pray ?

The stars that g'itter in the concave blue,
When Night has placed her sentinels on high,
Look down upon the world and see the true,
When ghastly death is nigh.

Then why repine at fortune's humble lot,
Because the rich in luxury may roll ?
Is this great maxim, now so soon forgot,
The worth is in the soul ?

Fortune may frown, and after that may smile,
She is a fickle dame, as all may tell ;
Then keep in purity the soul from guile,
And act your own part well.

Those friends, who, beneath the weeping willows,
Forgetful of the world's discordant jars,
To you seem sleeping, have crossed the billows,
And sing among the stars.

A few short years, and life's thread will sever,
And we shall bid a long, a last adieu,

To the world and all its scenes forever ;
Around the couch a few.

“Congenial spirits part to meet again ;”
Then with one friend to take the parting sigh, -
Let the winds blow against your bark in vain ;
We'll hope to meet on high.

SONG.

In the west I have seen the bright, evening star,
When twilight grew dim in the distance afar,
And Night swiftly rolled o'er the earth in her car—
In the west I have seen the bright, evening star.

Sweet birds I have heard in the green, leafy bower,
Gay chanting their lay in the fresh, April shower,
With no thought of care and no wish for more power—
Sweet birds I have heard in the green, leafy bower.

Far down in the dell, I have seen the wild rose,
Which nature protects from the rude wind that blows,

Exhaling its sweets to the stream which there flows—
Far down in the dell, I have seen the wild rose.

The pearl I have seen, from the bed of the ocean,
From valleys most fair, 'neath the wild waves commotion,
The pearl which may mingle our thoughts with emotion—
The pearl I have seen, from the bed of the ocean.

I have seen the lambs play on the green, dewy lawn,
When from slumber they roused with the first blushing dawn,
And to nature my heart was instinctively drawn—
I have seen the lambs play on the green, dewy lawn.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

My country's Flag ! my country's Flag !
With Eagle, Stripes and Stars ;
Where red and white, and blue unite,
Our welfare never mars !
The stars and blue of heaven's hue,
Our thoughts must raise on high ;

The white and red their language spread,
Where friends or foemen sigh.
The bird of Jove on high shall rove,
And cleave the liquid air ;
Then downward stoop in battle's swoop,
And take the trophies fair.
The stripes on foe we will bestow,
Till battle's din is past,
And peace all fair shall give a share
To fortune which may last.

My country's Flag ! my country's Flag !
Long may thy banner wave,
In breezes free, on land and sea,
The emblem of the brave !
While Washington, that noble son
Of Freedom, shall remain
Above, to see what we may be,
O keep it from all stain !
That Roman bird, as we have heard,
Lies drooping in the dust,
Where sculpture pride, on every side,
Has made some antique bust.
Perhaps a bust, so near the dust,
May, upward with its hand,
Point to the place where ends the race ;
The spirit, spirit land !

My country's Flag! my country's Flag!
 No wayward course be thine;
No comet's flight, to blaze with light,
 And then no more to shine!
But when fierce Mars shall cloud the stars
 Which on thy folds may gleam,
May peace return, and once more burn,
 The stars with milder beam!
And may the poor, if Greek or Moor,
 Who feels the tyrant's rod,
Bless, with his eyes turned to the skies,
 This Messenger of God!
Westward the star is seen from far,
 Which lights our onward way;
Roll on the time, when every clime
 Shall bless a peaceful sway!

THE THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Now in the reign of honest Zack,
Who never has been called a quack,
 In surgery, at least;

Congress men have made such clatter,
Something sure must be the matter,
More than a common feast.

The laurels won on Mexic plain,
Among the vanquished and the slain,
Are green upon his brow ;
Hard earned, dear bought, and yet we know,
A little darker than the snow,
The wreath to which we bow.

They say, he is inclined to peace,
Since he obtained an honest lease
Of that great, splendid house ;
Smokes a cigar, and tells them all,
That he would leave the spacious hall,
As quiet as a mouse.

But Congress men have a debate,
About great matters of the State,
And this you clearly see ;
It is most difficult to say,
Who may be right, and who shall say,
When doctors disagree ?

Some come there from the Southern plain,
Where smiling plenty loves to reign,
All free from common care ;

Where the Palmetto fair is seen,
And nature, graced with living green,
Invitingly looks fair.

The Lone Star sends a host in one,
Her patriot father and her son,
From gardens of the free ;
Where prairie flowers scent the gale
With sweetest fragrance to inhale,
There freemen love to be.

That mighty river of the West,
Sends from its valley of the best,
Without a thought of fear,
Who counsel from an honest heart,
With thoughts profound which they impart
To all who wish to hear.

And from the bleak, New-England hills,
Where late the music of the rills
Is heard in silver chime,
Comes Daniel, who, with thunder tone,
Can almost move to hollow groan,
The men of olden time.

From New-York and the Keystone State,
Wise heads, strong hearts do congregate,
And to the public weal,

Give their attention, each in turn,
While flow from lips those words that burn,
Which wise men only feel.

Now comes the question of the slave,
Who first was brought here by some knave,
When we were very young ;
Britain, with favor for the strong,
Turned from the weak and left the wrong,
To which we since have clung.

Where in the South that curse still clings,
Its blighting poison round them flings,
To them it must belong,
To free the captive from his chains,
To let him sing in Freedom's strains,
And melody of song.

About those lands far to the west,
Which human footsteps scarce have pressed,
All unreclaimed and free,
Each freeman has a right to speak,
Although he may be poor and weak,
What he may think and see.

Where slavery yet has never been,
Where land has not been cursed with sin

So odious and dire,
There let the beacon blaze on high,
And raise its incense to the sky,
From Freedom's holy fire.

O Freedom ! thou art ever dear,
To human hearts both far and near,
For rich and poor, for all,
Thy presence has a cheering smile
Which human hearts may well beguile,
All over this great ball !

Too long has man, too long has man,
With Freedom's banner in his van,
Held captive in his rear,
His brother man with tyrant might,
Deprived of Freedom's holy right,
With chains and slavish fear !

O thou ! omnipotent above,
Known by the holy name of Love,
Grant this my last request :
To live on earth in Freedom's bower,
To die at last with Freedom's power
All warm within my breast !

And if to others thou wouldst give
A greater blessing than to live,

My heart now speaks its truth ;
Give them on earth free air to breathe,
Around their temples Freedom wreathe,
And then immortal youth !

SONG.

Hear me, Love ! hear me, Love ! while from the heart I bring
Songs of love, songs of love, which round the heart do cling ;
Remove me from the twilight and bear me on your wing,
Take away the poison shaft, and from the shaft the sting.

Thou art kind ! thou art kind ! and more than this I knew,
Thou didst love, thou didst love, so fervently and true !
And had that pure love been shared by many or by few,
To me that gentle kindness had not been shown by you.

I am sad ! I am sad ! and weary is my year,
All around, all around, my sky is gloomy here,
And timid I have become with undefined fear ;
O surely it was not thus, when you, my Love, were near !

Souls may feel, souls may feel, the mildew with its blight,
Far away, far away, may fly the vision bright,
Which has come to bless them, and then far remove from sight,
And leave them cold and cheerless as bleak November's night.

We must meet ! we must meet ! we can not part forever ;
Parted now, parted now, it will not be thus ever ;
The golden cord which binds us, no rude hand can sever,
Where sighs are never heard, and friends are parted never !

THE SEA.

Resting like an infant sleeping,
As thou never hadst known weeping,
And angels were vigils keeping,
 With sweetest songs for thee ;
All quiet is thy placid brow,
Thy breathing like a lover's vow,
Soft whispered with a modest bow,
 Thou quiet, gentle Sea !

Thou Zephyr, quiet now remain,
Thou Notus of the southern plain,

And Eurus of the eastern reign,
 Be quiet, quiet ye!
While Ocean sleeps with gentle rest,
And peaceful is his noble breast,
As patriarch with wisdom blest,
 The placid-smiling Sea!

He rouses now, and shakes his locks,
Dashes with fury on the rocks,
While human might he proudly mocks,
 And bounds along with glee;
Then with the whirlwind wildly plays,
Scorns to forgive us our delays,
For death and fury only prays,
 Relentless, haughty Sea!

Down in thy caverns, far from air,
Are treasures rich and treasures fair,
But who would tempt thee in thy lair,
 Or wish to visit thee,
Where wrecks are strewed around thy doors,
And human bones are on thy shores,
And wrathful tempest howls and roars,
 Thou monster, monster Sea!

Is it a hoarse and hollow groan,
Is it with dirge you now bemoan,

And is that requiem a loan,
In kindness sent to me ?
To teach me some desponding strain,
How many hopes are all in vain,
And sink beneath the stormy main,
Thou hoarse, resounding Sea !

Full many ships from port have sailed,
When summer winds have almost failed,
Whose sturdy hearts have often quailed
With lowly bended knee ;
As onward borne on crested wave,
To coward heart is changed the brave ;
When far from land, who then can save ?
Thou false and fickle Sea !

It must be that thou dost repent,
Thy rugged breast must now lament,
That wailing voice is surely sent
To spirits of the free,
Whose forms are wasting in decay,
To monsters may have been a prey,
In thy deep bosom, far from day ;
Thou wailing, wailing Sea !

“With all thy faults I love thee still,”
For thou hast a quiescent will,

To sing the grand bass for the rill,
Down by the leafy tree.
That voice is heard on Britain's shore,
And on our coast forever more,
With music in its sounding roar,
The ever sounding Sea !

TO A LADY WHO ADVERTISED FOR A HUSBAND.

The other day, when all was peace,
And sunshine seemed to hold a lease
Of fortune for a pleasant day,
And birds were trilling their sweet lay,—
Returning home to take my tea,
As busy as a honey bee,
With thoughts of future good arrayed
In pleasing change of sun and shade,—
While in this pleasant frame of mind,
To kindness all my thoughts inclined,
The Tribune spoke of joy, of bliss,
And matrimony's sweetest kiss,
All offered in a quiet way,
To certain men who might say, yea.

You say, that forty is your age,
Which witless dandies might enrage ;
But as for me, I do declare,
That if your brow is smooth and fair,
If time has left his footprints there
With gentle traces of his care,
And age with wisdom is combined,
To soothe life's cares you are inclined,
(A grand design in Wisdom's plan,
To lengthen out life's feeble span,)
Perhaps we may go to the altar,
And noosed in matrimony's halter,
Pass on, and think of gold the chain,
Which makes but one, the honest twain.
Now, with my modesty aside,
To speak with all becoming pride,
Of my own self. To my age, you
Can not object, if yours be true ;
And, now and then, in peaceful brooks,
I take a peep to see my looks ;
And what they say, you sure shall know,
Without a gloss or point of show.
"You well might pass on through a crowd,
Without a hiss or plaudit loud ;
And yet the quick observer spy
The passions playing in the eye,
Which never can quite all conceal,
What nature taught them to reveal.
In plain and honest garb, you seem

No one of whom the poets dream,
An honest man, with goodly store
Of mental wealth, and nothing more."

I never persecute your sex,
Unless it be with kindness ;
Their passions never try to vex,
To folly I am blindness.

Ask all my neighbors, they can tell,
How true, and fervently, and well
I love. Some one of them might say,
That in my youth I was too gay ;
The folly, sure you would not chide,
Which leans so far to virtue's side.
Please send to me without delay,
Some token for this first essay ;
Some word in pity, kindness given,
To cheer the lonely to his heaven.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

One day while musing, sad and weary,
On human life with all its scenes,
While life seemed like a desert dreary,

And flowers few the wanderer gleans ;
The beech-tree spread around its shade
Upon the fresh, the blooming earth,
The fleecy cloud its journey made,
The quiet was too deep for mirth.

The knell was heard, the solemn bell,
 Informing of time's decay ;
Heard ye not the slow, solemn knell,
 Informing of time's decay ;
Heard ye not the slow music swell,
 In the far distance away ?

The weepers stand around the bier,
 Forgetful of to-morrow ;
The worst is past, they cannot fear ;
 Who can relieve their sorrow ?

While life remained, there still was hope,
 But now that hope has vanished ;
In darkness now their way they grope,
 Sorrow no more is banished.

When dust to dust the last time falls,
 The dank sod smoothly planted,
An icy coldness round me crawls ;
 Pardon to all is granted.

The wound which death inflicts on friends,
Time may, perhaps, heal over ;
But then the scar its signet lends,
To mark for death the rover.

Slow measures now the solemn bell,
The steps of men departing ;
The stone is placed on sorrow's well,
Wisdom to all imparting.

It is not meet to think of crime,
Or past offences given ;
A brother man has lived his time,
Can he not be forgiven ?

Our common nature was his own,
Perhaps by habits altered ;
But he is left now, cold and lone,
The weary tongue has faltered.

We will draw near his resting place,
With our sickly hopes deferred,
And write with serious, tearful face,
Love and charity preferred.

EPITAPH.

Life's fitful fever now is past,
Its hopes and fears departed ;
Think not its lesson here, the last
Which Wisdom has imparted.

Learn how to live, and then you will
Disarm the king of terror ;
The heart from love's deep fountain fill,
With charity for error.

Do not forget your brother man,
Who slowly is progressing ;
Cheer him as often as you can,
And heaven will grant a blessing.

A GRACE.

Now, to our Father kind, above,
We raise a grateful voice,

For every token of his love
And blessing of his choice ;
And always to revere his name,
Who does for all provide,
Still humbly to confess the same,
Let weal or woe betide,
And live in harmony divine,
With all his creatures here ;
To this may every heart incline,
While in his presence near.

CHILDHOOD.

The morning sun was bright and gay,
All sparkling was the living ray
Which danced along life's early way,
In its first view ;
On downy pinions was the flight
Of time, through regions fair and bright,
Which had not seen a wasting blight,
When life was new.

Sweet was the air in life's green bower,
Dear was the love which had the power
To give new fragrance to the flower,

And life was true ;

Its magic then was without art,
And pleasure sweet, it did impart,
As rapture flashed from heart to heart,

When life was new.

No motto shall my mind require,
To guard the feelings which inspire
My heart with most devout desire,

To cherish you,

Who waded with me in the brook,
And cringed beneath the master's look,
Because our lessons we forsook,

When life was new.

And you, who, in the leafy grove,
With rosy morning loved to rove,
And with the sapling often strove,

Which thrifty grew,

A few rods from the school-house door,
Where Miss had sprinkled well the floor,
And told us to do so no more,

When life was new.

Then we did read of wicked Jack,
Who put poor robin on the rack,
And caught the whip on his own back,
Which we all knew,
We must elude with all our might,
Because he was a naughty wight,
And torture gave him rich delight,
When life was new.

Then we were on a summer sea,
Were wafted on with breezes free,
And life was fair as it could be,
A happy crew,
With master kind to trim the sail
And guide us safely through the gale,
And never did his kindness fail,
When life was new.

If darkening clouds were ever seen
To throw their shadows on the green,
They seemed a momentary screen
From heaven's blue,
Which brighter looked when they had passed ;
Few were the clouds which overcast
Those joys which were too sweet to last,
When life was new.

When we had been at school all day,
Had learned the lessons with the play,
And low the sun sunk with delay,
 And cool winds blew,
Then we would hasten to the cot,
Where weariness was all forgot ;
And heaven blest our humble lot,
 When life was new.

The elm which grew beside the way,
The rose-bush where we oft did stray,
May sink with others in decay,
 The wide world through ;
Yet they will live in memory's page,
A green spot in the waste of age,
As when the heart they did engage,
 When life was new.

Those days have fled, but left a spell,
The bosom warm with life to swell,
Which language is too poor to tell,
 While I review
That morning sun without a spot,
That joyous life without a blot ;
O never can all be forgot,
 When life was new !

CHAPTER XX.

THE PEN.

Long years ago, long years ago,
When Greece and Rome were young,
Those happy days of pleasant lays
Which then the poets sung,
The iron Pen was used by men,
To give their thoughts a form
Which might remain without a stain,
Protected from the storm.
In after time, where Egypt's clime
Suggested something new,
Paper was made, to sell or trade,
A common thing to you ;
And then the style, from ancient Nile,
Was thrown away by man,
And he stood still, without a quill,
To mark some noble plan.

At length the bow was made to show
The skill of manly hand ;
The bird on wing, soon felt the sting
Which brought it to the land.

The Pen has told of wars most bold,
And triumphs nobly won,
And pilgrims tread where freemen bled,
And patriotic son
Who reads the page, the name and age
Of those who nobly fell,
Must feel a thrill his bosom fill,
With burning ardor swell.
What magic spell, has name of Tell,
And not for Swiss alone,
Each freeman's right, a name to blight
The despot on his throne !
And Robert Bruce will grant no truce
To his own country's foe,
But with his band will draw his brand,
There's freedom in each blow !

Turn we from strife, where human life
Is bartered for its rights,
To fields of green which may be seen,
Now free from nature's blights ;
To bird and bower, and vernal shower,

And streamlet running gay,
Where Cupid's dart has pierced the heart,
In smiling month of May.
The word of Burns, then oft returns
To cheer our lonely lot,
When friends sincere we sometimes fear,
Kind greetings have forgot.
When Alpine tide, with current wide,
Rolls back upon the heart,
The frozen stream, which still may gleam,
Yet pleasure not impart,
The Pen which wrote what needs no note,
That "man was made to mourn,"
Some comfort gives to him who lives
With sorrow overborne.
And Shakspeare, grand on every hand,
Wise maxims gives to all,
To cheer, to bless, and to caress
The sons of Adam's fall.
The name his Pen has given men,
Will live till doom is past,
And echo then, from every glen,
Repeat it to the blast.
Milton, sublime in every clime,
Where human thought has been,
Gives visions bright, to cheer the sight,
All free from inbred sin.

In early life before the strife,
 The struggle has begun,
When passion free, roves like a bee
 In summer's shining sun,
The Pen informs of wint'ry storms
 Which yet may blow full cold,
Teaches the young, they may be stung,
 If they should be too bold.
Blest, if they hear with timely fear,
 The counsel of the wise,
Incline to men of wisdom's Pen,
 And ripen for the skies.

The sword has might, in field of fight,
 To lay opposers low ;
The Pen has power, its richest dower,
 To give and guide the blow.
Fame oft will sleep, or lowly creep,
 Till winged by magic Pen,
Then she will rise, and through the skies
 Bear deeds of noble men.
All hail the Pen ! the mighty Pen !
 The giant of the day ;
We'll bind his brow, with myrtle now,
 And leave him with our lay !

FREE SCHOOLS.

“He is a freeman whom the truth makes free!”

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
Whate'er the hue which nature may bestow ;
The unlearned man, in bonds will surely be,
Though fortune favor with its gifts below.

Is that man free, who knows no truth, no laws,
Beyond the primal wants nature bestows ?
Who walks in blindness to the moving cause,
Whenever nature wakens from repose ?

Is that man free, who, when the lightnings play
And sportive leap among their cloudy bowers,
Knows not their laws ? Is he not free, I pray,
To whom they tamely yield their august powers ?

And is he free, who, when the starry sky
Sweetly invites our night dreams far away,
Sees nothing more than meets the idle eye ?
No distant glory kindling into day ?

He is an exile from his native home,
Who knows no beauty in the flowers' bloom ;
And doomed a careless wanderer to roam,
And penury of soul will be his doom.

For him the rain may fall, the fields look gay,
And geological stores in earth may be;
He feels like one who treads an unknown way,
Fear stays his footsteps, and he is not free.

The time has come when statesmen must agree,
That mind, the noblest treasure of the great,
Demands their care; and children must be free,
By free instruction, in the Empire State.

And when thus taught, they firmly will be bound
By strongest ties known to the human heart,
For right and country always to be found;
As freely they receive, freely impart.

THE SABBATH.

How grateful seems the Sabbath day,
When toiling man can rest;
Can learn to praise and learn to pray,
And be forever blest!

When worldly care may cease to crave
Each passion to control ;
And man can look beyond the grave,
Where ages endless roll.

Hail, holy Day ! on which the Lord
Rose from the cold, dark grave ;
Hail, holy Day ! on which the Lord
Arose, mankind to save !

To him a grateful voice we raise,
For his redeeming love ;
While here on earth we learn to praise,
But more shall know above.

With meekness may we tread the road
Which leads to love on high !
Lord take us to thy blest abode,
When we are called to die !

And we will sing on that blest shore,
Where life and love shall blend,
Redeeming love forever more,
And ages without end !

SUMMER.

Change, change forever, is the law which guides
And governs all things here below ;
Forever marches with gigantic strides,
In haste, some new good to bestow.

The eager eye turns from the scene around,
From the dear scene it loved so well,
To some new landscape on enchanted ground,
Where hope unscathed may love to dwell.

Summer advances, and with ardent gaze
Pursues retiring Spring along ;
And when her burning eye may us amaze,
We feel the transport of her song.

Thy yearly visit from the tropic zone,
We greet with pleasure, fair brunette !
With welcome warms us, after thou hast flown,
We long remember we have met.

Come, as thou hast come, with thy face all warm
With life-blood flowing from the heart !
Hide not thy face behind a frowning storm,
Where the red lightnings play their part !

Come, as thou hast come, with thy tresses free
And zone unbound to court the breeze,
When the bees roving in sweet odor's sea,
Repose beneath the leafy trees !

And the long, evening twilight grateful seems,
With its cool air and gentle dew.
After the vertic sun's warm, melting beams
Have, in the west, declined from view.

The firefly for a moment lights the air,
The cricket sings upon the hearth ;
With gentle evening comes release from care ;
And quiet then, is noisy mirth.

With thy fair sisters of the south, delay,
And then return unto us here ;
And when from Capricorn thou dost essay
To come, bring with thee warming cheer !

When cold winter in icy chains has bound
Each brook that prattled to the sea,
Then, fair Summer ! on thy return be found,
The helpless captive to set free !

LAMENT FOR IRELAND.

Could that lovely, green isle float away to a clime
Where the vulture's protection would cease to devour,
Then would the sweet music of streams in their chime,
Seem sweeter, and gayer the rose perfumed bower.

Long, long has the blight of oppression been feeding,
Like the worm in the bud which prevented its bloom ;
Long, the wail of distress rose to power unheeding
The dark cloud which lingered around with its gloom.

May the time swiftly come when the shackles shall fall,
And a shout shall be raised for the Emerald Isle ;
When the glad sons of Erin, in Liberty's hall,
Shall sing their bold anthems and cheer with a smile !

While the hoarse-sounding billows around thy green shore,
Shall reply to the pain of thy grief-stricken heart,
May hope ever linger round each cottage door,
And comfort with visions which it can impart !

EPITAPH FOR A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

Rest for the weary, rest from the toil
Which assisted a nation to free;
Hope for the humble, hope for the soil
Where the confiding Christian may be!

HUNGARY.

A DIRGE.

Mourn, friends of Freedom! weep the Magyar slain,
Who for his country and its rights did stand;
Who bathed with warm blood, his loved, native plain,
And died with blessings for his native land.

And is that blood so nobly shed, in vain?
Will Austria fear not for the coming doom?
Will no dark shadows flit around her reign,
To haunt her palace and her festive room!

Yes, from the ground the voice of blood will cry,
And bring dismay into the tyrant's heart ;
While soft, eolian strains may sweetly sigh,
Base fear will mock the transports they impart.

The lonely Magyar on his native hill,
The sad survivor of his country's fall,
Will hear a solace in the midnight still,
Whispered with visions which the heart appall.

And when the time shall come, as come it will,
For Freedom to erect her drooping head,
Her watch-fire then will burn on every hill,
And light the ashes of her noble dead.

Mourn, friends of Freedom ! weep her early flight,
For she has fled, pursued by trampling arms ;
All hail the goddess welcome to the sight,
And safe protect her from the tyrant's harms !

AUTUMN.

The heart a sad, responsive strain,
Feels, when the Autumn gale,

Its farewell sighs around the plain,
And whispers in the vale.

Hark ! hear the voice it speaks to you,
While viewing nature's scene ;
Sad memories it brings to view,
Sear fields, yet once so green !

No more is heard the robin's song,
The rose has faded now ;
The last rose of the summer long,
Now decks no fairy brow.

The blighting frost has been at play
Among the forest leaves,
And with a thousand colors gay,
Fantastic vision weaves.

Those colors are the warning glow
Of nature ere it dies.
And kindly beckon to bestow
The smile which it denies.

The dull sun now no rainbow forms
Upon the dark cloud's brow ;
The driving winds and pelting storms
Are cold and frequent, now,

Yet, Autumn ! thou hast pleasant days,
And fruit a goodly store ;
The nut-brown maid in pleasant lays,
Sings tales in days of yore.

When plenty smiles, all should rejoice,
And hard must be the heart
Which feels no kindling in its voice,
Which Autumn scenes impart.

THE FARMER.

To till the soil with honest toil,
Is noble in design ;
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
To wisdom may incline.
With nature's voice, it is his choice
To hold communion sweet,
The Farmer's mind is thus made kind,
As passing seasons greet.

The birds and flowers, the wild-wood bowers
Are his too see and hear,

And odors fair are in the air,
And strange to him is fear.
The sylvan song of all the throng
Which warbles in the shade,
From mountain side does sweetly glide
To yonder, distant glade.

The grass and grain upon the plain,
Are waving in the breeze,
The herd is seen where pastures green
Invite to shade of trees.
And when at noon is felt full soon,
The sun's directest ray,
The gentle brooks in pleasant nooks,
Invite him there to stay.

When toil is done and he has won
A relish for his food,
For supper fair he may prepare,
With thoughts of gentle mood.
His house, not gay, repels no ray
To cheer his humble lot ;
While slumbers sweet his eyelids greet,
All labor is forgot.

Ye city gents who pay your rents
And breathe a tainted air,

Come to the land where all is grand,
And view the beauties there !
The fair cascade, the green-wood glade,
The hill, the vale and fields !
The rustic band which reaps the land,
From want and famine shields.

Bards, who have sung while maidens hung
Enraptured on the verse,
Of mountains grand, and zephyrs bland,
Fanning while they rehearse,
Have sung sweet strains which warm the veins
With scenes of rural life,
So free from care, so kind and fair,
So free from art and strife !

The child at play among the hay,
The ducks upon the pond,
The willows sad, where oft were glad,
Young lives when hearts were fond,
The mossy bank, where oft they drank
The music of the rill,
And sang a lay to pass the day—
How sweet their memory still !

The Farmer's life is free from strife,
While others vainly roam,

And all his care, how sweet to share
With friends around his home !
All honor, then, to those brave men,
The soil are tilling now ;
And while they toil upon the soil,
All honor to the plow !

THE LADY WHO SANG FOR ME.

O sweetly she sang of her own native mountains,
Where childhood had gathered its quick-fading flowers ;
Enchantingly sang of her own gushing fountains
Which sparkled with gladness around the green bowers !

Far away from the ocean's wild-raging billows,
Was a home above which the proud eagle did soar ;
And around it were streams all drooping with willows,
Where the brooklets were kissing the smooth-pebbled shore.

For her friends she breathed with the purest devotion,
The affection which comes from the home of the heart ;
And rich was that voice with its trembling emotion,
As it poured forth the wealth it did freely impart.

The birds on the hill-side, so sweetly were singing,
When the pure breath of morn had awaked them again,
In her ear their notes had been constantly ringing,
And among them she hoped ever more to remain.

Other places were dear, where the heart had entwined
The green wreath of affection to bloom ever more,
Yet the morning of life and its scenes here combined
To impress the mind deep with its unwritten lore.

Sweet bird of the mountain ! when thou art returning,
In the eyry to nestle from which thou dost roam,
Those thoughts and those words in this heart shall be burning ;
To the warbler, farewell, and her green mountain home !

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AND THE SEASONS.

When life with all its nerves is new,
And golden sunshine gives its hue
To all around within the view,
 Then may we say,
As we look back in after years,
To all its smiles and pearly tears,
And hopes made radiant with fears,
 A sweet, spring day.

As in the spring, florets expand,
By kindly winds are often fanned,
And gentle rains revive the land,
 Life's only May
Hangs buds of promise on each bough
Which throws a shade upon the brow,
And buries deep with culture's plow,
 That sweet, spring day.

The birds sing sweetest in the spring,
Their notes from bliss they seem to bring,
And upward borne upon the wing,
 Their distant lay,
On waving circles of the air,
Comes gliding down so free from care,
That all the earth seems then more fair,
 On sweet, spring day.

Life's spring time does not hear the strife,
The cares and pains of after life,
With which humanity is rife ;
 To want no prey,
The ear is then attuned to hear,
We listen with a heart sincere,
And mingle love with every fear,
 On such a day.

Swift fly our joys while here below,
Swift as the arrow from the bow,
As warrior gives the fatal blow,
 So swiftly they
Pass on and leave no trace behind,
Or leave us groping like the blind,
For joys we hope once more to find,
 On such a day.

Spring passes, and near in her train,
Summer pursues along the plain,
With waving fields of yellow grain
 And fragrant hay ;
Warm welcome greets us from her hand,
With plenty spread o'er all the land,
And cooled with evening zephyr bland,
 Is summer day.

When thunders roll along the sky,
And vivid lightning's flash is nigh,
Then for a shelter we all fly
 The nearest way ;
And while in bondage we remain,
A fleeting hour may oft detain,
And stamp it thus, "passed not in vain,
 A summer day."

Then from the mountains and the hills,
Descend the gentle, tinkling rills,
The rain the air with freshness fills,
 And we all may
Feast on the beauties of the scene
Which nature paints with living green,
With no sad thought to intervene,
 On that fair day.

And when the sun declines to rest,
Behind the azure-burnished west,
With promise of to-morrow blest,
 And glim'ring ray
Calls Fancy to ascend her car,
Pass through the space to some bright star,
We then forget, while distant far,
 That summer day.

And has not life its summer time,
When ardent with its warmer clime,
The bosom throbs its ans'ring chime,
 When youthful play
Is placed aside for sterner joy,
When man forgets his former toy
Which pleased him most, while yet a boy,
 Ere summer day?

Then Fortune too, that fickle maid,
May throw upon his brow a shade
Which like a summer cloud, may fade
 And pass away ;
Then brighter will his sky appear,
As distant fly some doubt and fear,
And each loved object seem more dear
 Than summer day.

But autumn follows summer soon,
As morning heralds in the noon,
So summer loud proclaims the boon
Which follows—yea,
The gift in kindness it prepares,
Divides and well the banquet shares,
To soothe man's labor and his cares,
On autumn day.

The rich and varied autumn brings
A thousand, sweet, delicious things,
Borne from the past on swiftest wings,
The ample pay
For all man's former, active toil,
While delving in the fertile soil;
As to the beard was ancient oil,
So autumn day.

The reapers shout the harvest home,
With voice re-echoed from the dome
On high, and man forgets to roam
Or further stray,
And joins the chorus of the song,
The sinking cadence all prolong,
While stars shine out upon the throng,
That autumn day.

Then comes the yellow, withered leaf,
Fit emblem of man's life, so brief,
And frosted hopes changed into grief;
 And silver gray,
Well sprinkled in his auburn hair,
Reminds him that it has been fair,
But now has come with all its care,
 Life's autumn day.

In evening twilight's thoughtful time,
In autum's retrospective clime,
The mind reverts to fancy's chime,
 When life was gay ;
Re-visits then the mould'ring urn,
Where buried joys to dust return,
And broken altars incense burn,
 On autumn day.

From autumn rain comes winter snow,
When piercing winds begin to blow,
And as the white flakes thicker grow
 Around the sleigh,
It glides along through arid seas,
With white waves fashioned by the breeze ;
A long, old debt with all its fees,
 Is winter day.

And yet, that day has pleasure new,
Around the social hearth, a few,
When converse sweet invites to view
 Forgotten—nay,
The sleeping visions which recall,
To fancy's bright and airy hall,
The gallant hosts which disinthrall
 A winter day.

Our fleeting lives like seasons pass ;
How swiftly they do fly ! Alas,
That we are so much like the grass !
 We only stay,
And vegetate through summer bloom ;
In autumn time, lament the doom
Which then consigns us to the gloom
 Of winter day.

And when, at last, the withering storm,
The face of nature may deform,
And southern suns have ceased to warm,
 Then let us pray
Sincerely for a last release,
That we may be where storms will cease,
And smiling plenty crown with peace,
 A winter day.

PARTING SONG.

The time has come when we must part,
Perhaps to meet no more ;
But treasured safely in the heart,
Is mem'rys golden store.

When sun has set, and vesper hour
Shuts out the glare of day,
Oft will the mind resign its power,
To fancy's genial sway.

And we will gaze upon that star
Which heralds in the night,
And fondly think, though distant far,
That friends are in our sight.

And every petal of the spring,
As it unfolds to air,
Shall with it the remembrance bring,
That all the past was fair.

When in sleep's kind and sweet embrace,
The fancy wanders free,
It swift will pass beyond the space,
A friendly face to see.

Then we will join the long lost hand,
In dreamy land of bliss,
Where balmy airs breathe all the bland
Delight of maiden's kiss.

Let fortune frown, if friends will smile
And think upon us still,
The thought shall weariness beguile,
Our hearts with pleasure fill.

We part, but hope to meet again,
And soothe a lonely hour,
With converse sweet, all free from pain,
In smiling fortune's bower.

SONG.

There are deep fountains in the heart,
From pure affection flowing;
And pleasure sweet, they do impart,
A balm for ill bestowing.

A priceless gem, for you and me,
Within the breast is gleaming;

May we by faith the treasure see,
The gem so brightly beaming.

There is a light which well may shine,
Where darkness ever sitting,
Causes the weary to repine,
With shadows never flitting.

Hope warbles then its blithest lay,
When April tears are falling ;
Yet frightened, it will never stay
Where scenes are too appalling.

Our motto, then, "seek out the wrong
And see it gently righted ;
The weak and feeble, make them strong,
Crush not a hope when blighted."

SONG.

The world moves on with rapid stride,
And ceaseless is its motion,

The smoothest life must downward glide
Like river to the ocean ;
So farewell, care, and farewell, strife,
A truce to all commotion,
While gliding down the stream of life,
Whose waves are deep emotion !

Our bark sits lightly on the wave,
When winds are gently blowing,
The tempest, who would wish to brave,
Valor in vain bestowing ?
Then we will court the pleasant gale,
While we are bravely rowing,
And to the wind will trim the sail,
Glide with the stream when flowing.

The siren song of hope will cheer
The weary heart of sadness,
The darkest vale of earthly fear,
Must have one star of gladness.
Were this not so, life's fevered cup
Would bring the brain to madness ;
Hope has a pleasure which all sup,
To alternate with sadness.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO REQUESTED ME TO
WRITE "SOME VERSES."

Time flies like courser on the plain,
Like fair ships sailing on the main,
Like swift drops coming in the rain—

Time never sleeps.

He leaves the weary to repose,
Onward he flies and onward goes,
Nor winks an eye when strong wind blows,
Or maiden weeps.

Since time is fleeting, art is long,
Let us take courage and be strong,
Something to do, which may belong
To future time.

Leave way-marks as we onward go,
Which good on others may bestow,
While seeking in this vale below,
Some happy clime.

If you, sweet Maid, were only near,
And of me were in no great fear,
I then *might* whisper in your ear,
This gentle truth ;

There's nothing better for a man,
Or any of the maiden clan,
Than to get married, if they can,
While in their youth.

A MAIDEN EPISTLE.

You may, dear Maid, think me too bold,
But sure you will not think me cold,
In writing thus to you ;
So please excuse my hasty rhyme,
If it intrude upon your time,
Another's honest due.

Your paper I received last night,
And read it all by candle light,
Well pleased to see the verse
Which comfort gives "to mourning friends,"
Directing to the love which blends
With pity round the hearse.

The "dying roses" too, are sweet,
 Although with tone most sad they greet,
 And fall upon the ear,
 Like sighing of the autumn breeze,
 When half the leaves are from the trees,
 And half remain in fear.

Who has not felt that life is brief?
 Who has not felt for friends a grief,
 Friends in the silent tomb?
 Ah me! who would the grave unshroud,
 Around their sky throw earth's cold cloud
 And penitential gloom?

But I am in a doleful vein,
 In fact it was a doleful strain,
 Those verses brought to mind.
 Departed friends a tear may claim,
 Which we, when we become the same,
 Might wish with thoughts most kind.

Blest be the social, cheering ray,
 Which turns our darkness into day,
 And warms the chilling air!
 Blest be the sun of social worth,
 Which warms around the social hearth,
 Friendship serene and fair!

We met and parted, and an hour
Between, we passed in friendship's bower ;
 How soon it passed away !
Its thoughts return to cheer me now,
While I recall a silent vow,
 There made at close of day.

Why, on the dark cloud's brow is seen
The rainbow's bright and golden sheen,
 And why, those thoughts return !
The bow of promise spans the storm,
Gives to our thoughts a brighter form,
 From it the future learn.

May not those thoughts, returned to bless,
To cheer us with one sweet caress,
 Dispel all present gloom,
Point to the day when we may meet,
And pass an hour which we may greet,
 Like that with fragrant bloom ?

But I must close this hasty rhyme,
(Your debtor now, for too much time,
 Perhaps for patience too,)
With best respects for all your friends,
And hopes, that heaven kindly sends
 All needful things to you.

SONNETS.

SOLITUDE.

There have been times when solitude was sweet,
When unobserved, the mind could travel back,
Each old familiar friend with kindness greet,
Review the scenes upon the winding track.
I would not always live within a crowd,
With door closed safely against reflection,
Securely barred from all self-inspection ;
It may be well to think upon the shroud,
The last farewell to kindred and to friends,
That we more truly may prize the blessings
Which heaven here in kindness to us sends ;
And those remembered, friendly caressings
May not withdraw our thoughts far from the King
Who rules above, where we may hope to sing.

LIGHT.

While darkness was brooding over the earth
And phantoms were flitting through all the air,
Untimely then was the season of mirth,
Lost to the sight was the form of the fair ;

Recalled no more was the dream of her worth,
As specters of night passed on without care.
Light comes to the world, the vision departs,
And nature awakes from dreams to the truth ;
The friend who returns, a pleasure imparts,
Which fancy can not bestow on her youth.
The first ray, which with the morning returns,
Bears along its kind promise of gladness ;
The last ray which on the western cloud burns,
Has a lesson and moral of sadness.

FRIENDSHIP.

A noble ship was rocking on the tide,
With canvass spread to every passing breeze ;
Over the waters did she gently glide,
A careless crew were riding on the seas.
Green isles gemmed the bosom of the ocean,
And tropic fruit hung golden in the sun ;
There were no signs of a great commotion,
And life was happy as when first begun.
There came a change, and wild winds were howling,
And mountain waves were rolling on the deep ;
Savage destruction seemed to be prowling,
Until a gentle form was roused from sleep.

That form was Friendship, guiding on the crew,
To safe retreats known only to a few.

TO A FRIEND ON DEPARTING FOR CALIFORNIA.

I would not say a word, or breathe a thought,
Which might bring sadness on the parting hour,
Or cloud that sky which you in fancy sought,
Where wealth untold may give its envied power,
By gently hinting, you may think cheap bought,
Your own sweet home, for fancy-painted bower.
Go, with your own strong will to do the right,
And on the sea, may fair winds fill the sail,
Unkind misfortune no sweet prospects blight,
And winds show favor when they blow a gale!
Go, with the best wish of a heart sincere,
That fortune yet may speed your bark for home,
With wealth, above the thought of want or fear,
Beyond the wish, from friends again to roam!

TO MARY.

Numbers can add no sweetness to the name
Which is adorned with all of maiden grace,

And modest worth can never envy fame
Which paints the blushes on a smiling face.
When among a thousand flowers, the rose
Alone entices with its pure sweetness,
Organs which are grateful for its meetness,
The modest flowers will not come to blows ;
Or if they should, they quickly will reveal,
How sweet the odors from their pistils flash,
Which they unable longer to conceal,
Released from bondage by their one act rash.
Alas, that flowers of the human form,
So fair, must wither in the blighting storm !

THE FUTURE.

AN ODE.

The bee, with labor while the flowers bloom,
Gathers its sweetness from the fields and groves,
Yet how unconscious of its coming doom,
As, hoarding sweet for future want, it roves !
Instinct seems bending all its force to send
The bee where odors with gay beauty blend.

And would the flower blooming in the field,
For which the dews of evening gently fall,
Its sweetest incense with reluctance yield,
If its gay summer and its death were all
Perceived? Or would it wish to rove the air,
Exhale its incense to some angel there?

And would that bird which gayly sings the morn,
As from the bough it soars to greet the day,
Wish to return to this poor world forlorn,
To storms and sorrow chant its sweetest lay?
Or would it not soar on, ne'er to return;
Soar on, and on, and on, where seraphs burn?

Nature bestows a nobler gift on man,
To guide his changing course while here below,
To guard his bark when life's sea-breezes fan,
And goodly counsel on his plans bestow.
Reason the gift, which though an erring child,
Is kind and dutiful, sedate and mild.

Memory, Hope and Fancy, in her train,
With many more, lead through a winding course,
Nature's arcana now explore in vain,
And then make known of nature's law the force.
Reason directs them, or perhaps they might
Run wild with passion, lose their way in night.

Conducting man to the plains of glory,
Where valor won the deathless wreath of fame,
They charm him with some old, classic story ;
Now this, then that, fair Reason learns to blame :
And as he views the place where heroes died,
He may repine their lot to him denied.

Where senates have convened, he treads the aisles,
The quiet walls seem eloquent to him ;
The moss-grown tower in the sunset smiles,
A patriarch smile in eve's twilight dim ;
The aisle and tower, wrecks of human art,
Each have a lesson which they may impart.

While Memory is busy with her store,
Gathered from every clime and age of earth,
And with a single league around the shore,
Which we have sailed, perhaps with joy and mirth ;
Hope ever near, is pointing to an isle
Where spring eternal greets us with a smile.

And willing Fancy paints the distant scene,
Which Hope discovered with exulting pride,
With brooks and bowers, and a brighter green
Than has adorned a hill or mountain-side ;
And then she smiles with pleasure in her eye,
Looks back and laughs, to think how Hope will cry.

Her gay companions, Reason vainly chides,
Directing to the way which they have trod,
In her own conscious purity abides,
And trusts reposing on the arm of God ;
While all her servile train reproved, draw near,
And listen to the dictates which they fear.

Man, no unkind spectator of the scene,
Inquires of reason what the cause may be,
That Fancy paints the isle so rich a green,
And Hope its beauty can not plainly see.
Reason says, "Fancy is a wayward child,
Hope is near-sighted, but in manners mild.

There is an isle, and if you more would know,
Row on your boat to yonder point in view ;
This is the most that I can now bestow,
Hope is nearer than Fancy to the true.
Row on your bonny boat while winds are fair,
And of the future have not too much care.

Fancy has gathered from the world around,
A chin, a lip, a cheek, a brow, an eye,
And in sweet union made with grace abound,
A model never seen beneath the sky.
Thus she delights to pass the fleeting time,
Selecting beauties from some distant clime.

Hope is sedate, and yet a joyful child,
And full of love for every gentle friend ;
Fancy sometimes imposes on the mild,
With gaudy colors which she well may send
To some far distance, that they may not see
Too well, and judge aright what it may be.

Seek not to know the future, it would bring
A thousand cares from which you now are free ;
The knowledge of your fate would prove a sting,
Which Hope with all her blindness, well might see.
Improve the present, rest you on His arm
Which moves the world, to shield you from all harm.

If love alone ruled in the human breast,
And kindred graces followed in its train,
Man would be happy and his lot be blessed,
And sorrows soothed would lose one-half their pain.
Seek then, this sure antidote for sorrow,
Borrow no more trouble of to-morrow."

She ceased ; around her lips a smile was wreathed,
Fancy and hope looked pensive in her sight,
The very air around her which she breathed,
Seemed redolent of nectarine delight ;
And that smile, while it was from her straying,
Seemed "like Luna on the water playing."

The vision slowly faded from my mind,
But not the lesson which it sweetly taught ;
To others' failings let me be not blind,
But never ask my good will to be bought ;
And for the future, trust to Him in love,
Who kindly sends us blindness from above.

LINEs WRITTEN ON VISITING NIAGARA FALLS.

Oft have I dreamed of thee, when balmy slumbers
Invite the vision to fair scenes again ;
And then have wooed thee with some sweeter numbers,
To listen to the echoes of my strain.
Could these feeble accents now wed the waters
Which to the skies their ceaseless anthem raise,
They would be fairer than Italian daughters,
And more deserving of eternal praise.

They would be circled with the rainbow's glory,
Which storms might brighten, but could never fade ;
Their nuptials would become a classic story,
And earth would sing the chorus for the maid.

While their slumbers would be still and sleeping
Upon the field for freedom nobly won,
No fear would cause them ever to be weeping,
And Nature's voice would soothe to rest her son.

No sickly fancy in that voice is wailing
The dirge of fleeting joys now passed away ;
No future prospect in its tone is failing
To grant the boon for which poor mortals pray.
No airy lightness in its tone, deriding
The joys or sorrows of a summer hour ;
No harshness in its voice is heard, dividing
With love and scorn, thoughts of a rosy bower.

That deep-toned voice forever is resounding,
While earth and air reply to it again ;
The white foam on the wave below is bounding,
And hastening onward to the waiting main.
Above, the mighty waters ever rushing
To where the deep is waiting them below ;
They come, they come, with music from them gushing,
The ceaseless anthem which they now bestow.

Man's puny arm may not forget its weakness,
While it is trembling with that voice divine ;
The haughty heart must be subdued to meekness,
And to adore, must all his thoughts incline.

The loudest accents, to a whisper falling,
But droop and die around the tongue which speaks,
While Nature's voice his weakness is appalling,
Turning those efforts vain, to sickly freaks.

The past and future are around it blending,
Crowding the present with their swift array ;
It speaks of hoary age and time unending,
And man forgets the purpose of to-day.
It tells of power, divine, supreme, eternal,
Firm and resistless in its onward course ;
Its distant whisper is the love supernal,
Which guides and governs all its mighty force.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE BATTLE-GROUND, NEAR
STILLWATER, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

How still and peaceful is the scene around !
And from the quiet heights above, are seen
Fair, rural prospects which with charms abound,
Fields clothed with verdure in its gayest green.

Between the hills, in yonder lovely vale,
The scene is curtained with a cloud like snow ;
While Willard Mountain looms above the dale,
Its base is lost among the clouds below.

Those clouds go up to meet the morning sun,
The landscape widens to the view, and then
The noble Hudson, with its wreathes fresh won
From fertile boughs, comes from its northern glen.
Here comfort dwells, peace reigns and plenty smiles ;
The cheerful farmer works his fertile fields,
A winter evening now and then beguiles
With story of the fruit his farming yields.

Here, too, has waved the Banner of the Stars,
And Freedom's sons have dared "to do or die,"
When from the conflict, fierce and bloody Mars
Has sought in vain to make the heroes fly.
Here rusty bullets, human bones are found ;
Fractured skulls, and balls within them lying ;
Thy trophies, War ! are found upon the ground,
Remnants of the battle field and dying.

The peaceful farmer, resting from his toil,
With welcome greets the stranger to his home,
Points to the place where blood enriched the soil,
And bones are bleaching which no more will roam.

"In yonder field, Gates with his little band
Prepared to watch with eagle eye the foe ;
Near by, that meadow where low is the land,
Burgoyne prepared to strike a deadly blow.

Here, Arnold like an uncaged tiger raves ;
There, active Frazer keeps his men in form,
And every volley sends unto their graves,
Scores who no more can breast the iron storm.
Here, Morgan calls around his chosen host,
Few, but a host, for they were heroes all ;
Tells them that British valor long will boast
This bloody field, where Freemen nobly fall.

And now, he says, my brave men turn the tide,
You know your duty, let it well be done ;
This carnage fearful and this carnage wide,
Must cease ere sinks to rest the western sun.
The sequel of the fight you know full well,
For it is written on the brightest page
Of noble deeds, to make the bosom swell
With valor's pride, the glory of the age."

No war-clouds now are rolling o'er the field,
No shriek of anguish rends the air in vain,
No horse without a rider, with no shield
From war's dread scourge, now prances on the plain.

The Past is sleeping with its mighty dead ;
 May mildest zephyrs fan its slumbers sweet,
And never more may tyrants learn to dread
 The welcome bold, with which stern Freemen greet !

CHAPTER XXII.

CLARENCE:

A TALE OF NEW-YORK.

Never will words express the praise
Due to the gallant band,
Who cheer the weary with their lays,
While in a pilgrim land.
To visit shrines, weep o'er the dust,
Which once with wizard pen,
Could throw a charm around the bust
Reared to the fame of men,
Might solace give to him who weeps,
Disperse his mournful fears ;
For him who in the cold grave sleeps,
Vainly are shed the tears.

A part of his immortal part,
Survives this mortal wreck ;
Death aimed a sure, but deathless dart,
While him the Muses deck.

Such thoughts as these passed through the active mind,
And slumbered in the bosom of one, pale
With anxious thought, who always was inclined
To pity, more than blame, the weak and frail.
He had been reading works of the great men
Who had quaffed deeply from the fount of song,
And lingered round the mount where human ken
Fair scene surveys, and hills the notes prolong.
He had been reading of fair stately groves,
Their mossy banks, the murmur of their streams,
Where wood-nymphs wander and take sweet repose,
Where through the boughs the daylight softened gleams.
He had caught splendid glimpses of the land
Where fairies dwell, had heard high Jove's decree,
And trembled round Olympus with the band,
Which from all other power may be free.

Round many inland streams and pleasant lakes,
Where the Six Nations held disputed sway,
And wild birds sported in the reeds and brakes,
Or sang their notes in some secluded bay,

Unheard, excepting some lone forest son,
Who, in pursuit of game had wandered there,
And when the trophy of the chase was won,
Turned to his wigwam, free from every care,—
Round these same lakes and pleasant winding streams,
How great the change which time has wrought ! No more
The wild deer rises with day's early beams,
Shakes off the pearly dew, springs to its store
Of winter-green and moss and wild-wood flowers.
No more the tawny maiden seeks a glen,
Above, deep-woven into lovely bowers,
Where she may hear, far from the haunts of men.

The sturdy oak the woodman's ax brings low,
The prospect widens to the view around,
And while dark shades recede with every blow,
Green fields and plenty soon the vision bound.
One of these lakes, more lovely than the rest,
Has gently sloping shores and islands green,
Where Venus might have wandered and been blest
With visions fair as she has often seen.
And when the winds did blow, the angry wave
Would mimic loud the ocean's angry roar,
Then in a little bay would calmly lave
The sand and pebbles on the winding shore,
While round, the fish-hawk watched its scaly prey,
And eagles soared, unmindful of the gale.
Here life passed like a gentle summer day,
With Clarence fair, the hero of the tale,

When weary with his books and pleasant home,
How sweet to wander with his dog and gun,
About the fields, and in the woods to roam,
As free from care as yonder shining sun !
He traces from the lake each little brook,
Through field and meadow to some upland tarn,
And then reposes in some quiet nook,
Where Homer's nymphs might once have spun their yarn.
The partridge and the rabbit are the game
Which he pursues with varying success ;
His faithful Fido, now and then to blame,
Between to praise, makes him a friend to bless.
Beside some bubbling fountain he reclines,
Where mossy bank spreads round a couch of ease,
And while no wayward thought his soul repines,
Pours forth his song to fountain, air and trees.

While birds their notes are singing,
Which through the woods are ringing,
My voice shall join the song ;
And gentle zephyrs sighing,
While birds above are flying,
Shall bear the notes along.

While water-falls are gushing,
And onward ever rushing,
With ceaseless music too ;

Who would not join the chorus
To heaven bending o'er us,
And pleasure try to woo !

Away with dull to-morrow,
For it may bring some sorrow,
Unknown to all, to-day ;
Then while the sun is shining,
Who, who would be repining ?
To-morrow may be gay.

To fields and woods is fleeting,
The summer time of greeting,
And autumn follows soon ;
Then while the air is wreathing
A song with every breathing,
Enjoy the happy boon !

When the sun tints the western clouds with gold
And purple, changing to a thousand shades,
How welcome to the hunter is the fold
Of home, where the long day's fatigue soon fades,
Like the last rays of the departing sun !
Food, friends and home revive him, and again
The splendid trophy of the chase is won,
While he relates his ramble on the plain.
And when the stars shine out upon the night,
Repose succeeds the bustle of the day,

And softened moon-beams throw a quiet light
On objects round, which have been seen to play,
And now are hushed in silence, how sweet then
Is balmy slumber! Then the spirit land
Crowds on his vision, from each shady glen,
Forth issue shapes which fancy paints most grand.

And while he travels in the land of dreams,
How fact and fancy mingle in array!
What he has seen and heard, in memory gleams,
And fancy gilds it with some great display.
The hero of his waking thought, is seen
To stride majestic through an airy hall,
With fairies dance upon some lovely green,
When night winds sigh, with sudden wound to fall.
As dews refresh the flowers of the field,
And add fresh fragrance to their odors sweet,
So slumbers fair, re-animate and yield
A vigor new, give wings to care's slow feet.
Hail, balmy slumber of the realm of night,
Unfabled Lethe of which poets sing!
Long may thy peaceful sway o'er care and blight,
A fancied comfort to the humble bring!

From him who upward once has fixed his eye,
Upon some hill or rugged mountain brow,
All care and danger in his pathway fly,
While he performs his sweetly cherished vow.

The prospect widens to his onward view,
Until from lofty summit he surveys
The scene around, known only to a few.
Field after field in endless maze, displays
New beauties to the sight ; the distant plain
The herd is grazing ; here and there is seen
A cottage white, and round it fields of grain ;
And over all, a shade of varying green,
Disparted by a river's winding way,
On which he seems to see a painted sail,
So distant and uncertain is the ray
Borne to the vision through the gentle gale.

Thus to young Clarence seemed life's real scene,
While health and friends and competence abound ;
A golden sunshine seemed to intervene
And throw gay tints on every object round.
The care, the trouble and the strife of life,
Seemed better in the distance to the eye,
And the loud brawls with which the world is rife,
Sunk to a murmur or a low-breathed sigh.
He knew life must have its weary trouble,
While floating down its ever restless stream,
But thought it must be an empty bubble,
Which, ere it bursts, displays a rainbow gleam.
Hope whispered, the world is fair, if fleeting ;
He wished it so, and sang a cheerful lay,
To loved home a kind, responsive greeting,
For happy hours passed there on many a day.

Home of my childhood, where the deep wild-wood
Has echoed a voice that was free from all care ;
Fair are thy bowers, fragrant the flowers
Exhaling their sweets on the fresh morning air !

While the birds singing, their thanks are bringing,
For returning sunshine, for life and for love ;
My heart shall never, from their notes sever,
But around them fly always like a lone dove.

Home where the weary find nothing dreary,
Where comfort smiles and where life friendship blesses ;
If care should beset, who then could forget
Life's pleasant morn and a mother's caresses !

Round it are clinging, while time is winging,
With the seasons its way, with them to return,
Hopes ever cherished, even when perished
The altar on which their sweet incense did burn.

Sweet home of my youth, where friendship and truth
Will love to revisit the scenes of the past ;
Never, O never, from thee shall sever [last !
The thoughts which may slumber while life's sands may

When winds were fair and clouds were rarely seen,
And drooping willows on the verdant shore,

With their rich tapestry and banks of green,
Were mirrored on its surface; when no more
The murmur of the waves was heard around,
No more the lake seemed like a costly pearl
Rich set in emerald; when birds abound
Upon its surface, and their constant whirl
And sportive motion, loud declare their joy—
Then Clarence rambles to the bay, and boat
Which there awaits him, splendid as a toy
Which on some pictured water loves to float;
Unmoors the tiny boat, spreads the white sail,
And while he slowly moves over the bay,
Wooes Notus, Zephyr, for a gentle gale
To speed him onward in his trackless way.

About a league from shore, some green isles shine,
A lovely cluster, where the stately tree,
The thick underwood and the creeping vine
Look out upon the water, bold and free.
The shores are gently sloping, and the land
Raised like some huge wave of the raging sea
And fastened there, wild, yet reposing, grand,
Looks the abode where exiles sigh to be.
To one of these, he guides his bonny boat,
Wavelets pursue each other in its course,
Until a little harbor not remote,
Opens to view, where free from all the force
Of angry winds, the boat may rest secure.

Hither he turns the prow, speeds on with joy,
And with the prospect makes himself too sure
Of tasting bliss without one sad alloy.

How he first came there, is small worth to know;
He might have landed to procure some bait
To catch the fishes, where the gentle flow
Of waves enticed him many hours to wait
The result of his venture; and he might
Have sought, to see this green and lovely isle,
So fair, inviting to the distant sight,
Where nature seemed to wear its sweetest smile.
The squirrel leaps from bough to leafy bough,
The startled rabbit pauses quick to hear,
Gay-plumaged birds upon the wing are now
Returning song for song, without one fear.
He listens to the music, and the note
Of dulcimer is borne upon the air,
With the thousand voices mingling, which float,
And drown the thoughts of tantalizing care.

He hastens to a cottage through the grove,
Where Julia waits to greet him with a smile,
Where arm in arm they hope again to rove,
And cheer each other through a winding mile.
Grapes in thick clusters grow around the door,
And tropic fruit is raised with gentle care,
Comfort and plenty here have goodly store,
The maid, the flowers and the scene are fair.

In converse sweet, they visit half the earth,
Re-people cities where the mouldering urn
Scarce tells the period of their ancient birth,
Where in sad silence they to dust return;
And then to chase a shadow from his brow,
Takes her guitar, and with gentle finger,
Touches the strings, sings of a lover's vow,
While sweetness in all her tones may linger.

When stars on high are shining
And lovers' sighs are new,
Who then would be repining,
Or for himself designing
What never can be true!

When birds to mates are singing,
Through all the leafy grove,
And on the air are ringing,
Their thanks which now are bringing
No thought of wish to rove;

Why should the soul feel sadness,
Pine in its prison cell!
When all around is gladness,
Without a touch of sadness,
From rock or hill or dell.

Life has its sunny morning,
All free from pain and care ;
And why should we be scorning
The floral train adorning
Life's pathway bright and fair !

Forgetting thoughts of sorrow,
With hope love still delights ;
Then think not of to-morrow,
From it no sadness borrow,
A present joy to blight !

The sound still lingers on his ravished ear,
When eager to beguile the passing time,
She leads him to a store, a treasure near,
The strange and antique, brought from every clime.
On one side of the long and spacious hall,
The cities of the east in order stand,
Opposed to this, even the solid wall
Seems burdened with strange products of the land.
Here Chinamen perform the juggler's charm,
While birds from summer isles sing their sweet lays,
There, grinning tigers which no more can harm,
Hang by a tooth, or stand erect for praise.
A Grecian beauty in a corner placed,
Lacks nothing but a breathing soul within,
While near a pirate, each by contrast graced,
Girdled with dirks, looks fair and false as sin.

Insects and reptiles, many curious stones

From distant lands, were here preserved with care,
From monsters of the deep, here were bones,

Each asking from observing eye a share.

A man of noble mien and gentle life,

Owined the fair isle and plowed each narrow field,
He, with his lovely and confiding wife,

Made all around them some new comfort yield.

Fair Julia had been with them from a child

And never known the orphan's bitter tears,
Sedate in manner, and in feeling mild,

Time gently passed, all free from lonely fears.

She was their child, and they were parents kind,

To whom she looked for kindness and for love,
To every fault and folly always blind,

Where she could nestle like a weary dove.

Who would not leave ambition's rugged steep,

Where cold winds whistle and where whirlwinds play,
Where disappointed hopes in silence weep

The lonely prospect in life's weary way,
And where success feeds on the silent tears

Forced from the orphan's writhing, bleeding heart,
For whom the world has lost its goading fears,

And smiles on earth no more can bliss impart ;

Who would not leave the laurel wreath of fame,

Forget to woo the Muses with his song,

Content to live and die without a name,
And think the present did him little wrong,
If he could live in scenes of bliss like these,
With health and competence to cheer his life,
With friends around, to soothe him and to please,
And calm the anguish of the distant strife !

When moon-beams kiss the water, and each star
Adds a mild luster to the night serene,
And time rolls onward in its azure car,
Though small the distance which may intervene,
The guest, the friend and lover takes his way,
With brief, kind words at parting, and he then
Treads on with haste to the secluded bay,
Fearing to wake some echo of the glen ;
With sail and oar pursues his onward course,
While island shadows quickly disappear,
Then moving forward with a gentler force,
While he approaches to his own home near,
Pours forth a flood of song upon the night,
Which starts the whippowil from its retreat,
And backward on the wave, rolls like the light
Of distant moon, which day will soon defeat.

Behind the western hills the sun has sunk to rest,
Now the stars are shining from regions of the blest,
The queen of night is ruling it must be confessed,
With a gentle splendor, like one who rules the best.

My bony boat is rocking now upon the wave,
Which soon the smooth pebbles upon the shore will lave;
O never may that gentle wave in madness rave
Around my bonny boat, when winds refuse to save!

And when Neptune may move over the gentle lake,
In the breeze wave his locks and his old trident-shake,
May he no gentle naiad from her slumber wake,
Causing pleasant visions her slumber to forsake!

When drooping eye-lids close, and happy visions bright
Are fading and returning with the breath of night,
Who knows but kindred spirits may then re-unite,
And roam in blissful regions of the mental sight!

Now while the busy world has drowned its care in sleep,
And sorrow has forgotten its sad tears to weep,
And stars are imaged on the bosom of the deep,
Who could not, in the land of dreams, a harvest reap?

My bonny boat will soon be moored safe in the bay,
To rock upon the wave when I have done my lay,
There safely to remain until return of day,
While I in dreams unite with those not far away.

To all the world a happy night, a pleasant dream,
Until the sun re-visits all with cheering beam;

And while we float, with wind and tide, on life's fair stream,
May hope's bright ray, far on the way before us gleam !

From teachers, friends and books, Clarence had known
Life's great drama, but on the world's wide stage
Had never seen it acted ; time had flown

With too much pleasure in his early age,
For him to note more than his fancy drew
To please a summer day ; time passed away
Like shadows of the bird which o'er him flew
And in the pasture with the lamb did play ;
Or like the music of his native rill,

Now in silver tones, then in murmurs flung
To the breeze, which the vacant air may fill ;

And time was fair, even where shadows hung.
Lank, haggard want had never crossed his path,
And when the dirge of the departing year,
Wailed on the gale, or tempests winged with wrath,
Flew on their course, he felt secure from fear.

Manhood was written on his brow, his eye
Sparkled with quick perception. and his face
Was index to a heart where love might sigh,
And all its secret windings, fearless trace.

Parents persuaded, eager friends inclined
His fancy to the world, that he might know
Whatever could be added to the mind
And on the manner gracefulness bestow.

To see the people of his native land,
Its lofty mountains and its forests wild,
Its winding rivers, beautiful and grand,
And the wide prairie where the verdure smiled ;
To visit cities on the sounding shore
Of hoarse old Ocean, and to hear the din
Of busy commerce, restless evermore ;
To see and hear, he sure might something win.

Sad is the parting scene ; a mother's tears,
A father's kind farewell, a neighbor's voice,
A thousand hopes now changed to sudden fears,
A smile, a tear, without control or choice,
Are graven on his mind ; and deeper yet,
The parting scene with her who was ever
Enshrined within his heart. Could he forget
The ties which nothing on earth could sever !
Could he forget his early dream of bliss,
Of heaven, where she would be the peerless queen !
Could he forget the rapture of that kiss,
When they last parted in a bower of green ?
Time other change may bring, but in the heart
Which truly loves, change is a thought of scorn,
And only lingers, that it may impart
New life to love, on each returning morn.

Eighteen summers had added to her face
Their bloom, and to her mind their treasured store.

She was gentle, adorned with all the grace

Which to her sex belongs ; while from the shore

She gently glided in her bonny boat,

The floating swan scarce moved the water less,

And her clear notes upon the wave would float

Like dreams of music sent on earth to bless.

Often, when her thoughts were tinged with sadness,

A gentle word or gesture, or a smile,

Her spirit would seem to light with gladness,

All thoughts of sorrow from her to beguile.

Few try to cheer the hapless orphan's lot ;

The smile, the gentle word of one, no more

Is seen and heard, but is not yet forgot,

In her lone rambles on the island shore.

Who now will come to cheer me,

Who now will soon be near me,

Alone, alone !

Who now will check the sighing,

And speed the time while flying ;

Not one, not one !

Moments on wings so weary

Are flying, while so dreary

Is time, is time !

O had I wings to bear me

Where sorrow more might spare me,

A clime, a clime !

Now in the early morning,
When incense is adorning
 The air, the air ;
Why should a maid be pining,
When all beyond defining,
 Is fair, is fair !

Love has its tie and token,
Which never can be broken
 Again, again ;
Then why should youth or beauty
Forget what is a duty
 So plain, so plain !

Still hoping and still waiting,
The future oft debating,
 No more, no more ;
Doubts never more shall cheat me,
And of my hopes defeat me,
 In store, in store !

Week followed week, month into month did glide,
And still the traveler pursued his way,
The various places where he might abide,
 Unknown, unnoted, as time passed away,
Save now and then, when hill, and plain, and field,
Or mountain pointing to the boundless sky,

With sweet attraction some new pleasure yield,
And thoughts of home a moment may defy ;
Or when the ocean on some rock-bound shore,
Restless, complaining as it rolls along,
Bears in its murmurs, heard forever more,
The key-note of a soul which suffers wrong ;
Or when the stars shine out upon the night,
Reminding him where he had been before,
And gazed upon them with serene delight,
The thought of which he sadly must deplore.

Bright as the bow which spans the summer storm,
Sweet as the incense of the dewy spring,
Fair as the fancy paints a lovely form,
Which queenly grace to all around may bring,—
So bright, sweet, fair, was every thought of home,
To him, who, once an exile from his friends,
Turned there the footsteps which no more may roam,
To seek the blessings friendship only sends.
The soft, smooth phrase of welcome, on his ear
Had not the welcome sound which there may dwell,
And find an echo in the heart ; the tear,
The glance, the sigh, he knew their language well.
The world had joys he did not wish to taste,
And sorrows, too, he did not wish to know ;
To him the world was all a barren waste,
Compared with home, where peaceful comforts flow.

The gentle murmur of his native lake,
Strikes on his ear, he quickly turns his eye
Where one reposes who will not forsake,
Though all around should from his presence fly.
The white-winged boat soon skims along the wave,
And quickly turns to its accustomed place,
And Clarence, leaping where the waters lave
His feet upon the pebbles, with a face
Beaming with joy and hope, and eagle glance,
Pursues his narrow, leafy, winding way,
While half the green leaves in the wind may dance,
On that sweet morning in the month of May ;
Lingers a moment at the cottage door,
Enters with greeting as in former time,
Breathes with delight the balmy air of yore,
More fragrant far than any foreign clime.

Again they visit the fair, leafy grove,
Each lovely place where they had been before,
Rehearse the past and gently onward rove,
While golden moments yet remain in store.
Fair Julia listens with a modest mien
To hear his travel's story ; he closes,
While tell-tale blushes on her face are seen,
And parted lips are like budding roses.
As summer clouds are painted with the light
Which falls upon them from the spacious sun,

And changed to thrones with crimson curtains bright,
Where empires to the gazing eye are won,—
So hope, the future gilds with its array,
While faithful Julia lingers by his side,
On that most happy and eventful day,
When they returned, she an affianced bride.

Let the the floral wreath be brought,
And the peerless maid be sought,
Gently by his side,
Who now has vowed to cherish,
'Till life itself shall perish,
His sweet blooming bride.

Weave into her auburn hair,
Lilies white and roses fair,
And her glowing face
Shall rival them in sweetness,
While in its lovely neatness,
Care has left no trace.

Hail her welcome with a kiss,
Wish long life and earthly bliss
To be her fair lot ;
For sure the world is better,
For one who is no debtor,
To kindness forgot.

To the bridegroom drink a health,
That he long may live with wealth,
 And bliss may allure
With sweetness and with beauty,
Which love to cherish duty,
 With life and heart pure.

May health and bliss attend them,
And angels kind defend them
 From each wily snare,
While they travel together,
Throug storm and pleasant weather,
 Regardless of care.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"OH! TAKE THE HARP!"

I would not rudely touch the string
Which vibrates for another's ear,
Or one sad thought to memory bring,
Or o'er the future, one sad fear.
The Harp should tell of hope and love,
All noble passions of the soul,
Should linger round it like the dove
Of Noah's ark, when deep waves roll.

But when the harper feels the pain
Of fading memories on the heart,
When in Hope's temple lay the slain
Which once a sunshine could impart,—

A pensive gloom will sweep the strings
Which have been tuned to love's sweet lay,
And darkly tinge the thought which brings
The past along in its array.

I would not thoughtless touch the string
Whose gentle tones may thrill the soul,
When master hand from it may fling
The sweetness it can not control.
But when along life's path afar,
Are seen sweet flowers blooming fair,
Though it may dim hope's morning star,
Let truth and duty both be there.

Were mine the power, as is the will,
To hush the discord and the strife,
With peace and love the world to fill,
And banish sorrow far from life,—
Then I would "take the Harp" and sing
Till echo wearied with the lay,
While Fancy on her gayest wing,
Was plumed for flight to endless day.

TO HELEN.

You never yet have aimed a shaft
From Cupid's bow, at me,
Nor with the bonny poet craft
Have sent a verse to sea,
Which, like the cat the sailor took,
To catch the rats and mice,
—Fierce, plenty fierce in every look,
To fright them in a trice,—
Was taken to a far-off isle,
Where rats were large and strong,
And caught by them with subtile guile,
Their own days to prolong.
Well, let that pass, and Cupid too,
With his bow and quiver,
And jolly face, with which to woo
Hearts which he may shiver.
Suppose we try to be good friends,
And let the rest all go ;
The greatest blessing Heaven sends
To mortals here below.

TO EMELINE.

Fair maiden of the auburn hair
And beaming eye of heaven's blue,
Can verse or song make you more fair,
Relieve you from one present care?
Or knowledge give to you?

Yet take this token from a friend,
Too frail memento long to last,
And wake the mind to times which blend
With pleasant thoughts which long will lend
A sunshine to the past.

Frail is the bark in which we sail
Over life's fair and stormy sea;
Sometimes, perchance, we feel the gale,
And then the wind will almost fail;
Such, life must ever be.

When winds are mild, without his skill,
The bark glides easy in its course,
But when dark storms forebode some ill,
The anxious breast with danger fill,
We trust the pilot's force.

Though wrecks are strown along the shore
And hidden rocks beneath the boat,
We hope to come to port once more,
With every wish in goodly store,
To harbor safely float.

What winds may force us from the way
And grievous care on us bestow,
Rusting the heart with their delay,
Assuming o'er us all their sway,
Is not for us to know.

Yet we will hope, and hope the best,
Confiding in His ceaseless care ;
For storms obey His high behest !
Hope that we ever may be blest
And life be ever fair.

THE ANEMONE.

While yet on hills and northern slopes,
The snow-bank may be seen,
Spring's early germ with cold wind copes
And dots the field with green.

And in the woods the flower springs
 To meet the sun's warm ray,
And freshness with its beauty brings,
 To chase the hours away.

Fairest of all the floral train
 Which then the eye can meet,
Whose changing hues are not in vain,
 Anemone we greet.

If "frailty" is its language true,
 It likewise tells to me,
With pureness of the morning dew,
 Where truth and love may be.

TO MARY.

As standing on some verdant hill,
The weary trav'ler lingers still,
 With pensive eye,

To view the plain below, where lay
His journey through a changing day,
While twilight lingers round his way
And night-winds sigh ;

Thus I look back upon the past,
To skies which once were overcast
With no dark cloud ;
To brooks whose gushing music fell
In silver tones adown the dell ;
To storms which made its music swell,
And sweet as loud.

The lawn around him may be green,
Fair birds upon the boughs be seen,
He heeds them not :
The plain where once the sun shone bright
And touched his bosom with delight,
He yet can see, when all is night
Around his cot.

Let fickle Fortune frown or smile,
The past shall weariness beguile,
Disperse the gloom
Which clouds the path in which we stray
And turn its darkness into day,
With tear or smile still light the way
Unto the tomb.

And when the chain which binds us here,
Shall free us from our present sphere,

 May we not roam,
Where kindred spirits love to meet,
With heart-felt smiles a welcome greet,
Where soul with soul may mingle sweet
 Around its home?

THE LADY AND BOUQUET.

How fair a wreath upon the brow,
 This floral gift would make,
Where pink and rose are twining now,
 Pure as the fresh snow-flake!

Its fragrance sweet, a nosegay too,
 Exhales upon the air;
And while we breathe, it seems to woo
 Our senses to the fair.

It tells of gentleness and worth,
And woman's holy love,
In silent tones, unmixed with mirth ;
Sweet message of a dove !

Who would not wish that such a gem
Might never know decay ?
Who would not wish a diadem
Bestowed without delay ?

FOR A FRIEND IN SICKNESS.

Friend of my early days, and later years !
Why droops the wing of fancy in its flight,
Which once could bear thee up above the fears
Which cloud the prospect of a starless night ?
Clouds vanish, and again upon the sight,
The stars return to greet us with a ray,
Which cheers, because we love the gentle light,
Far better than the glare of rising day,
Which, on the shadows of the night, still seems to play.

Dear friends have gone before us to the land
Where love and beauty shall forever dwell !
And while where they have been, we yet may stand,
And in us feel what mortal may not tell,
Crushed spirit listening to its own death knell,—
Let us remember that a hand unseen
May beckon onward to an unscathed dell,
Where bliss may sweetly smile in arbors green,
And hope, no more from disappointment, learn to glean.

Friend of my early days, friend of my youth !
Few have your days been; do you also find
That they are evil, that the young heart's truth
May feel a siroc' from the world to blind
Its untaught vision, that the very mind
May have its keenness dulled with pain and care,
And where confiding you have looked for kind
And true companions to assist and share,
Was perched the ceaseless-croaking raven of despair ?

Lean not too much on earth, a broken reed,
Which often has been known to pierce the hand
Which leans upon it; let the present feed
But little on the past; the blissful land,
Where fragrant zephyrs are forever bland,
Is yet unknown; and for the future, yield
To Him your trust, who only can command
Your hopes and fears, and who alone will shield
From tempest's wrath, the humble lily of the field.

PRATT'S FALLS.

On the west Branch of Limestone Creek, in the town of Pompey, Pratt's Falls are located. They are more like a mountain gorge than a river cataract. When the stream is large, the various little projections in the surface of the rocks, change the water into a white foam in its descent; but in the dry season, the water drops from the moss and smooth surface of the rocks, or leaps in tiny rills from point to point. The Falls are about the height of Niagara.

Nature is lovely in a thousand forms
Which she presents to man. The eye and ear
Perceive in sunshine and in changing storms,
Something still left to please; and when the cheer
Of sweet perfume follows the storm-wind near,
The smile is deeper than the frown before,
For joy is sweeter that is tinged with fear,
And we forget the tempest to deplore,
And hope on crippled wing, still tries again to soar.

When vertic sun pours down its melting rays,
The school-boy hastens to some lone retreat,

Where cool shades invite ; there, long, summer days
Pass swiftly by, while meditation sweet
Pursues the hours retreating with winged feet,
Or eye turned upward gazes on the sky,
Where the hawk cleaves the air, until the fleet
And trusty wings have borne to clouds on high,
His spacious home, this monarch of the airy sky.

Then come the songs of birds to chase away
The fleeting moments, and the winding streams
Murmur between, their gentle roundelay,
Which soothes, exalts, refines the mind to dreams
Of bliss, of heaven, where on the vision gleams
The true and lovely ; then descend again,
To where the light which on the vision beams,
Is the reflection from an icy plain,
Where birds forget to sing their own sweet, native strain.

In ardent childhood, I have listened long
To wicked, Indian tales of blood which dare
Belief—have listened to Wyoming's song
Of savage warfare—have seen the red glare
On the bannered storm ; then, when all was fair,
Have turned to yonder Falls with childish glee,
Where curling mist the wind may gently bear,
And thought some Indian chief, I there might see,
Whose wigwam was below, and smoke ascended free.

Productive fields to labor now will yield

A fair return, where you may lift the pall
Of seventy years, and see the forest shield

The red man's lonely hut, from storms which fall
Upon the sighing pines, his only hall,

And park where roam the native elk and deer—
The breastwork where the earth was made a wall,
To shield the warrior in the hour of fear—
And triumph dancing round the captive's lonely bier.

Like the swift arrow from the archer's bow,

Like the dim specter of a dream of night,
Or the swift flowing of the stream below,

Time passes on, and glides away from sight;
But fancy halts, and with creative might,

Returns to youthful scenes of other times,
And throws around its own magician light,

When cascades sung their sweetest, silver chimes,
And day-dreams mingled all, with fair, Elysian climes.

Through the wild forest and the tangled glen,

Where the breeze whispers, and the heart may learn
From nature's converse sweet, untaught by men—

Where Flora loves to bloom and seems to spurn
The hand of culture—where wild bush and fern

Alternate mingle, I have traveled far,
And listened to the song which would return

Upon the breeze, when there were none to mar
The scene, till glimmered through the trees, the evening star.

And I have loved in gentle summer-time,
To roam around the Falls, increase my store
Of rural love, and hear the drowsy chime
Which soothed the fever of my bosom's core,
And bathe my temples in the misty lore
Which seems to float through all the humid air;
And grown familiar, I have loved them more,
Until with me, myself they seem to share,
And with them, fancy weaves bright visions of the fair.

FOR A FRIEND, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Well met, old friend! how fare you, now?
Methinks a line is on your brow,
Written since we have made a bow,
Long time ago;
A line which registers a vow,
Is it not so?

We often sung, in life's sweet May,
And rambled in the shade for play,

And plucked the wild rose by the way,
Without a thought,
That time would cloud our sunny day,
Or bring to naught.

Where have you been, so long a time?
You have not been a making rhyme,
You must have traveled in some clime,
New things to see;
Perhaps, like one without a dime
For you or me.

Ah well! the dimes will roll *down* hill!
So let them go, if go they will;
An empty pocket, we will fill
With bread and cheese;
And let the miser hold on still,
To dimes and fleas.

I too have changed! well let it pass!
All flesh is like the summer grass,
Which must be withered in a mass,
By Time's old scythe.
We could not feel, if we were brass,
And be thus blithe.

It does me good, to see and hear
An old friend to my bosom dear,

One who has shared a hope and fear,
In younger days ;
Like to the light, when cloud is near,
Which round it plays.

THE UNION.

Once on a time, as stories tell,
While reading what had happened well,
And what sad accidents befell
Folks here and there,
In tones as clear as any bell
Hung in the air ;

One corner of the paper told,
In accents fair, and full, and bold,
And like the shepherd with his fold,
In friendship's guise,
Of cutting loose the bonds which hold
The States, as wise.

It said, our land was very great,
And had been destined by the fate

Which doomed the greatest olden state,
 To rule and fall ;
And spoke of strife which kindled hate
 In kindred hall.

The North and South, the East and West,
Each was a country which was blest,
In its own way, with all the best
 Which could be found ;
And to the other was a guest,
 As such, was bound.

It told—I can not tell you all,
So many things, both great and small,
In accents smooth as those which fall
 From Fancy's tongue ;
And varied as the mock-bird's call,
 The trees among.

The feet, the hands, the head and heart,
All form a whole, yet each, a part,
With wit, not wisdom, and with art,
 Might well complain,
When reckless spirits bring to mart,
 Such vile disdain.

All men are brothers, and when man
Shall learn this mighty truth to scan,

And one the other cease to ban,
Then peace will smile,
And plenty hunger's brow will fan,
And want beguile.

Peace, Union, Brotherhood, will cheer
Our onward course, from year to year,
Give us no cause a foe to fear,
And make us feel,
The Gordian knot which holds us near,
A common weal.

Unfurl our banner to the air,
Let Union be our motto fair,
Within an Olive wreath, to share
With all mankind,
Peace and good will; and let none dare
To think us blind.

Union, shall sing Atlantic wave,
And Allegany mount shall crave
The signal, till the Mammoth cave
Repeat again,
Where plains the western rivers lave,
The same sweet strain.

Ozark shall listen, and then sing
The Union song, until the wing

Of western wind shall onward bring;
 To western wave ;
Pacific, then, her answer fling,
 When billows rave.

Isles of the sea shall hear the sound,
And all the lands where men abound,
Until the spacious earth around,
 The chorus roll;
And peace, good will, shall then be found,
 From pole to pole.

ACROSTICAL SONNET.

May is that genial time of all the year,
In which fresh buds breathe sweetly on the air ;
So it may be with life, when without fear,
Sings Hope, the charmer, to the young and fair ;
And like the April rain, even the tear,
Now makes young Hope look fresh and free from care.
None may forget the spring-time of the heart,
Because young hopes, like flowers in the spring,
Can only once their fragrant sweets impart.

O, who would not return again and bring,
With all that life has gathered on its way,
Love's early token, give them for one hour,
E'en as we bartered flowers in life's May,
So give them all for childhood's rosy bower!

THE PRESENT.

The past has fled on pinions fleet away,
And left the Present in its onward course,
Which pressing on the future, will not stay,
But still glides onward with predestined force,
And holds the shadow of the coming day,
To guide us onward to its certain source ;
While we pursue, the Present with us flies,
The dim past lights our pathway with its sighs.

I had a dream last night, a fevered dream,
Of climbing steepes where shattered stair-ways led,
And guns above sent out a fitful gleam
Which made the pulse stand still, although there bled
No warrior stern ; and then a placid stream
Glided through gentle plains, and specters fled,

When rung the friendly shout, or in the form
Of mist, floated and vanished on the storm.

Night passed, that dream is now a dream no more,
But gone forever with the shades of night ;
Its impress only has been left in store ;
The dream itself, borne onward in its flight,
Has safely landed on that waveless shore,
Where Darkness keeps its fledgelings from the light ;
And shades of night will not return again,
The midnight specters of that somber plain.

Over the future, fate has thrown a veil,
Through which, men often strain their eyes to see,
And think, perchance, that they can view a sail
Gliding with pleasure on a quiet sea ;
Remove the veil, and they perhaps will hail
A crew whose notes are destitute of glee ;
So thin the veil, that they themselves deceive,
The willing dupes of what they would believe.

The yellow sea-shore is a rope of sand,
Which binds the moaning ocean to its bed ;
Brittle, yet strong, is the resistless band,
From which subduing waves reluctant fled,
When He, their Ruler, marked upon the land,
And said, "thus far, here land and water wed ;"
And the hoarse ocean yielded to His nod,
Whose will can scourge as with an iron rod.

Time, like that rope of sand, binds all things here,
And we, while standing on the shore of time,
Should not forget to grasp what may be near,
While looking forward to a happy clime,
And use the Present, while the sky is clear,
To gather pearl or pebble for a rhyme ;
Or, if some nobler theme to us belong,
To twine the fadeless laurel for a song.

A DOGGEREL.

The title of this rhyme, to some may show
This, to others that ; but I do intend
To write on dogs ; and not to give a blow
To all the yelping race—heaven forefend !
My verse shall with all canine virtues glow,
And from all base assaults, their fame defend.
That they may be abused, few will deny ;
And zeal should kindle, when oppressed ones cry.

Most dogs will bark, and some will likewise bite ;
That seems to be their way to earn their bread ;
And some are quarrelsome and love to fight,

While wiser ones have sometimes turned and fled,
Which dog law might have branded as "not right ;"

But where one must have run, or stayed and blest
I would advise him sure to run away,
Then he might live to fight another day.

It might be difficult to tell you all,

The many kinds of dogs which may be found ;
Such as the Watch Dog, which round stately hall,
Makes the night echo with his bark profound ;
And long-eared gentry which to sportsmen fall,
Such as in common language, we call Hound ;
Shepherd and Spaniel ; as we onward pass,
The common Cur must mingle with the mass.

Dogs love their masters, likewise bread and meat ;
Sometimes they seem inclined themselves to help
Yet few are ever known their friends to cheat ;
Some dogs will run into the road and yelp,
As if they thought the thing were some great feat,
And often they get nicknamed, " a mean whelp ;"
Men are so much like dogs, all love to bark,
And all hate noise, but more when it is dark.

There is a dog, which from a pup I've known,
Whose name might well have headed this my rhyme,
But for a reason, which, when fairly shown,
Might make, you'll think, the difference of a dime.

His name is Tiger. Has not fancy flown
Quick with his name to Bengal's prowling clime ?
Would you have headed this with such a name,
To fright a child, and chill a goodly dame ?

He is a good-sized dog, but what the breed
I know not, can not tell, unless he be
A mixture of all kinds to which the meed
Of praise was ever due, for surely he
Is a good dog ; and then how many feed
On most delicious crumbs, which should be free
To roam at large, and be the constant mark
Of every school-boy's arrow in the dark !

This dog has once been mentioned by a friend,
In public print, not by his proper name,
But, "a certain dog," such as one may send
Here and there at will, was named without blame,
As if it were not needful to defend
One whose whole life was yet unknown to shame.
More than a week from this, he would not bark
At common curs, or run out in the dark !

Who ever saw a dog, in all his life,
Which thought pigs ears were not common plunder ?
Who ever saw a dog, when there was strife,
Which would not try to make one "knock under ?"

Who never yet has seen a scolding wife
 Raise her digits with peculiar wonder,
To see a dog tread in some quiet spot,
And leave his foot-prints on the floor, a blot ?

What I am at, is this, dogs will be dogs
 Until their nature changes ; not till then,
Can we expect them free from vice as logs
 Which move not, for their very virtues ken
So far, they lead them rashly into bogs ;
 They look so far to see the foxes' den,
They leap rashly into muddy places,
And shake the slime before neighbors' faces.

My dog said to me, when he was quite young,
 " Just whistle, and I'll come to you my lad ;"
And often when I called him, has he hung
 To cattles' tails, which must have made them sad
To think of mischief ; and then he has flung
 Himself upon me, of one token glad,
To show that he was right, and followed near,
Anxious to save me from one boding fear.

His tread is firm and stately, and his head
 Erect sees far and snuffs the tainted air ;
His ears drink in the sound, when game has fled,
 His quick leap bounds along so free from care,

And his proud tail erect seems to have shed
A light upon his fame ; how very fair
And pleasant, to see the funny grinner
Leering just like any other sinner !

One doggerel I have written, that is sure ;
Convince me of the sin, and you shall hear
Confessions, which I hope, might you allure
From all its kindred ; and you need not fear
To undertake it, for I do assure
All, friends, dogs, and foes, list and ye will hear !
I do intend to leave all doggerel rhyme,
For those whose genius soars to such a clime.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Father of Love, incline thine ear,
And listen to a maiden's prayer !
Bless Father, Brothers, Sister dear ;
Let all, thy loving kindness share !

May gentle rest refresh us all,
And hope still cheer us on our way !

From sin and sorrow, and their thrall,
Be Thou our guard, from day to day !

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Incense for Hope's young shrine,
When Fancy threw a wreath
Around that brow of thine;—
All that I can bequeath !

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Here you may often turn to see
A friendly record of the past,
And gentle wish which here may be,
May linger with you to the last.

One good wish more, these lines will make,
That when your sky is overcast,
Your trust in Him may never shake,
Who ruleth well the wintry blast.

VALENTINE.

In summer time one pleasant day,
When busy bees were on the wing,
When roses with sunbeams did play,
And round their sweetest fragrance fling,—
Cupid was sleeping in the shade,
While gentle zephyrs fanned his face,
And then, by chance came through the glade,
A maiden, fair as lines can trace,
Who thought, in sportive mood, to try
The bow which on a rose-bush hung,
And quickly let an arrow fly,
Which to my bosom since has clung.
How came I there?—There was a stream,
On whose sweet banks I oft reclined,
Till day sent back its farewell beam,
Where forest birds never repined.

There I, unseen, had seen the boy
Discharge an arrow here and there,
Careless of time, as if a toy,
Or bird above him in the air.

It was a wound made by mistake !—

Suppose it was, should then the maid,
The bleeding, hapless youth forsake,
And let him die in forest glade !
Come then, my darling, heal the wound
Which you have made with Cupid's bow ;
Sighs should not mingle with the sound
Of birds, and bees, and stream below.

SONG OF THE RILL.

I have come from my highland home,
Freely over the land to roam,
And sing a song to cheer the heart.
When the sun first gilds the mountains,
I leap from the sparkling fountains,
Pure pleasure and peace to impart.

I come from the gentle hill-side,
Where quiet time does onward glide,

And dance with the music I bring.
I linger by the cottage door,
And brighten well the cottage floor,
And cheer with the song which I sing.

The rainbow gilds my sparkling brow,
To me men bring an ardent vow,
To cherish me with zealous care ;
And freely birds flit through the spray,
And perch upon a bow to say
The vesper hymn, which oft I share.

Man's heated brow I often lave,
His fevered heart does frequent crave
The cooling draught which I supply.
I cool his brow, I soothe his heart,
And sing a song all free from art,
To cheer him as I onward fly.

MOTTO FOR A LITERARY PAPER.

When cold winds pipe their hoarser notes,
And in the air the snow-flake floats,

When birds have flown where skies are warm,
And beasts are sheltered from the storm,—
We come to cheer the social hearth,
And flavor give to youthful mirth.
Perhaps sage counsel you may find,
If, to be grave, you are inclined.
Our object is, care to beguile ;
For pay, we only ask a smile.

ON THE DEATH OF A CRICKET.

Two years have passed, yet I remember well,
The sorrow which my bosom then did swell,
When on the peaceful hearth a cricket sung,
As night around her sable shadows hung.
There was a sadness in the hour, which gave
A sadder hue to shadows from the grave
Of buried hopes, and o'er the past did glide
Dim specters dressed with melancholy pride,
And marched with stately tread around the room,
To cricket's music in the gathering gloom.
All then was still, and cattle in their dreams,
Roamed over clover fields by gentle streams ;
The bird was dreaming, near some bush or fern,
Of bugs and worms as morning did return ;

Cats dreamed of mice, and dogs would give a growl,
When prey, they fancied, sent them back a howl ;
The spider wove a web to catch a fly,
With transport saw its victim slowly die.
The stars with gentle luster clothed, that night,
The hemlock trees and stumps within the sight ;
The owl sometimes would give a dismal sound
And make night echo with its voice profound,
And goblins lingered in the beech-trees' shade,
Or hid in corners of the nearest glade ;
Still on the hearth the cricket sung his song,
And silence seemed the last note to prolong,
Until his song was woven with the spell
Which fancy threw around that night so well.
Next morning, he was found upon the hearth,
As dead as any other clay of earth.
Some sudden shock deprived him of his breath,
Left him to moulder in the arms of death ;
But surely crickets will his fate deplore,
For that one song which he will sing no more ;
And I, while wiser men perhaps may laugh,
Will try to write the cricket's epitaph.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor cricket all unknown to fame,
Whose life was a song without passion or blame ;
Who nibbled a crumb in a crack of the hearth,
And now has gone back to his old mother earth.

SWITZERLAND.

Land of the mountain, dell and vale,
Dear to the freeman's heart !
Thy praise borne on the western gale,
New pleasure will impart.

Long as the Alps shall rear their head,
Where icy glaciers hail
The hunter, where the chamois fled,
Above the vine-clad vale ;

So long will freemen call to mind
The mountain, hill and dell,
Where lived the noble, brave and kind,
The land of William Tell.

Long as the avalanche in wrath,
From mountain to the plain
Shall leap, destruction in its path,
Resistance all in vain ;

So long will men recall the Swiss,
When tyrants raise the rod ;
And they will tremble for their bliss,
As when the glaciers nod.

Land of brave hearts, and homes made dear
By all the ties of earth ;
Still be thy children free from fear,
And peace around their hearth !

ALAS ! MY BROTHER !

Hushed in the dreamless slumber of the grave,
Is one loved voice, we shall not hear again.
Those cheerful tones, from care would often save
The mind oppressed with sorrow and with pain.
Alas, my Brother !

One chair is vacant round the social hearth,
And friends will look in vain to see *him* there,
Who once did welcome ; not again on earth,
Will friendless stranger tell to *him* his care.
Alas, my Brother !

Morn's early beams will not return again,
To cheer the widow in her lonely way,
One who no more can feel another's pain,
Or greet with pleasure each returning day.
Alas, my Brother !

The father's treasure now will climb the knee
No more, to gain the fondly cherished kiss,
And then in rapture glide away to be
In slumber lost, with sweetest dreams of bliss.
Alas, my Brother !

The strong man fainted in the arms of Death,
Whose chill embrace has left him but a clod,
And food for worms ; frail as the fleeting breath,
Is life. O man, prepare to meet thy God !
Alas, my Brother !

TO HOMER, THE POET.

Old Homer sung about the siege of Troy,
And Grecian heroes marshaled on the field,
With skill which must have been a source of joy
To warrior with his plume, and spear, and shield.
The gods, when on the plains the victors reeled,
So hard the contest, their assistance brought,
And as fate favored, made the battle yield
To those who humbly had protection sought ;
And Troy yet lives, although its walls have come to naught.

Young Homer, too, has sung his songs of late,
Not in the trumpet tones of him of old,
But lute-like notes, which, in the Empire State,
Are loved far more, yes, by a thousand fold ;
For here, while gently time has onward rolled,
Her sons have learned to love the peaceful hills
And quiet vales, where happiness untold
Dwells by the music of the silver rills ;
And rural life has bliss which all the bosom fills.

Still be thy motto "onward," farmer Boy !
Plow deep thy furrows in the field of song,
Sow well the seed of truth, and love, and joy,
Smite the oppressor who would do a wrong!

Be bold, fear not, these hills will yet prolong
Those rural notes, when victors' dire alarms
Have ceased to please ! Then in the right be strong,
And cheer the working men with all the charms
Which Nature loves to throw around their well tilled farms.

The changing seasons have been sung by thee,
As we might see them pass before the eye ;
The meadow and the waving grain will be
Before us, when the gentle zephyrs sigh,
Sigh from a harp-string which is ever nigh
To those who listen ; and those merry bells
Can never be forgotten, if we try,
So sweet the rapture in the bosom swells ;
To think of former days, how much their music tells !

On every hill Parnassian laurels grow,
The Muses' fountain glides from every spring,
And he alone, who has the power to know
And feel this truth, can to his bosom bring
Its cheering comfort ; then far from thee fling
Care's weary burden, let the future flow
In thought, fair as the dulcet streams which cling
To visions of the night, which sometimes glow
With rainbow hues, and sweetest melody bestow.

Read how the minstrels formerly have sung,
And earned a welcome in some lordly hall ;
How knights and ladies on their accents hung,
As passion threw its robe around them all ;
And how the past came thronging at the call,
That wizard call, until the present time
Was by the past obscured, and in sweet thrall,
The passions, bound by magic of a rhyme,
Seemed free to rove in some far-off, Elysian clime.

Resume the Harp, young Bard ! or it may lose
Its tone and tension, and the mighty lay
Will not return, when you may fondly choose.
Twilight succeeds the fairest summer day,
And fancy's gilding will not always stay,
To court the passions and the Muses' theme.
The sunset splendors change to sober gray ;
How fair, yet fleeting, is the passing gleam
They throw upon the tranquil bosom of a stream !

You are a neighbor, and a neighbor's son,
And younger brother you have been to me,
When to the school we wandered, and there won
Some children trophies. Can tongue tell how free
From care those days, when like the busy bee,
From childhood's flower we sipped the honey-dew,
And sober faces caught the general glee
Which our young sports around the circle threw,
And gay as birds of air, time on its pinions flew ?

Those days have passed, and with them passed away,
Like sunbeams shining in the morning dew,
Those aspirations which in childhood stray
To worlds unknown, when all the nerves are new.
Time in its flight, has left us but a few
Of those young comrades. Some have journeyed east,
Some west, and birds of evil omen flew,
To bring sad tidings, sad to us, at least ;
That some had gone to make vile worms a loathsome feast.

We will not mourn the seeming hapless fate
Which doomed them early to an unknown grave ;
But hope that death has proved to them a gate,
Through which they have escaped from sorrow's wave,
Which might o'erwhelm. Who would not wish to save
The soul from sorrow, when dark hours are near,
And all the senses in cold Lethe lave,
If it would shield us from the hour of fear,
When friends seem to forsake, and all around is drear ?

But to sad thoughts, adieu ! Friend Homer, sing
Those early days which you must love so well !
And as the painters to the canvas bring
All that is lovely, nothing make to tell
A rude, unsightly landscape ; you should dwell
On scenes you loved, and leave regrets behind ;
Those little accidents which once befell,
Should mar no picture with a thought unkind ;
And to the follies of a friend, be always blind.

If aught in this should seem unto you bold,
Please pardon grant, and freedom to a friend!
If aught in this should seem unto you cold,
Good wishes with it you should surely blend;
The cherished hope that fortune yet may send
Its favors choice, to cheer you in the way
Where truth and duty lead! Let nothing rend
From you these priceless gems, or dim the ray
Which they impart; and now, once more, a long, good day!

THE DOCTOR'S FIRST PATIENT, AND THE
GHOST.

There is a place which we will call
Noville, because the people all,
Are neither short, nor very tall;
And only few
Live there, in cottage or in hall,
Which man may view.

The doctor, deacon, and the priest,
With more than half a score, at least,
Compose the number which can feast
Or entertain
The stranger and his weary beast,
While they remain.

Once with the doctor, lived a man,
Who, in his heart, had thought to ban
All other trades, and then to scan
The healing art ;
And oft he studied o'er some plan,
To play his part.

One day, a man came in great pain,
To see the doctor and explain,
How one old tooth had been the bane
Of all his bliss ;
And get him quickly to distraign,
For rent of this.

But courage cooled, as he drew near
The office, and when he did hear
The student say, there was some fear,
The doctor might
Remain away till night was here,
He felt delight.

But his delight soon had an end,
That single tooth from him did rend
All thoughts of bliss; and he did blend
 All thoughts of woe,
Which man to brother man can send,
 With this one foe.

And then in agony he cried,
"Tell me, young man, have you not tried
To pull a tooth?" which was denied;
 Then rode away
The man who thought all did deride
 His hapless day.

Ere long the student rode away,
One pleasant, brown October day,
And coming where red-skins delay
 Among the whites,
A drunken squaw found in the way,
 With all her rights.

"Madam," he says, "what ails you now?
You have a *sober* look, I vow!"
She put her hand up to her brow,
 Then to her face,
To let him know with stately bow,
 That was the place.

“ I see, I see, the toothache sure,
And in my pocket is the cure
For all the ills which you endure ;
 And all the pain,
It quickly will from you allure,
 And not in vain.”

Then in his hand the iron shook,
And on his knee her head he took,
And with a scientific look,
 He turned away ;
Which sent the tooth near to the brook
 Which run that way.

She groaned, and raised unto the chin,
Her hand, and he exclaimed, “ what sin,
To pull the wrong one !” but no din
 Followed his care ;
And then he said, “ I yet may win
 The right one there.”

Tooth after tooth came with a groan,
In that same, melancholy tone,
Until within her head, a bone,
 Except the jaw,
Had not been left for her to moan,
 And that was raw.

“ The right one now, must sure be out,
Without the shadow of a doubt ;
And, Madam, you may have the gout,
I greatly fear,
Unless you cease to drink and flout,—
But now, good cheer !”

He onward rode, the moon shone bright,
And threw a gentle silver light,
Round field and wood, on left and right,
As homeward bound,
The zephyrs whispered a good night,
To all around.

When near his home, he paused to see,
If aught in motion there might be,
And soon beheld a chance for glee
To roguish men ;
And gliding quick behind a tree,
He waited then.

An old man there had rung the bell
At nine o'clock, which all might tell
The time of sleep, until he fell
And hurt him sore ;
His boy had done, since that befell,
As he before.

But, yesterday, a wicked knave
Was safely placed in church-yard grave,
And youngster thought he might be brave,
Come back again,
And then unto his father gave
His thoughts of pain.

It was agreed, father should ride
Upon son's back, near church abide,
Until the son within should glide,
And pull the rope;
And then return with hasty stride,
And homeward "slope."

That night, two rogues were stealing sheep;
One staid around the church to peep,
Cracked nuts upon the steps, to keep
Himself awake;
And then he thought of plan most deep,
Some fun to make.

So putting on the parson's gown,
And with it, a terrific frown,
Which must have made him look the clown,
By light of day;
From priestly altar, he came down,
To make essay.

And coming to the open air,
He seemed his ghostship to a hair,
To minds which once have had a care
 To see him out ;
And with his robe flowing so fair,
 He whirled about ;

And shouting to his neighbor thief,
As if the man were surely deaf,
Cried, " is he fat ?" with solemn grief.
 The cripple run,
Beyond the son's utmost belief,
 Like shot from gun.

The student slowly rode along,
And thus his musing did prolong ;
" Those rascals well deserve the thong ;
 How vile they act !
This world is scarcely worth a song,
 That is a fact !"

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Now Judah's king and Ahab, on the plain
Unfurled their banner to the Syrian foe,
After one prophet had foretold in vain,
Like sheep without a shepherd, even so
Should they flee on the mountains, and again
Return without a master, from the blow
Which Syria on the rebel head should deal,
When war's dread note should fire each chieftain's zeal.

As on the field in battle's proud array,
Horseman and chariot with the bristling spear,
In serried rank, their untold power display,
The prophet's warning voice rings on his ear,
And royal robes are laid aside that day,
When Ahab's heart low whispers of its fear,
Then mounts his car, and with a dauntless hand,
Points his dread war-spear at a Syrian band.

The trumpet sounds, and onward to the fight,
The wheeling squadrons with brave hearts advance,
Pursue, retreat, and even in their flight,
One, who before had lost perhaps a lance,
Drew at a venture then his bow, with might
He knew not, and the arrow flew to dance

In Ahab's life-blood ; turn now, chariotceer,
For he is wounded, take him to the rear.

That was a random shot, and yet swift flew
The arrow to fulfill what had been told,
And He, who long had borne with Ahab, knew
Full well the nature of the warrior bold,
And as he guides the wind, directed true,
The arm and arrow of that warrior old ;
And the king fainted on the field and died,
At set of sun, with all his martial pride.

Words, flowing from the lips of brother man
In accents smooth as song of bird in spring,
May be like poisoned arrows, for they can
Pierce the soul, and their reptile venom fling
A death-hue o'er some hope or goodly plan,
Which would make death a bliss, if it could bring
A torpor to the sense which only knows,
That it more surely may its pains disclose.

Words are the dress of thought, and it is thought
Which gives to them their own intrinsic worth ;
Thought is the jewel which can not be bought
With trifling sound, though empty, wanton mirth
May seek to barter it for less than naught—
The only offspring of a mortal birth,

Which feels not the corroding touch of time,
But still lives on, in prose or lofty rhyme.

Man's hopes, desires, concealed within the heart,
Are fountains from which flow, corrupt or pure,
The thoughts and plans which pleasure may impart;
And ardent zeal the reason may allure
To sell its products in the gilded mart
Where Fancy dwells, for trinkets which endure
Until a rainy day, then turn to brass,
For which they afterwards can only pass.

Hopes are, alas, too much like pleasant dreams
Of airy castles in the realms of sleep,
When on the vision golden sunrise beams
And bathes the soul in the enchantment deep
Which it unfolds, while every object gleams
With joy. But O the waking, when must weep
The wretch who finds, that on a desert shore
His hut is built, where loud the tempests roar!

And why those dreams and wand'rings of the mind,
That bursting of the fetters of the soul,
When its clay prison is left far behind,
If not to point us forward to the goal,
Its destined home, where its Creator kind
Will let it bask while endless ages roll,

In pleasures free from earthly dross and sin,
The strange pollution of its earthly kin?

Who has not tasted of the cup of grief,
And felt that thorns grew in the path of life,
When even this frail life, which is so brief,
Seemed long enough, with all its woe and strife;
When hoodwinked Justice, like a statue deaf,
Seemed to become the calculating wife
Of cold Neglect, and sorrow's silent tear
Was the sole comfort which the heart could cheer?

But sorrow has its lesson, and the grave,
The end of sighs and tears, of hopes betrayed,
In kindness, from a bitter pang may save
The soul when sinking, as some good delayed,
To coward, hateful breast, may change the brave;
And the soul's purity, if once assayed,
Might prove a bitter source of endless pain,
To him who found its real worth so vain.

The first, low sound borne on the tattling air
From infant lips, is sorrow's humble wail,
The last, which lingers round the brow of care,
As time and sickness feeble age assail,
A groan, and man seems not designed to dare,
But to endure, seems not designed to rail,

But to submit, as best he may or can,
Unto the sorrow which he can not ban.

Pain has a meaning which all know full well,
Yet life is not all pain, sometimes we feel,
Like hermit in some solitary dell,
A ray of cheering sunshine, and we steal
A moment's joy, from grief which none may tell,
And know, that with its woe, life has its weal,
The bright ray flashing on a cloud of gloom,
Bright, though it may disclose a fearful doom.

Friendship may bless a humble, weary state,
As flowers add their sweetness to the field,
So it may linger round the gloom of fate,
And soothe the pains, from which it can not shield ;
Or like a fortress strong, protect the great
From storms which might destroy ; friendship may yield
A sovereign balm for every bitter woe,
From which it can not shield us, here below.

But to the Harp, farewell ! A weary note,
Without complaint, has lingered round its string ;
Still on the breeze a broken tone may float,
Which to a shattered string may seem to cling,
Like drowning men around a shivered boat,
Who to the breeze a sad farewell may fling.
My broken Harp, farewell ! To me were sweet,
The shattered tones which other ears must greet.

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Where the brook gently murmurs of the past,
As it flows onward to its destined home,
The hoarse, old ocean, which receives at last,
The little wand'ers from the hill that roam—
Where the sweet maple shade invites to thought,
Free from the sultry sun's oppressive heat,
The green grass for my couch, the heart untaught,
Loves to return, the absent ones to greet ;
For I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

The birds of air on their fleet pinions borne,
Send each to other their sweet songs of joy ;
How could the self-taught songster learn to mourn,
And its own pleasure quickly to destroy,
While the air trembles with the note it bears,
So sweet the sound, and fragrant flowers fling
Their incense to fair warblers ! Why should cares
Destroy the pleasure which an hour may bring ?
But I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

There was a time when summer shades were dear,
When the fair daisy in the scented field,
And the gay warbler with its song of cheer,
A childish rapture to the heart could yield;
But shadows now brood over that fair time,
Its flowers are faded and its loved ones dead,
And its remembrance is a sunny clime,
From which my early footsteps long have fled.

Now I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

My Mother, on whose bosom I did rest,
And learn in lisping accents to declare
The words which from those lovely lips were blest,
Seemed like my Mother, always good and fair,
And Father too, from whose reproving nod,
With awe I shrunk, yet oft obtained his praise,
Have left me for that land, they say, where God
Dwells with delight and endless length of days ;

But I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

There was a Sister, in whose cheerful face
I once could gaze as in a placid lake,
All gentle feelings written there could trace,
The fair reflection of my own would make ;

She too has fled, they say, on seraph wings,
Where flowers fair forever are in bloom;
But thought of her to me a sadness brings,
And throws around my sky a pensive gloom.

O I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

The household altar has been broken down,
And Ruin broods around the wreck there made,
And Desolation with forbidding frown,
Has changed the place into a sickly glade,
Where birds no more will chant the morning song,
And floral sweets no more perfume the air.

The winter of my discontent is long,
Though flowers bloom in other places fair ;

And I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

Could I but give the orphan's heart a tongue,
And tell how much is buried in the grave,
When all that clusters round the soul, is wrung
By Death's rude hand away—how little, save

The breath of life, is left, when friends so dear,
Hushed in the slumber of the last, long sleep,
Awake no more to hope or goading fear,
Then men would know what makes an orphan weep !
O I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

They say, if I am only good and kind,
And do my duty like a man, while here,
And to my follies am not always blind,
But day by day amend with sober fear,
I yet may see those loved ones, in a land
Fair as the fairest, brightest summer day.
The thought shall cheer me on to meet the band,
Now gone before, and this shall be my stay ;
But I am sad,
Loved ones return
To make me glad,
No more !

LINES WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF MY SISTER.

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! the gentle dew,
Although unseen, is falling now ;
And shades of night return a few
Who cling like phantoms round my brow.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! the wild bird now
Has sung its song, and fled to rest
Beneath the shelter of a bough ;
To-morrow's light will make it blest.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! all free from pain
Which can not pierce the spirit now ;
Our loss is your eternal gain,
Death-damps no more can chill the brow.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! while here I bow
Above the form which has been fair ;
Reposing in the cold grave now,
Is free from pain and free from care.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! the night is long,
But day will come to light the brow,
Disperse the sable, misty throng
Which hovers on the night-air now.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !

Sleep, Sister, sleep ! while gently now
I whisper a farewell to thee,
And spirits upward bear the vow
To meet thee where the blest may be.
Sleep, Sister, sleep !





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